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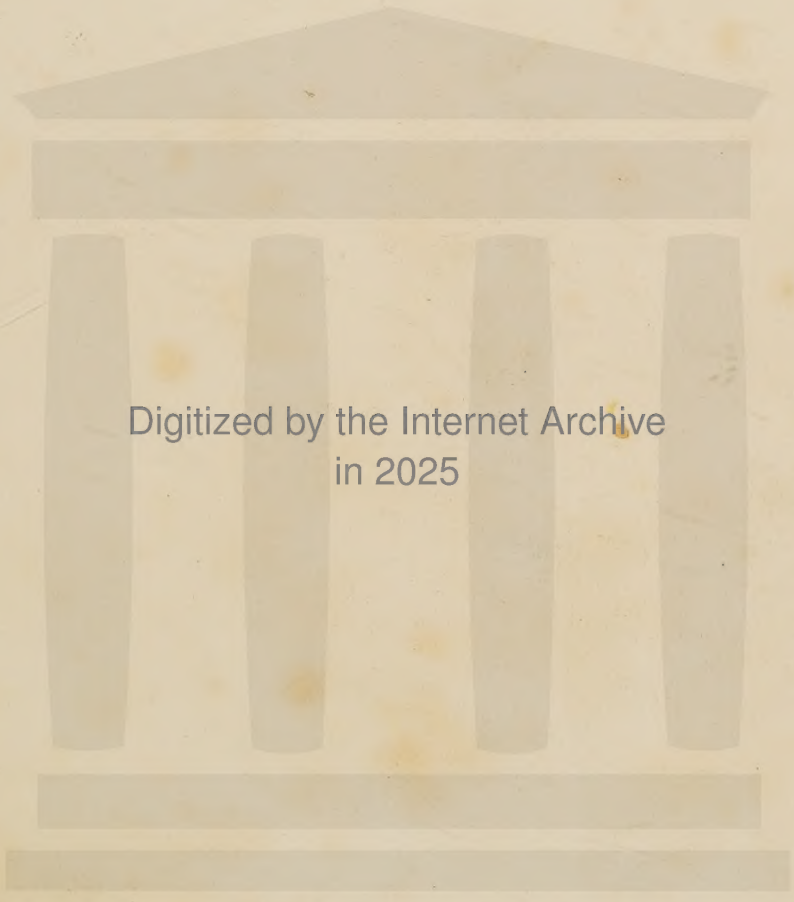
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THE

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EDITED BY

LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON, M.P.

AND

SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT

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ASTOR, HON. WILLIAM WALDORF.

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ZANGWILL, I.

STRANGER by the tavern board,
Brown man with the splendid eyne,
Thou and I make no accord
Till thou give the countersign
Here, across the Rhenish wine.

I had word in Port Beyond
  Of thy favours to my blood,
Of my father's cancell'd bond,
  Why his widow lack'd not food:
  Truly I believe thee good.

Well I know my mother's lips
  Call'd thee kinder than her own
In those months my wander'd ships,
  Fouler than this red beard grown,
  Wallowed in a raving zone.

'Needs no token round thy neck!—
  Over desert's dusky white,
When the frosted quarter-deck
  Shivered back the Northern Light
  Through the aching Arctic night;

Over Southern Seas aswoon,
  Where, on skies of seamless blue,
Like a silver clasp, the moon
  Drew the gauzèd night, wherethrough
  Her two horns dripp'd honey-dew;

Thine the face that, first and last,
  Haunted me. For thee I scann'd
Passing deck and distant mast,
  Peep of dawn and lift of land.
  Now we meet—hold back thy hand!

Though thou smilest by the board,
  And our fingers itch to twine,
Thou and I make no accord
  Till I have the countersign
  Here, across the Rhenish wine.

He that loves but half of Earth
Loves but half enough for me.
Succourer of starving Worth,
Say, but could thy Charity
Stoop as pitiful a knee,

Hold as equable a torch
O'er the hell that sinners tread?
Tenderly, in windy porch,
Lift the drooping harlot's head,
As the good man's in his bed?

Earth, that built our jolly bones,
Earth, that brewed our jovial blood,
In each atom of us owns
Spark of filial fire that should
Quicken to the parent mood.

Here, astride the paps of Earth,
With the wind upon thy face,
Canst resound thy mother's mirth,
Catch a breath and say a grace
For the glory of the pace?—

Thankful for thy privilege
In the hunter's gallant stride,
In the glancing rapid's edge,
In the waters that divide
To thy nimble, naked pride;

Thankful for the climber's heel
Fast above the smooth ravine,
For the hand that grips the wheel,
When the giddy royals lean
And the forefoot treads it green;

For the sleep of tirèd limbs,
For the taste of meat and wine,
For the merry laugh that brims
Life as with a froth divine;—
Pledge me this, and I am thine.

Then to horse! The gates are wide.
Host, a health before we go!
He and I are sworn to ride
Till the gust of onset blow
Out the failing spark; and so,—

Having reached or failed to reach,
In no Abbey will we lie,
But on some wind-sweeten'd beach
Find a braver cemet'ry,
Winnow'd by the wave and sky.

Q.

CHARLECOTE.

THE name of Charlecote is familiar to every student of Shakespeare, and it is one of his numerous shrines in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. So long as this exquisite specimen of old English domestic architecture remains, so long must it be associated with one of the quaintest traditions in the life of the foremost Englishman.

It is fortunate that this noble old mansion is owned by a family who have inherited a tender affection for its every stone and tree, and who have that high sense of honour that, come what may, through evil and through good fortune, no harm shall come to the roof which has sheltered them through ages.

There are writers who would try to deprive Charlecote of its chiefest charm, and who, odious iconoclasts! would wish us to believe that Shakespeare was never dragged into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, never charged with deer stealing, and never saved from punishment through the intercession of the Earl of Leicester. I am one of those, however, who are sufficiently credulous to staunchly believe the story, and here I will point out a fact which seems to me to be conclusive evidence of its veracity. A traditional pride in preserving the history of their race is evidently a leading characteristic in the Lucy family; and the tradition exists among them, handed down from generation to generation, that Shakespeare was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy in the year 1592 for stealing a buck out of his park at Charlecote. The tradition, moreover, asserts that Sir Thomas Lucy was induced to stay the prosecution through the interposition of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with whom he was on terms of friendship, and that, in consequence of the prosecution, Shakespeare in a fit of spite wrote a scurrilous ballad on Sir Thomas and fixed it to his park gates, which so roused the ire of the good knight that the youthful poet deemed

it wise to quit Stratford and shelter himself in London. Years afterwards he caricatured Sir Thomas in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* as Justice Shallow.

In the library at Charlecote has been preserved since the date of its publication, in 1619, a small volume entitled :

A
MOST PLEASANT AND EX-
cellent conceited comedy,
of Sir John Falstaffe and the
merry wives of Windsor.
With the swaggering vaine of An-
cient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym.
Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.
Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619.

This little volume has never left the library shelves, and is an evidence, I think, that when it became known to the Lucys that Shakespeare had turned Sir Thomas into ridicule, the family very naturally acquired the book in order to compare the character in the play with its well-known original. The parts of Sir Thomas as Justice Shallow are left out in this copy.

There is another tradition connected with Shakespeare which Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lucy, in her most interesting volume on Charlecote and the Lucy family, mentions with evident pride ; and that is that "in after years Shakespeare was in friendly communications with the Lucys." May we not therefore believe that, when he retired to Stratford-upon-Avon, and had become famous and much talked of in the neighbourhood as the owner of New Place, as the prosperous "Mr." Shakespeare,

Charlecote from the River.

The Hall.

he may have sauntered of an afternoon through the green lanes over to Charlecote, and rested himself by the hearth of his quondam prosecutor, who did not die till July 7th, 1600? If this be the case (and I believe it an undoubted fact), the great hall of Charlecote may well be described as haunted in the pleasantest manner by its association with the most fertile poet that has ever lived.

To return for a moment to the famous deer-stealing tradition, I cannot help thinking that some incident did really occur in which Shakespeare figured as having stolen or having killed a deer in the park, which was an offence in those days punishable by death; but this cruel law had long since fallen into disuse, and it is not very likely that Sir Thomas would have rendered himself ridiculous among his neighbours by threatening to make a Star Chamber matter of the lad Shakespeare's escapade. I can readily imagine, however, that Master Shakespeare was brought into the august presence of Sir Thomas, the greatest personage in the neighbourhood, and that that gentleman made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable. It may have chanced, too, that the Earl of Leicester was in the house at the time, for he lived in those days at the not very distant Kenilworth; but I think it more probable that the intercession for the release of the young rebel came from Jocosa or Joyce, the lady of Charlecote, who has left the kindliest traces of her existence imaginable. She must have been, from all accounts, a charming woman, and, her portraits assure us, also a very lovely one.

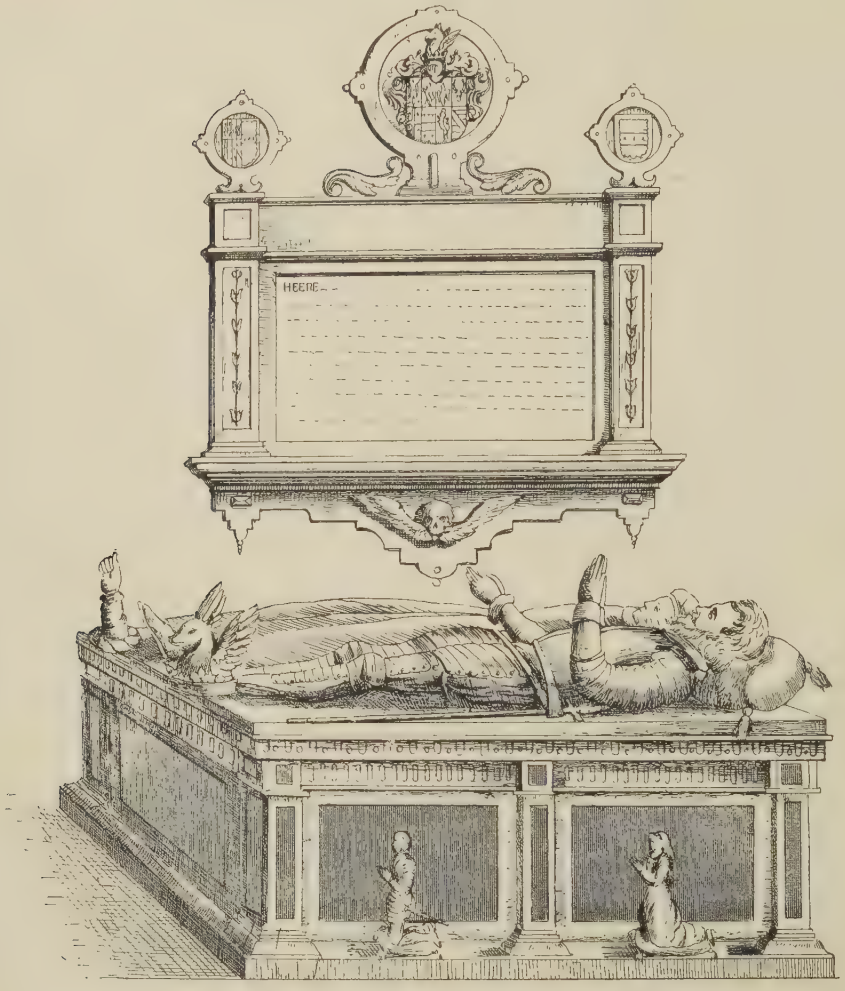
There is a portrait of Sir Thomas Lucy in the great hall at Charlecote, which is in many ways a remarkable picture. It is kitcat in shape and admirably painted, the features exceedingly regular and aquiline, the hair and beard and moustache golden, but the eyes have a most sinister expression. Thrown round the shoulders is a sort of drapery of black silk, magnificently embroidered in gold with an elaborate

Italian pattern. In the fine family picture by Cornelius Janssen over the mantelpiece in the same hall Sir Thomas Lucy again appears, but the expression is much pleasanter. He was evidently a gentleman who loved good clothes, for he is superbly dressed in black velvet and silk, and wears the nattiest shoes with big white rosettes that can be well imagined on his extremely small feet. Sitting opposite is his wife, Alice, Lady Lucy, a sweet-looking young woman, whose expression of combined gentleness and firmness delighted Washington Irving so when he visited Charlecote in the early part of the century. The children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. A hawk is sitting on its perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow as if inheriting his father's love of archery and sport, so indispensable to a gentleman of accomplishments in the days of good Queen Bess. But what delighted me most in this picture was Alice, the baby, in her old nurse's arms, with three cherries in her tiny plump fingers, and the fine old dog crouched at Sir Thomas's feet. Spencer, the eldest son, is seen bringing in a dish of peaches; and Constance, the eldest daughter, presents cherries to her mother. Margaret holds her father's hand and looks into his face with an odd, grave look; whilst Robert and Richard are caressing a spaniel. This family picture is one of the most delightful I have ever seen, as it gives one such a thorough insight into the family life of bygone times.

Before I describe the house, let me say a few words of the illustrious old English county family that has inhabited it for so many generations.

The ancient house of Lucy, which has long flourished at Charlecote, in the county of Warwick, is descended from Gilbert de Gaunt, son of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, whose sister William the Conqueror married. This Gilbert de Gaunt, assisting his uncle, William Duke of Normandy, in the conquest of England, had, in reward for his services (besides other possessions), the lands of one Tour, a Dane; and at that time held one lordship in Berkshire, two in Oxfordshire, three in Yorkshire, six in Cambridgeshire, two in Buckinghamshire, one in Huntingdonshire, five in Northamptonshire, one in Rutland, one in Leicestershire, one in Warwickshire, eleven in Nottinghamshire, and a hundred and thirteen in Lincolnshire, of which Folkingham

The Entrance Gate.



Tomb of Sir Thomas and Lady Lucy.

was one, and the head of his barony, where he seated himself. He had by his wife Alice, daughter and heiress of Robert, son of Hugh Mountford, three sons; and from the eldest, Hugh, descended the Gaunts, Earls of Lincoln, which line extinguished in daughters in the reign of King Edward I. According to Dugdale's "Warwickshire," Hugh, the youngest, took to wife Adelina, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and had two sons. Henry de Mountfort, who succeeded at Beldesert and Thurston, surnamed Cherlecote from the manor of Charlecote, the ancient possessions of the Mellents, Earls of Leicester, which, by the marriage aforesaid of Hugh de Mountfort with Adelina, accrued to Thurstan his father, son of the said Hugh, with other large possessions belonging to the Mellents. His son Walter, in the reign of Richard I., received by letters patent from that monarch many rights, immunities and privileges connected with this manor, which were ratified by John in his reign. From this Walter de Cherlecote (who was a knight) the present Lucy family descend in uninterrupted line, and have dwelt at Charlecote since 1189. In 1786 there was, however, a slight interruption in this direct procession, for the Rev. John Hammond, a second cousin, took the name of Lucy by sign manual; but he was of the old

stock, and from him descend the present owners of the beautiful old English home so delightfully associated with the bard of Avon.

The late Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lucy, a lady of considerable literary ability, may be described as the annalist of the family, for in 1862 she printed, for private circulation only, an excellent work on the family into which she had married. As is the case in almost every old English family, a vast quantity of old letters, documents and parchments are still extant, though unfortunately many have disappeared in the lapse of ages, at Charlecote, which throw a curious sidelight on the manners and customs of our ancestors. We have thus, amongst those quoted by Mrs. Lucy, evidences that Queen Elizabeth knighted the Sir Thomas Lucy whose name is immortalised by his legendary association with Shakespeare, on the occasion of her breakfasting at Charlecote on her way to her famous visit at Kenilworth. It would also seem that Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who was then living at Kenilworth in a splendour not much inferior to royalty, sent his badge of the bear and rug to Sir Thomas, requesting him to wear it. The doughty knight of Charlecote point blank refused to do so, and styled his lordship of Kenilworth "an upstart." He was a loyal and an artistic-minded gentleman; for, when he rebuilt the house, he caused the façade towards the garden to be designed in the shape of an E. The beautiful gateway lower down in the garden, one of the most perfect specimens of the architecture of the period in England, was designed by John of Padua, who visited England in the reign of Henry VIII.

Sir Thomas, if we may credit all the good things he says of her—and doubtless they did not exceed the truth—was devoted to his wife, the Lady Joyce Lucy, "who departed this mortall lyfe at Cherlecote on the 10 February, 1595, being then of the age of threescore and three years, and was worshipfully brought to the church of Cherlecote aforesaid, and there buryed in the month of Marche following."

The Lady Lucy's burial sermon was preached by Dr. Tennyson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; and the fine monument put up by her husband to her

Charlecote—Garden Front.

The Drawing-Room.

memory is of alabaster, with recumbent figures of the knight and his wife side by side and effigies of their son and daughter kneeling as in prayer. It is now in the new church at Charlecote, built by Mrs. Lucy on the site of the old one, which had fallen into ruins. Never was quainter epitaph devised; it is so graceful as to be worthy of Shakespeare himself:—

"Here entombed lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy, Wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote in the County of Warwick, Knight, daughter and heir of Thomas Acton, of Sutton in the County of Worcester, Esquire, who departed out of this wretched world to her Heavenly Kingdome, the tenth day of February in the yeare of our Lord God 1595, of her age LX. and III. All the time of her Lyfe a true and faithfull servant of her good God; never detected in any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true. In friendship most constant. To what was in trust committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing of her House and bringing up of Youth in the feare of God, that did converse with her, most rare and singular; a great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless the envious.

"When all is spoken that can be said, a Woman so furnished and garnished with Virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled by any; as she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true.

"THOMAS LUCY."

Another name great in our literature is connected with Charlecote—that of John Foxe the martyrologist. "Forsaken by his friends and accused of heresy for professing openly the reformed religion, was left naked of all human assistance; when God's providence began to show itself, procuring for him a safe refuge in the house of the Worshipful Knight, Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote in Warwickshire, who received him into his family as tutor, and he remained there til his pupils no longer needed instruction." John Foxe married a wife during his sojourn at Charlecote, and the wedding took place in the parish church.

Another very interesting Lucy was Richard, Sheriff of Warwick in 1647, and Member for the county of Warwick in 1648; he was a staunch loyalist, and unto him Oliver Cromwell wrote the following letter:—

"Forasmuch as upon the dissolution of the late Parliament it became necessary that the

peace, safety and good government of this Common-wealth should be provided for. And in order thereunto diverse persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty, are by myself, with the advise of my Council of Officers, nominated, to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed. And having assurance of your love to and courage for God and the interest of His cause and of the good People of this Common-wealth, I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain Generall and Commander in Chief of all the Armies and Forces raised and to be raised within this Common-wealth, Doe hereby somon and require you Richard Lucie, Esqr. (being one of the persons nominated), personally to be and appear att the Councill Chamber commonly known or called by the name of the Councill Chamber in Whitehall within the Citie of West Minster, upon the fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof, then and there to take upon you the said trust unto which you are hereby called, etc., and appointed to serve as Member for the county of Warwick, and hereof you are not to fail.

"*Given under my hand and seale, the sixth day of June*, 1653.

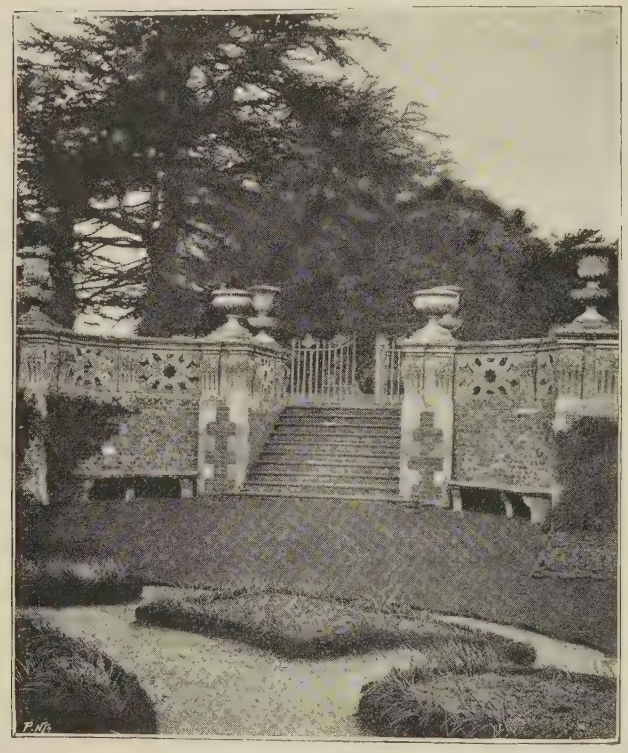
"O. CROMWELL."

This Richard Lucy married Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of John Urrey of Thorley in the Isle of Wight, and they had six children. There are portraits of Richard and his wife in the great hall at Charlecote: Richard Lucy is dressed in a rich black suit, with a pair of buff-coloured gloves. An open book lies on a table before him; the lady wears the costume of the Commonwealth.

Richard Lucy died in 1677, and was succeeded by Thomas Lucy, who at the time of his father's death was a captain of a troop of horse under Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He married Katherine, daughter of Robert Wheatley, of Bracknel, county Berks. She, it seems, was a lady of great beauty, much addicted to play, not on the harp, but at cards. She gambled away £500 one morning before her breakfast; and when her good husband died, in 1684, she made up her mind not to remain long a widow, but being very beautiful, captivated the Duke of Northumberland, whom she married. She must have been a very greedy lady, for she took away with her the family jewels and a great deal of plate, and indeed everything excepting the household goods. There is an exquisite portrait of this George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, painted on vellum by William Wissing, in Mrs. Lucy's boudoir.

Entrance to Gardens.

The Duchess of Northumberland died on June 3rd, 1714, and was buried



In the Gardens.

in the Duke of Albemarle's vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, St. Peter's, Westminster. The Duke only survived her two years, and was buried by her side. She left a child by her first husband, Elizabeth Lucy, who was a ward in Chancery, and who lived with her cousin Davenport Lucy, who succeeded to the estates when his first cousin Captain Thomas Lucy died. There is a mighty quaint estimate of what was allowed for the maintenance, education and dress of the said Elizabeth Lucy still preserved at Charlecote.

From an old account-book we obtain the following information as to the annual produce of the market during the life of George Lucy, who married Mary, only daughter and sole heiress of John Bohun, of Finham, county Warwick:—

"From the year 1689 to 1713 the produce of the market varied from the sum of £331 3*s.* 10*d.* to £552 14*s.* 9*d.*, and then to £258 2*s.* 8*d.* This account is addressed to George Lucy from his most humble servant George Guy."

George Lucy had his portrait painted by Dahl, and he has a splendid wig on with fine flowing curls. He had, no doubt, a great variety of them, for here is a bill for a bob wig in 1718:—

"*October* 1718.

"Colonell Lucy, for a bob wig bought of John Greenwood, 1, 10*s.*"

Colonel and Mrs. Lucy paid for tea £1 4*s.* a pound for what was called finest Imperial tea, and 16*s.* a pound for finest green tea.

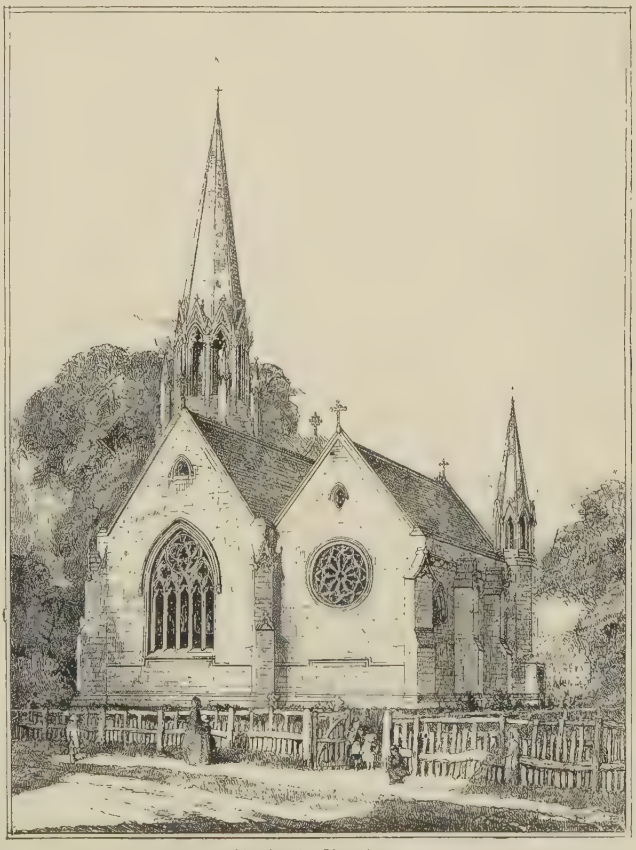
Colonel George Lucy died suddenly without leaving a will, so he was succeeded by his brother William Lucy, who was the possessor of the very quaint picture of Charlecote House in the seventeenth century which now hangs in the great hall.

In the eighteenth century the Lucys went a good deal to London, to Bath and various other watering-places, and, like their neighbours, lost a good deal of the quaintness of the bygone days, and assumed the fine manners which were the fashion in an age of powder and patches.

When William Lucy died, in 1723, his coach in London was put into mourning, and cost with black for the servants £54 3*s.* Madam Lucy's coach put into mourning cost £22; thirty-one yards of black cloth to put coach and harness in mourning, at 7*s.* 3*d.* a yard, £11 4*s.* 9*d.*; for colouring and varnishing the carriage and wheels and blacking the brass, £1 5*s.*; for black nails for the inside and out, £2 10*s.*;

for tufts and tassels and glass strings and holders and check string and lace, £3; for new stuffing the back and coach box seat, cloth and buttons, and putting the coach and harness and brasses in mourning, £4 8*s*. Then there is a bill for £81 16*s*. 6*d*. for mourning for servants and dependants. Mourning for Mrs. Throckmorton (Lucy), £13 9*s*., and a ring left her by will, £6; and for fifty-two mourning rings to friends, 52 guineas. Eight rooms in the house at Charlecote were hung with black, for which the undertaker charged £86; but Madam Lucy, through the steward Mr. Gilbert, made him take £80,—after which we may be thankful that we live in the nineteenth century.

In the eighteenth century, too, the Lucys, like the rest of English men and women, develop a distinct taste for letter writing, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lucy has selected a great number of letters which display considerable literary ability, and make us regret that more of them have not been published (I can scarcely say published, for Mrs. Lucy's book was intended for the strictest private circulation—possibly one day the correspondence of the Lucys will receive ampler justice, at any rate it is devoutly so to be hoped). Amongst others are two letters addressed to James, called the Pretender, by his son Charles; one of which was written just after the battle of Pinkie. There is also a most interesting correspondence with Mrs. Hayes, a widow who lived at Charlecote from the time of George Lucy's coming into possession till the time of her death, when she was quite an old woman, in 1772. She seems to have been an extremely clever woman, and to have managed the household affairs to admiration. She was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew her, and she kept up a correspondence with Mr. Lucy which would fill a volume: those letters which are preserved are excellent reading. Out of the number I select the following, since it gives us a glimpse of Mrs. Delany, one of the social celebrities of the last century:—



Charlecote Church.

"A letter from Mrs. Hayes to Mr. Lucy when he was staying for his health at Cheltenham.

"CHARLECOTE,
"*June 21st*, 1749.

"You are extremely good, dear Sir, to give me the pleasure of hearing from you, which I always esteem a particular favor. I hope the waters agree with you. The Dean of Down and Mrs. Delany are at Welsborne, and

Mr. and Mrs. Dewes brought them here yesterday to see the House. They spent their whole time in walking about; only the old Lady (Mrs. Delany) gave us an anthem upon the harpsichord. She really plays and sings incomparibly; but as to her other extraordinary qualities, I had not penetration enough to find them out, for she is a strange, disagreeable woman. Your keeper, James, bores me to death to ask you to let him kill a buck and bring it to you, as they are now in high order. I must now tell you a story that everybody is full of. Your good friend Mrs. Anne Brawn, who was coming somewhere this way to make a visit, met Mr. Stanley of Alveston's waggon loaded with corn. She would have them turn out of the way, and they would not; so they tried their strength who should give way, and Mrs. Anne's coach is broke all to pieces. She then took her coachman's whip and strapped the waggoner heartily, and when she got home served her coachman with the same sauce, and he is run away with his livery, and she hath sent a hue and cry after him, and hath had to order a new coach. Mr. Dighton insists upon my telling you that he would have you look out for a wife at Cheltenham, for doe all he can there is no hope for you at Clopton. Adieu! accept all our best compliments; and I am, dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"P. HAYES."

Mr. Lucy, writing to Mrs. Hayes from Bath in 1760, says:—

"I am told my picture by Gainsborough is so like that people who are unacquainted with me know it from seeing me in the rooms; and I like it so well myself that I shall sit for another."

And he did sit for another, which now hangs on the wall of the library at Charlecote, and the following is one of Gainsborough's receipts:

"*February 27th*, 1760.

"Received of George Lucy, Esquire, the sum of eight guineas in full, for a portrait of himself. £8. 8s.

"THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH."

The replica cost exactly the same price.

The husband of the lady to whom we are indebted for the complete history of the Lucy family was the late Mr. George Lucy, a distinguished lover and collector of the fine arts. Mary Elizabeth Lucy, his wife and the authoress of the memorials of the family, was the daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Bodlewyddan, in the parish of St. Asaph, in the county of Flint. She travelled a great deal with her husband on the Continent, and was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria.

Mr. George Lucy purchased many fine works of art still preserved in the house. The prices he paid for his pictures are instructive at the present moment: take, for instance, the choice and beautiful landscape by Both, which hangs in the drawing-room, and which he bought in 1821 from Oliver for £400, a price we should consider very high for a work by this master in the present day.

On the other hand, the splendid portrait of Bayard, by Sebastian del Piombo, he purchased for only £175 at the sale of Watson Taylor in 1823; it is one of the noblest portraits by this master in existence, and should be of inestimable value now.

Also a portrait, by Raffaelle, of the Marquis of Mantua, which George Lucy purchased from Mr. Buchanan in 1830 for £1150; this portrait once belonged to Charles I.

In the library is a very fine Vandyke, which is the picture alluded to by Charles I. in a letter to Colonel Whateley, written at the time he secretly withdrew himself from Whitehall, in which he says: "There are three pictures which are not mine. My wife's picture in blue satin, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk." This lady was one of the Queen's dressers. This picture of Henrietta-Maria is an

exquisite work, but only cost Mr. Lucy £76 13*s*. Close to it hangs a very fine portrait of Charles I.; and over the mantelpiece in the said library is a superb Zucchero of Queen Elizabeth in all her glory, wearing a dark dress gorgeously embroidered and strewn with pearls and other jewels. There are several other good pictures by Vandyke in the library, and a very fine collection of books, amongst them a Natural History splendidly bound, with the arms of Diane de Poitiers on the cover. A French gentleman *qui s'y connait* assured me that this was one of the best specimens of French binding of the sixteenth century he had ever seen. This library throughout gives evidence to the literary taste of the distinguished family which has preserved it so well, and modern works of merit are not wanting.

Charlecote, as we now see it, dates mainly from the last years of Elizabeth's

The Library.

reign, and is a large red-brick mansion picked out with white stone, in that style of architecture which is so eminently suited to our climate. It stands on a terrace leading down to gardens laid out with considerable taste in the somewhat stiff and formal Dutch manner which was the fashion in the two last centuries.

Architecturally speaking, the most beautiful part of the house is the entrance gate, which, according to family tradition, was designed by John of Padua. None of the rooms in the house itself are of exceptional dimensions, excepting the hall, which has been thoroughly restored; and although, no doubt, restoration was absolutely necessary, it has of course lost much of its ancient aspect in the process. Washington Irving, for instance, would scarcely recognise, in the white and yellow Italian marble pavement, that broken stone—now in the passage and small entrance hall, and which paves the church at Charlecote—that so fascinated him when he visited Charlecote. The picturesque but uncomfortable state of affairs which he described has disappeared; and who knows but what the hall as it is now is not

more like what it was in the days of Shakespeare—for then it had only been recently built—than it was when the author of "Tales of a Traveller" visited it some seventy years ago?

Mr. and Mrs. George Lucy, about forty years ago, added a very handsome drawing-room and library, and made several other important improvements; but they preserved so perfectly the style of the old mansion that it is now quite impossible to distinguish, externally at least, these new additions.

The park, though not large, is one of the most lovely in England. Its little nooks and glades are the same as they were two centuries ago, and the same Avon flows at the foot of the quaint terraces, and winds through the green grass, and sparkles in the sunshine as brightly as when the house was first built. No more exquisitely rich woodland scenery can be imagined, and more than one old gnarled oak and beech dotted about the park were fine trees in the prime of life when that bejewelled and befarthingaled sovereign Elizabeth and her glittering train crossed the bridge and entered the gateway one memorable morning in 1583.

In this park undoubtedly Shakespeare often strayed and watched the deer crossing the river, as I myself have often watched them in the summer of last year (1893). May not the graceful sight have inspired him with the most beautiful lines in *As you like it*? Surely it was in this park that he saw

> "A poor sequestered stag
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt
> Did come to languish;"

and we can still see, as he saw then, "the careless herd full of the pasture" step gaily into the water and swim across in search of fresh fields under the lowering branches of the grand old trees in the outer park which leads up to the porter's lodge and the high road to Stratford-upon-Avon, two and a half miles away.

Richard Davey.

War Notes.—No. 11.
Trumpeter 77th Field-Battery Royal Artillery.
The Sunset Gun.

YARNS IN THE CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

A *V.C.*

"HULLO, Beauchamp! Put down that paper and join us."

"So I will, my boy—so I will." And Brigade-Surgeon Beauchamp, C.B., who had just retired after doctoring Tommy Adkins for five-and-twenty years, drew in his chair alongside our little party.

"Any news to-night?"

"Oh, there's the usual amount of politics; and these d——d agitators have got up another strike! But I saw one thing in the papers that pleased me not a little: Walters has become second in command of the 200th, so I suppose he is safe to get the regiment in another four years. He has deserved his promotion well, and will be as smart a colonel as ever sat in a saddle."

"Ah! Walters? Wasn't he a ranker? and haven't I heard that he did very well in South Africa, and got the V.C. there?"

"He got a great deal more than the V.C. and his commission put together. He got the nicest wife in the world. Oh, man! I nearly fell in love with her myself once, but she would not look at me."

"Well, that's not surprising,—not that she would not look at you, of course, but that you nearly fell in love with her. You always had a susceptible heart for anything that wore a petticoat. Tell us all about it, and how Walters cut you out."

"Miss Ross and I became excellent friends."

"Well, I don't mind telling you how I met her, and will tell you all I know about Walters also; but I warn you it is a longish yarn. Here, waiter, bring me a gin sling and a cigar.

"Well, in 1878 I was an assistant-surgeon, and I was sent out to the Cape to do duty with the force that was then fighting in Kaffraria. There were no regular

transports going out, so they gave me a passage in a 'Donald Currie.' I had no medical charge on board, and I looked forward to a pleasant voyage. There were some non-commissioned officers and privates from different regiments in the ship, who were to be employed with colonial levies, and Percy of the 200th was in charge of them; otherwise the passengers were all civilians—men going to try their fortunes at the Diamond Fields, Cape merchants who had been having a run in England, Government officials, a party of Dutchmen who had been worrying the Colonial Office about the late annexation of the Transvaal, and other odds and ends. There were some ladies too; but I saw nothing of them when we started except a whisk of petticoats going into cabins at Dartmouth, for they took to their berths in anticipation of a knocking about in the Bay. We had a knocking about in the Bay, and no mistake, and everybody was pretty uncomfortable till we came off Madeira, but after that the voyage was like a yachting trip. The sea was smooth, the days were bright and warm, the nights soft and cloudless. The tables in the saloon began to fill as appetites became more reliable, and I found my place at meals next a very pretty girl, who was going out in the captain's charge. Well, lots of girls are pretty, but there was something about Clara Ross that was especially taking. It was not that she said much, for she was not talkative; it was not regularity of features, for her warmest admirers could not credit her with that; but a sort of all-overish charm, which made one feel that this was a woman worth dying for, or, still better, worth loving and living for. I gathered that she was the only daughter of a man in Natal, who had made his pile in South African speculations, building-lots in Durban, diamonds at Kimberley, and cattle farms in many places. She had been at home with an aunt for three years, and was now going out to live with her father for a short time, till he wound up his affairs and came back to end his days in England.

"Miss Ross and I became excellent friends. I settled her chair on the deck, walked with her when she wanted to have a constitutional, and played endless games of backgammon with her. She was always cheery and pleasant enough, but she never quite lost a sort of preoccupied air, as if her mind was full of some interest which she did not share with everybody.

"A couple of days before we were to arrive at Cape Town, Percy thought he had better have an official look at the half-dozen soldiers who were going out with him. They had berthed forward in the second-class cabin, and, as they were all picked, steady men, they had been left very much to themselves during the voyage, and the saloon passengers had seen nothing of them. Any little thing creates interest at sea, and when it was known that six soldiers were going to parade in service kit, there was a general move to look on. They were certainly a useful-looking lot of men, but I was particularly struck with the appearance of a young cavalry sergeant who was among them. The others were smart fellows enough, but the sergeant was the pick of the bunch in physique and appearance, and had more the easy carriage of a man who has been developed by the life of an athletic Englishman of the higher classes than the stiff gait of a soldier who owes everything to the drill sergeant and military exercises.

"Miss Ross had come forward with the rest of us to look at the soldiers; but she complained of a sudden faintness and made a retreat to her cabin, and we saw her no more during the day. The inspection was soon over, and I asked Percy who the sergeant was. 'Oh, that was Sergeant Walters of my own regiment. He has only joined about eighteen months, but he is a wonderfully smart man, and, as I fancy he is well connected, he was made a corporal very soon, and got his lance rank as sergeant when he was selected for service at the Cape. If he does not get knocked

on the head, he is sure to get on, as he is very well educated, and is a first-rate man all round.'

"It had been pretty hot during the day, but the following night was delicious. There was no moon, but the sky was spangled with bright constellations that we don't see in England, and the Southern Cross was the most glorious among them in its

"They were certainly a useful-looking lot of men."

radiance. I had been playing a game of whist, and, between ten and eleven, before turning in, went to smoke a last cigar in the cool fresh air on deck. I was leaning over the side in the shadow of one of the boats, watching the phosphorescent gleams in the waters as our ship tore her way through them. Everything was still and quiet but the steady clank and throb of the engines and the last refrain of a song that was coming from some convivialists in the smoking-room. Suddenly I heard two voices

approaching me, first a man's tones finishing a sentence—'and when your father's letter came, saying that I was not in a position to think of you, I thought it was no use remaining in the business, where I would require long years to push myself forward, so I made up my mind to enlist. A man who means to get on has some prospects in the army nowadays; and it is better to risk everything on the small chance of success than to wait on for a certainty which can only come when it is too late to do any good.'

"The answer came in a familiar voice: 'How could you, Mr. Walters? How could you? Even if we never met again, don't you think I would be happier if I thought you were working honourably in safety at home, instead of taking all the terrible risks and privations of a soldier?'

"'Oh, we need not think of the risks—they are only part of the chances, after all—and the privations are little enough. My comrades are very good fellows, and, if I did not sometimes think of you, upon my word I believe they are as good society as a man need want.'

"All this was interesting, but I felt in a somewhat false position, listening to such a very private conversation. I thought that the speakers would have passed on, but they had stopped near me, and their last few words had been said from the other end of my sheltering boat. I shuffled my feet and coughed emphatically, to show them that there was some one near; but they paid no attention till at last I exploded in a resounding sneeze and left my standing-place. This had the desired effect. There was a hurried good-bye, and I thought I caught a glimpse of a military cloak slipping into the gloom forward. A female figure came aft and met me. As I had thought, it was Miss Ross: she came straight up to me and said, 'Oh, Dr. Beauchamp, I am so glad it is you. I am sure I can trust to your kindness not to remember that you have met me on deck to-night. Only to-day I found out that there was somebody I formerly knew among the second-class passengers, and it was necessary to speak to him, if only once. You may be sure that I shall never do so again.' The poor girl was terribly agitated. Of course I gave her the required assurance, and she disappeared below. Two days later we landed at Cape Town. Miss Ross's father met her and took her off to stay with some friends till the coasting steamer for Natal should start. Percy marched his men off to barracks, and I reported myself to the P.M.O. to wait for orders.

"I need not say anything about the next eight or nine months, during which I knocked about the whole of South Africa, serving at base hospitals, in field hospitals, and in charge of troops on the march. We were very short of medical officers, and those in the colony had to be almost ubiquitous to meet all the requirements. I am bound to say that there was little sickness, and that my work consisted principally in attending to small fractures and bruises that Tommy Adkins managed to incur in the rough veldt life, and in mitigating the occasional fits of 'alcohol' from which he and the colonial levies suffered when they had a chance of a big drink of 'Cape Smoke' or 'Squareface.' But, when the Zulu war began, campaigning was very different. Instead of the occasional scrimmages with ill-disposed natives, which had hitherto been all our fighting, we had serious engagements, and, as you know, some very heavy losses both from wounds and sickness. I had often to work single-handed, and I never had a more anxious time, besides having to take part in a deal more actual fighting than I considered decent in a man of my profession. It was some weeks after the disaster at Isandhlwana when I found myself at a little temporary post on the Zulu border. We had some infantry and a couple of small guns, and there were also thirty or forty colonial volunteers, the 'Heidelberg Hussars' they called themselves. These last were all really good

"How could you, Mr. Walters?"

hard-bitten men who knew the country and the natives well, as they were hunters, sons of farmers or business men who had lived in South Africa all their lives, and had enrolled themselves to supplement the weak military force in the country, and to defend their towns and homesteads from the Zulu invasion which everybody believed to be imminent.

"Percy, who had now become a Lieutenant-Colonel, was in command of the post. I forgot to say that one of the colonial officers was a brother of my old ship acquaintance Miss Ross, who, as he was an only son, had joined the volunteer fighting force very much against his father's wishes—though, of course, the old man could not well prevent him from taking part in the patriotic movement of defence. All the volunteers were well mounted, and young Ross especially had three of the best horses I ever saw in South Africa, all 'salted,' and in consequence worth a lot of money.

"We had patrols out daily, which searched the country for fifteen miles round, and, one evening, Ross, whose turn of duty the patrolling had been, came in and reported that he had met and exchanged shots with two strongish parties of Zulus on the farther side of some low hills which raised themselves blue on our horizon. He said they seemed very bellicose and confident, as if they had support near. He was pretty sure that his fire had knocked over one or two of them, but one of his own men had his elbow smashed by a bullet (by the way, I made a very good case of it and saved the arm), and he thought it best to retire. That same evening a troop of mounted infantry came to the post on their way to another part of the country. They should have gone on next morning, but Percy thought he had better keep them for a day or two, in case the Zulus should show themselves in any number and he had to make a fight of it. I was glad to see Sergeant Walters with the mounted infantry. He brought me the medical state of the party, and told me that he had been in the northern Transvaal, and afterwards at Isandhlwana, where he had had a narrow escape, when so many of our men were lost. His campaigning life seemed to have agreed with him, however. He was burned and battered-looking, and had grown a beard, but he looked as tough as pin-wire and a fine specimen of a soldier.

"The next morning patrols were sent out at daybreak to have a look after the men whom Ross had seen, while the rest of us settled ourselves to pass the day as usual. I went round my hospital, where I had several fever cases, besides the volunteer with the elbow. Parties went out woodcutting, to replenish our scanty stock of fuel. All the horses not on duty were knee-haltered and turned out to graze, and Percy gave the infantry plenty to do in throwing up some earthworks and small defences. I had a volunteer civilian surgeon with me, who had engaged for service during the war, so I did not take long about my work, and between eight and nine I found myself breakfasting off trek ox, sardines, mealy meal bread, and coffee, with Percy and the few other officers of the little force. We had just finished and were lighting our pipes (we had only some beastly Boer tobacco, the thought of which makes me ill. Here, waiter, get me another large cigar!) when we saw some horsemen galloping in at top speed. They were our morning patrols, who told us that they had seen a large force of Zulus collected behind the hills, and apparently moving in our direction.

"I always thought Percy was a good man in the field, but till that day I did not know quite how good a man he was. He seemed to have made up his mind exactly as to what he intended to do, and gave his orders so quietly and clearly, and with such a cheery confidence, that he put confidence into everybody else—not a very easy thing, let me tell you, when most of the army had the "jumps" at the very idea of a

"We had patrols out daily."

Zulu after the disasters we had suffered at Isandhlwana and elsewhere. The wood-cutting parties were called in, the horses collected and saddled up, the guns placed in selected positions, and the infantry put under arms. The standing tents were struck, and I went off to my hospital, which was established in the remains of an old clay-and-timber-built farmhouse. I had just laid out what I thought,

under the circumstances, was a very neat operating-table, in readiness for contingencies, under the shade at the end of the hospital, when Ross rode past to join his men, and asked me what spread I was going to have there. I did not tell him what my arrangements were for, and only said I hoped he would not be a party to the spread.

"All the mounted men, the mounted infantry and Heidelberg Hussars, were sent out to reconnoitre the Zulu army and try to make them engage in a direct attack on our position, instead of forming their usual crescent-shaped mass, which would have swept round and engaged simultaneously our front, flanks and rear. Percy naturally wished to concentrate his fire as much as possible, and did not want the Zulus to be able to use, round a wide front, the large supply of rifles of which they had become possessed. I had all my own preparations complete, and was standing

"We saw some horsemen galloping in."

with him on one of the waggons which formed our laager, watching through our glasses the operations of the mounted men. The infantry were lining the defences, lying on their rifles, and the two guns were ready for action close by, the detachments peering eagerly in the enemy's direction, and the officer walking up and down, waiting for his opportunity. We saw the little knot of horsemen sweep on at a gallop over the grass-covered valley and begin to ascend the slopes of the hills. Suddenly a number of little specks appeared on the hill-crest, and our men halted, dismounted and commenced firing. The puffs of smoke from their rifles were answered by other puffs from the line of specks on the hills, and we could hear the sharp patter of the fire. The specks increased rapidly in numbers, and began to surge down the slope. The fire of our seventy or eighty men did not seem to check them in the least.

"Two mounted figures emerged from the throng of the enemy."

"'Why the devil don't they retire?' said Percy. 'They have held on long enough, and have done all I wanted.'

"As he spoke we faintly heard a trumpet sound 'Mount and retire,' and saw the mounted infantry and hussars run to their horses, spring on their backs and hurriedly collect towards the rear.

"'Look out, Macdougall, and cover their retreat,' said Percy to the artillery officer, 'when you get a fair chance.'

"I took my eyes off the little action, and looked at the guns, when I heard an exclamation from Percy: 'Gallantly done, by God!'

"I turned my glasses again to the fight, and saw a mounted infantryman on foot helping a volunteer into his saddle. Both were a long way behind their comrades, who were now in full retreat. They seemed to be almost surrounded by Zulus, and occasional shots were being fired near them.

"'Good God! He's cut off, I'm afraid. I wonder who it is? He deserves the V.C., if ever man did.'

"As we watched, to our relief two mounted figures emerged from the throng of the enemy and joined the rest of the troop, which had now rallied. A spattering fire followed, and we saw the whole of the mounted men coming back at a swinging gallop. The guns were no longer masked. We heard Macdougall's command: 'No. 1, fire! No. 2, fire!' and two shells departed on their errand of death, exploding where the Zulus were thickest, and for the time effectually checking their rush. We ran down to the entrance of the laager to meet our men coming in. Ross and another man, whom I did not at first recognise, were being supported in their saddles, and one or two others were pale and bleeding.

"'Who was it that picked up a man when you retired?' asked Percy.

"Ross, in a faint voice, replied: 'It was a mounted infantry sergeant, who has saved my life. My leg was broken by a bullet, and I could not mount. The Zulus were almost on me, and I should have been killed to a certainty if he had not come and helped me on to my horse. They were all round us before we got away, and I am afraid he was badly wounded himself in saving me.'

"Here were two serious jobs for me to begin with. Ross was shot through the leg, and the bone was broken; and when I came to look at Walters (for I soon found he was the gallant sergeant), I almost despaired of pulling him through. He had been shot through the body, and had two nasty assegai wounds besides. Both he and Ross were nearly senseless when they were lifted off their horses; but his was much the worse case of the two. Fortunately they came under our hands when both my assistant and I were fresh, and before there was any hurry or pressure, so they had the best attention we could give.

"As we were undressing Walters, I accidentally moved a locket hanging round his neck, and he made a feeble clutch at it, muttering 'Clara, Clara.' I settled it quietly on his bosom again, and soothed him as well as I could. What a curious fate had brought together him and the brother of the Clara he thought of, on rude hospital pallets side by side!

"The rest of that day was as rough a one as I ever went through. The Zulus attacked us with a will, and Percy's defence was pretty well talked of and written about through South Africa and England. Of course you know all about it, so I need not go through the old story. The fight was over by sundown. By that time our enemies had had enough of it, and retired.

"A month later I was sent to Maritzburg in charge of the wounded who were then fit to move; and a nice job I had before I got them all comfortably stowed away in a good hospital with all proper appliances. Both Ross and Walters did very well. Ross will always have one leg shorter than the other; but Walters, though he gave me most anxiety to begin with, is now, thanks to his constitution, as sound as a bell.

"Long before we got to Maritzburg we heard that Walters was to have his V.C., and the general there visited him in the hospital and congratulated him on being recommended for a commission. When old Ross came with his daughter to see his wounded son, there was a family palaver, which probably put things on a proper

footing; but I suspect that the course of true love was much facilitated by some old uncle of Walters', who was so pleased with the way in which he had distinguished himself that he wrote out promising to do all sorts of things for him.

"I don't know the ins-and-outs of the story, but I know that when Lieutenant Walters, V.C., returned to Natal, during the Boer business, in the 200th, there was a wedding at Maritzburg, where I met a lot of old campaigning friends, colonials and regulars, and got a skinful of better champagne than we had in our mess."

C. Stein.

I WAS sitting not long ago at the extreme point of the Palatine hill, facing the south, where the remains of the palace of Septimius Severus tower a hundred and forty feet above the level of the modern streets, and I was trying to fathom the abyss which opened at my feet, and to reconstruct in my own imagination the former aspect of the place.

The results of my calculations are worth being related. By measurements on the spot, compared with descriptions and documents left by those who saw the Palatine in a better state of preservation, I could ascertain that a palace 490 feet long, 390 wide, and 160 high, has been made to disappear, so that only a few fragments are left against the cliff to tell the tale. Who has pulverised, atom by atom, that mountain of masonry? who has overthrown the giant? Was it age, the elements, the hand of barbarians, or some other monstrous force to which attention has not been yet properly paid?

To answer the question we must first try to grasp the meaning of the words "destruction" or "disappearance" when applied to the monuments of ancient Rome. We are told, for instance, that 485,000 spectators could be accommodated in the Circus Maximus, and that, when Trajan gave up to the people his own imperial balcony, this accommodation was increased by 4000 seats. The spectators sat on stone or marble benches or steps, made accessible by an elaborate system of staircases. Giving to each of them an average space of twenty inches, there must have been in the Circus Maximus some 800,000 feet of stone or marble benches. Not a particle has come down to us.

Near the Pantheon of Agrippa, and facing the pond (*stagnum*) where Nero used to feast on a floating hall, there was a portico built by the same statesman, under the name of Porticus Eventus Boni. Its location was not even known to topographers until three years ago, when an accidental discovery gave me the means of solving the problem. In May 1891 a capital of great size was found in the Vicolo del Melone —so great, indeed, that we were obliged to give up bringing it to the surface of the ground, as there was danger of undermining the nearest houses in the course of the operations. Where did this mass of marble come from? I found the answer in the records of excavations made in that neighbourhood at the time of Pius IV. (1559—1566): "In laying the foundation of the Palazzo della Valle, columns, entablatures and other objects were found, among them a capital *di smisurata grandezza.*" A third was found under the Ugolini house, a fourth under the Palazzo Capranica della Valle.

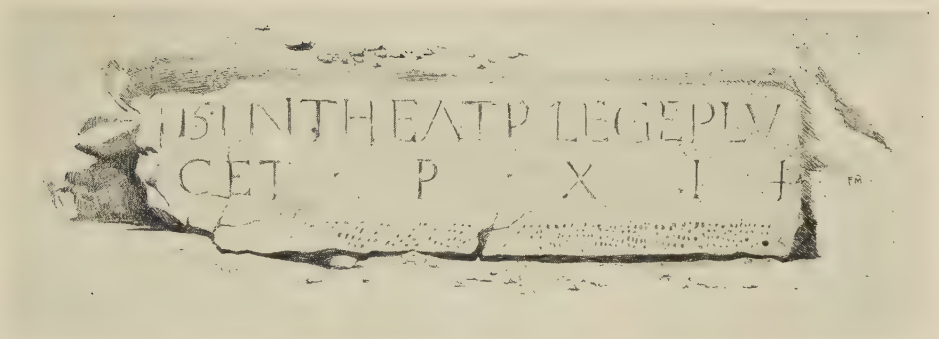
Remains of Palace of Septimius Severus.

They were all lying in a line three or four hundred feet long; they all belonged to a colonnade, the shafts of which measured 47 feet in height, while the capitals themselves are 6 feet high and 14 feet in circumference. Architects can appreciate the magnitude of these figures, and the general reader the fact that such a building as the Porticus Eventus Boni could have been made to disappear.

In the life of the Emperor Gordianus the younger, by Capitolinus (c. 32), a description is given of his villa in the suburbs of Rome, two and a half miles outside the modern Porta Maggiore (the Porta Prænestina of Aurelian). Among its extraordinary features were: a portico of two hundred columns, disposed in rows of fifty each, the shafts of the first being of Carystian marble (*cipollino*), those of the second of Claudian (*portasanta*), those of the third of Phrygian (*pavonazzetto*), those of the fourth of Numidian (*giallo antico*); three basilicas, each a hundred feet long; an imperial palace; and baths of such size and magnificence that they could only be compared advantageously with the Thermæ of the Metropolis itself. The annexed engraving shows the present state of this Villa Gordianorum. Porticoes, basilicas, imperial palace, and baths have disappeared; one bit of ruin stands alone in the wilderness, a landmark for miles around—the Torre de' Schiavi, one of the favourite meets for fox-hunting in the Campagna.

Writers on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire have proposed many ways of explaining such cases of wholesale destruction. They are all plausible; they all rest on a foundation of truth; but they do not answer all cases. Let us first put aside the barbarians: as if they would amuse themselves by destroying 800,000 feet of the marble seats of the circus in their hasty and meteor-like inroads! Their

Torre dei Schiavi.



One of the marble steps of the Coliseum inscribed with the number of feet spectators were entitled to.

object was to carry away portable and light articles of value; and Rome was still rich enough to satisfy their greediness. Later on, when the mine became exhausted and the houses of the living stripped of all their valuables, the barbarians *may* have attacked the houses of the dead, imperial mausolea as well as the humble catacombs of the faithful; but the fire-proof buildings of the Republic and of the Empire were not damaged in their essential parts. In June 455 A.D. the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill and the palace of the Cæsars could be still successfully plundered of movable objects. In 536 the garrison of the Mole of Hadrian, which had long since been converted into a fortress (the Castel St. Angelo) was able to check an assault of the Goths by throwing on their heads the masterpieces of Grecian art which still adorned the mausoleum. A quarter of a century later the historian Procopius states that many statues by Phidias and Lysippus could yet be seen in Rome. In 630 Pope Honorius I., with the consent of the Emperor Heraclius, removed from the roof of the temple of Venus and Rome the gilt-bronze tiles, for the adornment of the roof of St. Peter's. The temple, therefore, was still intact. In 663, when Rome for the last time, and for her own misfortune, was visited by an emperor—and a Christian emperor too—a great deal was still left to plunder. In the twelve days which Constans spent in the city he carried off many bronze statues, and laid his hands also on the bronze tiles of the Pantheon, although long since converted into a Christian church. The barbarians, therefore, can be left in peace, their share in the deed being hardly worth considera-

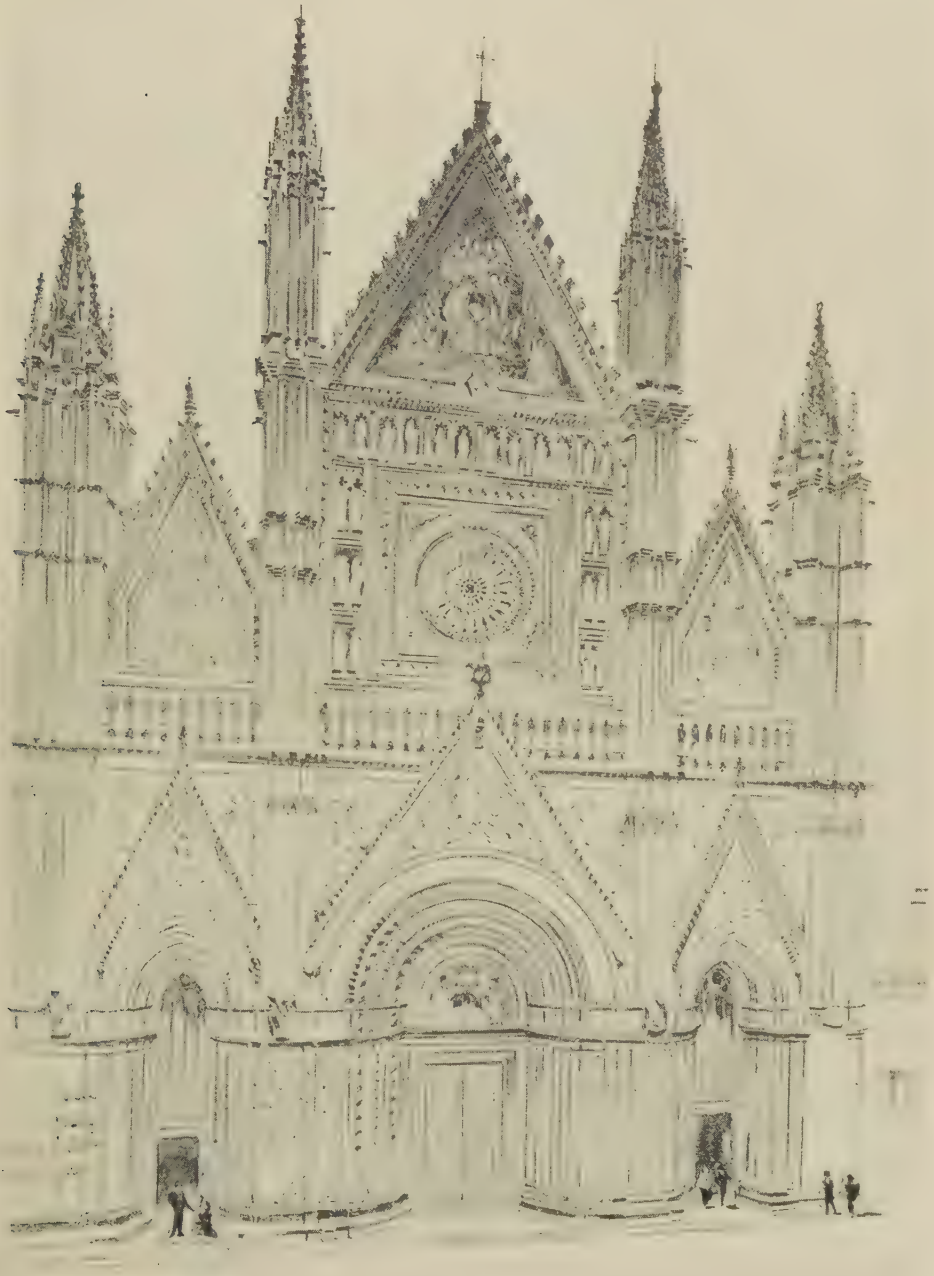
Remains of the Theatre of Ostia.

Cathedral and Leaning Tower of Pisa.

tion when compared with the guilt of others. By "others" I mean the Romans of the Byzantine, mediæval, and Renaissance periods. Were I to relate my personal experiences on this sad point of our history, and describe the number of lime-kilns and stonecutters' shops which have been found in my time, whenever an antique buiding has come to light, my tale would go far beyond the limits of a magazine article. It is enough to remark that the most central quarter of the mediæval city, many acres in extent, was named officially the *Calcararia* or *Calcaria*, on account of its lime-kilns, fed night and day with statues of gods and heroes. In the first half of the sixteenth century, when the study of ancient inscriptions was revived, the *Calcararia* became the meeting-place of the learned epigraphists, as they were sure

to find a daily supply of new documents amongst the marbles ready for the furnace.

I have seen in these last years at least fifty foundation walls, *entirely* built of statues, of inscriptions, of ornamental marbles. The following account shall answer for all.



Duomo of Orvieto.

Towards the end of the second or the beginning of the third century a colony of Greek sculptors came to Rome from Aphrodisias, in Caria, and set up a studio on the Esquiline hill, between the baths of Titus and the gardens of Mæcenas. They were active artists indeed, and worked harmoniously under the mastership of a leader, whom they called ἀρχιερεύς (high priest). One day their workshop and their exhibition rooms came to grief: whether by fire, or by a fall of the building, or by violence of men, I cannot tell. In the spring of 1886, while the Via Buonarroti was being cut open in the direction of the baths of Titus, a wall was discovered entirely and solely built with the contents of the studio. There were statues of Jupiter, Juno, Pluto, Aesculapius, Cybele, Minerva Parthenos, Hercules, bacchic vases, fountains, mouths of wells, candelabras, figures of animals, bas-reliefs, etc.; and nearly all the works were signed by one of the members of this artistic brotherhood from Aphrodisias —seventeen signatures in all. The fact that no essential portions of each work were missing shows that they were brought entire to the scene of the massacre—I mean, to the edge of the trench—and then split and hammered and thrown into the mass of the foundations.

The first powerful voice which thundered against these practices was that of Francesco Petrarca, who, in the name of love for his country and respect for its past glories, protested against the abandonment in which the ruins of Rome were left. His pungent remarks were addressed especially to the noblemen, whom he describes as following in the path of destruction, the footsteps of the Goths and the Vandals. However, if the patricians were to blame, the middle and lower classes followed pretty closely their example. Temples, baths, theatres, palaces were demolished piecemeal; their marble ornaments were broken to pieces and thrown into the lime-kilns, and even their walls and foundations uprooted, for the sake of the stones or of the bricks with which they were faced.

By-and-by the produce of this kind of industry became in excess of the demand, and more spoils were accumulated than could be disposed of in the local market. It became essential to find new outlets; and an inter-provincial, and even an international trade was therefore inaugurated.

Some of the facts connected with this new phase in the history of the destruction of Rome are known to students; but they have yet to be grouped and compared together. I shall only give an outline of the subject, with the hope that it may induce others to investigate it thoroughly. The archives of our great church buildings have yet to be explored; the success scored by Luigi Fumi in doing so at Orvieto (of which I shall speak presently) gives us hope that other records may be found on either side of the Alps, by means of which this branch of trade of mediæval Rome may be illustrated.

The earliest instance of marbles removed from the Eternal City to distant lands dates from the time of King Theodoric. In a letter addressed to Festus the Patrician, Cassiodorius, the king's secretary, orders that the columns of the *domus Pinciana* (a crown property near the gate of the same name) should be sent to Ravenna.

The portion of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle erected by Charlemagne in 796—804, and consecrated by Leo III., is an octagon copied from S. Vitale at Ravenna, designed and built by Roman *marmorarii*. The lofty openings of the upper story or *Hoch-münster* are decorated with a double row of columns of unequal length, of rare marbles and breccia, brought over from Rome, Treves, and Ravenna.* In fact, the desire of following Roman traditions was such that the fountain in front of the *Münster* was actually decorated with a brazen *wolf*, like the one which then

* The most valuable were stolen by the French invaders in 1794, but restored at the peace of 1815.

stood in front of the Lateran, and with a *pine-cone*, like the one which stood on the fountain of Symmachus, in the "Paradise" or *atrium* of St. Peter's.

The cathedral of Pisa, begun in 1063, and consecrated in 1118 by Pope Gelasius II., is mostly built of marbles imported from Rome and from Ostia.

The workshop in which those classic remains were transformed into new shapes by Busketus and Ronald, the architects of the duomo, has just been found on the banks of the Arno. Some of the marbles actually bear the certificate of their origin; like one near the south-west corner of the transept, inscribed with the legend "GENIO COLONIÆ OSTIENSIS" (to the Genius of Ostia). They also imported sarcophagi, like the one discovered in 1742 at the foot of the high altar, and now

Porch of the Duomo of Salerno.

preserved in the Camposanto, inscribed with the name of Marcus Annius Proculus, a magistrate and a leading citizen of Ostia.

The inexhaustible mines of the district of Rome were resorted to for the construction of the duomo of Lucca (1060—1070), of Monte Cassino (1066), of the cathedral of S. Mattéo at Salerno (1084), of S. Andrea at Amalfi (11th century), of the baptistery of S. Giovanni in Florence (begun in 1100), of the monastery of Nostra Signora di Tergu, on the north coast of Sardinia, between Sorso and Castel Sardo, of the church of S. Francesco at Civita Vecchia, of the Duomo di Orvieto (1321—1360), and even of *some parts of Westminster Abbey*. For some of these buildings we need no historical evidence; the shape and quality of the marbles, and the inscriptions engraved upon them, betray surely enough their origin. For Monte Cassino we have the authority of Alphanus and of Leo of Ostia, who

Supposed Tomb of daughter of Henry III., Westminster Abbey.

expressly state that Desiderius purchased in Rome *columnas, bases, ac lilia* (columns, bases and capitals), *et diversorum colorum marmora* (and marbles of various colours) These spoils were put on board the *tartane* (light coasting ships, which still sail up the Tiber to the wharf of Ripa Grande) and landed at the mouth of the Garigliano. From the mouth of the Garigliano to Monte Cassino the work of transportation was accomplished with teams of buffaloes.

On May 28th, 1084, Robert the Norman, with a host of thirty-six thousand warriors, mostly Saracens, entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and for many days treated the wretched citizens with sword and fire, to punish them for their rebellion against Pope Gregory VII. The city was the scene of horrors which baffle description: ladies of rank as well as the humble dwellers in monasteries fell a prey to the infidels; men and children were brought to the market and sold like cattle; their houses levelled to the ground, even their churches destroyed, under the eyes of the Pope. More cruel, but less fortunate than the Goths and the Vandals, were the hordes of Robert the Norman, who made the citizens pay for their disappointment in finding so little left to plunder. As far as we know, the only trophies of war carried away by the retiring army were columns and marbles of various kinds, with which the duomo of Salerno was decorated.

We owe to Luigi Fumi, the author of "Il Duomo di Orvieto ed i suoi Restauri" (Rome, 1881), the knowledge that many ornaments of that exquisite gem of architecture were cut and carved out of marble blocks imported from Rome. The first barge-loads were shipped up the Tiber, from the quay of Ripetta to Orte, in June 1316. For the space of nearly forty years the *maestri dell' opera del duomo* sent their emissaries round the Roman district in search of material for their marble carvings. The ruins of Porto (the Portus Augusti, near the mouth of the Tiber) were attacked in May 1321, with the consent of their owners; those of Ostia, then probably *res nullius*, shared the same fate in the following year—the centre of devastation being the theatre, the shattered remains of which I discovered in 1881.

In progress of time the villa of Domitian at Castel Gandolfo, the mausoleum of Hadrian, the portico of Octavia, the temple of Isis and Serapis, and the ruins of Veii were put to ransom. The documents collected by Luigi Fumi give us many details on this remarkable trade in old marbles. Pandolfo and Giovanni Savelli, who had placed at the disposal of the *opera del duomo* the remains of the villa of Domitian, were remunerated with a parcel of pepper, wax, and saffron. In 1354, while maestro Andrea di Ugolino was superintending the works, a block of marble worth thirty-five florins was taken away from the portico of Octavia, and cut into the beautiful round window or "wheel" which opens in the centre of the façade. Other blocks came from the same source in 1359, under the mastership of Andrea d'Orcagna. When search was made in private grounds a compensation was paid to the owner, as in the cases of the portico of Octavia, and of the temple of Isis, which belonged respectively to

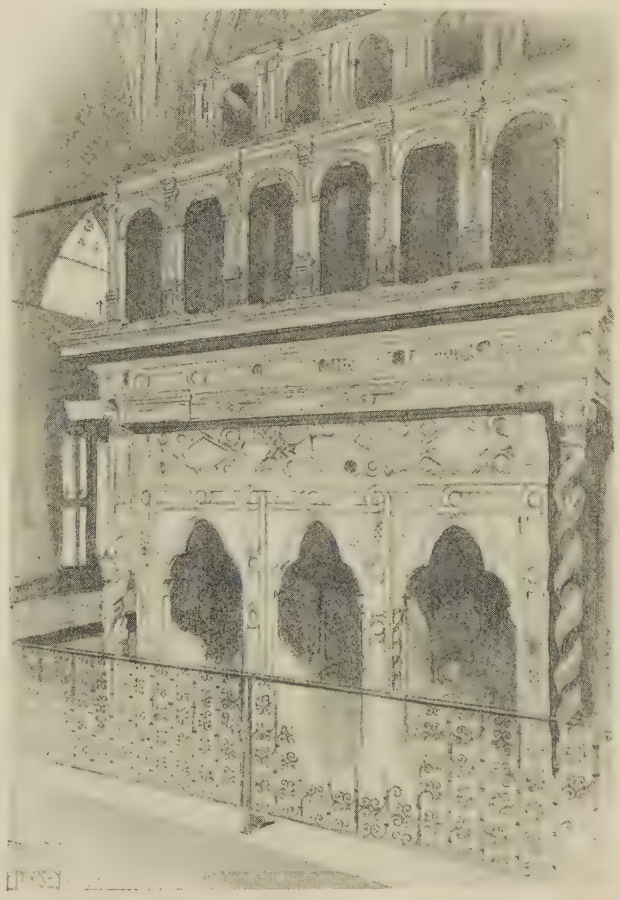
Alessio Matrice and to Paolo di Converrone. If the blocks were considered *res nullius* a fee was paid to the city for the licence of exportation.

Roman *marmorarii* and Roman marbles are also mentioned in connection with Westminster Abbey. In a paper by Professor Giacomo Boni, read at a meeting of the British and American Society of Rome, March 28th, 1893, I find the following memoranda:—

"Among the most important works of a Roman marble-cutter still preserved in Westminster Abbey there is a small tomb bearing no inscription, but believed to be of the daughter of Henry III., who died in 1257. The name of 'PETRVS ROMANVS CIVIS' is engraved in the basement of the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Peter therefore must have worked it towards 1269, the year in which the relics of the Confessor were laid in the place of honour by Henry III. The tomb of this king, the second founder of Westminster Abbey, erected in 1281, has nothing English about it, save the grey Purbeck marble. The materials of which the Romanesque pavement in front of the high altar is composed, were certainly imported from Rome by the Abbot Richard of Ware. After his election, which took place in 1258, the abbot paid a visit to the Eternal City, and brought back, as a souvenir of his pilgrimage, some slabs of porphyry and serpentine. Upon his grave may be read the following words:

'HIC PORTAT LAPIDES QVOS HVC PORTAVIT AB VRBE,'

that is to say, he lies buried under the red and green porphyries (the essential element of a Romanesque pavement) which he brought himself from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Thames." The attempt of Richard de Ware to transplant to England a style of work which could only find its proper nourishment among the ruins of an ancient city was not successful; but there is no doubt — although we lack yet material evidence—that the Romans found new outlets for their trade in compensation for the loss of the English market.



Edward the Confessor's Shrine, Westminster Abbey.

Before coming to the end of this article, I wish to state that in narrating such painful episodes of the destruction of the Eternal City, I do not want to cast more blame on the mediæval *marmorarii* than they actually deserve. Much may be said to extenuate their

guilt, and many instances of a worse spirit of destruction may be quoted, from the time of Nero to our own age. While the army of Vespasian was besieging the Capitol, and trying to scale its walls from the roofs of the nearest houses, the partisans of Vitellius hurled bronze and marble statues on their assailants; and so did the garrison of Hadrian's castle during the siege of the Goths. I have discovered in the state archives a demand addressed on August 20th, 1822, to Pope Pius VII. by a building contractor, named Mattéo Lovatti, in which he states that, to provide materials for a house he was raising in the Piazza del Popolo, he would like to destroy certain ancient ruins opposite the church of S. Maria in Dominica. It is stupendous to think that such a request could be addressed to such a man as Pope Pius VII., and

Porticus Eventus Boni.

more so to know that the request was granted, on the favourable report of Visconti, Fea, Valadier, and Cardinal Pacca.

In 1870, a few months before Rome became the capital of Italy, Pope Pius IX. determined to raise a monumental column in memory of the Œcumenical Council. To save time and money, and the trouble of quarrying travertine from the territory of Tivoli, the Porta Tiburtina of Honorius, one of the most interesting and best preserved gates of the city, was sacrificed. The stones of which it was built were sunk in the foundations of the column, opposite the church of S. Pietro in Montorio—to no purpose whatever, because the events of September 20th of that year made the raising of the monument impossible.*

And yet both Pius VII. and Pius IX. were second to none in their love and

* It has since been erected in the Giardino della Pigna, within the precincts of the Vatican.

respect for antiquity. More remarkable still was the inconsistency of the great Pirro Ligorio, the architect of the exquisite *Casino* in the gardens of Belvedere, and of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. He was present at the wholesale destruction of the monuments of the Forum accomplished between 1540 and 1550 by the builders of St. Peter's; he saw them lay their hands first on the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, then on the arch of Fabius Allobrogicus, raised in memory of the Roman conquest of Savoy, on the temples of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vesta, Castor and Pollux; he saw the Regia levelled to the ground, although its walls were still inscribed with the glorious records of Roman victories and conquests;* he stigmatises the proceedings with words of fire, and invokes upon their authors the malediction of mankind. Yet this very man, this paladin of ancient monuments, has written a treatise—"How to make excellent plaster with the marble of ancient statues ground under the wheel." I have found this curious document of human inconsistency in p. 17 of the "Codex of Pirro Ligorio," preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

RODOLFO LANCIANI.

ROME, *December 30th*, 1893.

* The *Fasti consulares* and *triumphales*, now in the Conservatori Palace, on the capitol.

IN THE THIRD CAPACITY.

WHEN Gerald Singleton was in Rome worshipping Art, although in the fitness of things he should have been in the Temple studying jurisprudence, and otherwise qualifying himself for a legal career, he received a shock. He was only twenty-seven, so he took it easily —in fact, he took most matters in life easily, excepting pictures, and Greek marbles, and other things with which he ought to have had nothing to do; but to hear that Mr. Justice Singleton, whose only child he was, had suddenly taken it into his head to marry again was sufficiently startling for all that.

He was with a friend, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, when he got the news. They had just had breakfast, and were puffing the matutinal cigarette.

"That's a dreadful bore," said the friend, who was a young painter, with "views," and visions of the time when he should "make a school," and who wore his hair long prematurely. "That's a dreadful bore, Singleton: I suppose you will have to go back for the wedding?"

"I suppose I shall," said Singleton; "it seems due to one's father to attend his wedding when one can,—I'll start to-morrow! Pratelli promised to show me that thing he is doing if I went round to his *atelier* at 1. Let's stroll on."

Pratelli's "thing" was so interesting, and the discussion that followed proved so engrossing, that it was not until evening that the letter in Gerald's pocket-book was remembered. When he re-read it he observed by the date that it had been on his trail for nearly three weeks, and that the wedding must be over.

"I shan't be able to be my father's best man after all," he remarked: "what a bother!—or wouldn't one's father make one his best man? I don't know. I'll run over to England to congratulate him, anyhow, and give my new mamma my blessing —and we'll meet in Paris next month."

He packed his impedimenta, and made his adieux accordingly. But *l'homme propose, et la femme dispose*, as he always said in looking back, and he was not destined to sip *mazagrins* on the Boulevards again so soon as he thought.

It was a drizzling January afternoon when he reached the Twickenham house; and, springing from the cab, he hurried up the steps. He had neglected to wire that he was arriving, and there had been no one at the station to meet him.

When the servant opened the door, he hastened without inquiry into the drawing-room. The lamps had not been brought in yet, and at first the firelight did not reveal to him that it was occupied: just for a moment.

A woman was standing before the window, looking out upon the lawn and dripping trees. His father was not present.

It was a long room, and his entrance, if unceremonious, had been quiet; she

did not hear him till he spoke, the woman who stood with her hands behind her, looking out at the dreary view. Gerald paused an instant in perplexity, and wished that she would turn.

"I beg your pardon," he said: "I—er—I thought my father was here."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and moved forward with extended hand.

It was most astonishing—she could scarcely have been twenty. Not twenty, and as pretty as she was young! The man who had come down to "congratulate his mamma" gazed in bewilderment.

"Do sit down," she said, "and I'll ring for lights, and a brandy-and-soda, or whatever else you want. It's odd for me to welcome you, isn't it? I'm glad I wasn't out."

"Er—thank you," said Gerald, gulping. "Er—I'll have tea if you don't mind."

"Tea!" she echoed. Only that this could not be, he would have thought she said it with contempt.

"I—I am very delighted to meet you," he went on. He had been prepared with a filial salute, but withheld it. "My father is well, I hope?"

"Oh yes," she answered, "he'll be sorry he was not at home. We expected you in time for the ceremony, you know. Webber, let us have tea at once, please, and—— won't you have anything laid for you in the dining-room?—No?—and bring in the cigars and cigarettes."

The lamp rays showed her even prettier than he had imagined,—a face with a laughing mouth, and eyes that had a suspicion of mischief in them; the complexion of a baby, and the close-cropped curls of a boy. Gerald was fond of his father, but he could not help remembering that he was one of Her Majesty's Judges, and had the gout.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked. "Had a good time?"

"I've seen a great many beautiful things," he said—"a great many wonderful things. One must go abroad to understand what Art really means. In Paris, for instance, the very atmosphere is artistic—I dare say you have noticed it. Here, in London I mean, Art is dead, and we have only its legacies."

"What are the horses like over there?" she inquired: "they don't compare with ours on the whole, do they?"

"I can hardly pretend to be a judge of horseflesh," said Gerald, rather confused; "your own tastes, perhaps——?"

"Oh, I *like* horses, and dogs too," she replied. "I love them! Your father has given me a ripper—a lady's horse, you know, but she's got mettle. You should just see her gallop! I'll take you out to the stable before breakfast in the morning, if you're good."

"That—that's very kind of you," he said, shivering. "I hope you'll always find me very 'good'—I intend to be. By the way, I haven't the least idea what I am to call you; I confess you have rather taken me by surprise. It would be too funny to call you 'mother,' wouldn't it?"

She stared at the idea, and then laughed merrily.

"Yes," she said,—"people might quiz us! Better call me 'Kate,' I suppose, and be done with it."

Gerald smiled also, but awkwardly.

"There doesn't seem much alternative, it's a fact!" he said. "Well, if you don't mind, I'll call you 'Kate.'"

"I hope you'll call me 'nice' too," she returned, with amusement. "Your father was in an awful funk that you might consider me too young. Do you?"

"I am sure you must know I think you perfectly charming," said Gerald—"*most* charming—er—er—and delightful."

"You think me a 'duck,' in other words, and that's all about it," she exclaimed, with another peal of laughter. "And you think your father a very lucky man. Oh, my dear Gerald, what a delicious stepson you are!"

The young man turned red and pulled his moustache. She was certainly unconventional, this new wife his father had found.

"Where is my father?" he inquired. "When will he be in?"

"He's had to go away on some business or other," she explained, with surprise. "He won't be 'in,' as you term it, for a fortnight. I thought you knew!"

"Oh," he said blankly, "you don't say so! I'm afraid I shall be in the way."

"Not a bit," she declared. "This is your home, you know, and you must make yourself comfortable till he returns. If you don't, he will blame *me*. Indeed," she went on more seriously, "I trust you will always assist me to do my duty by you, my dear boy, and, if I fail in any way, that you won't think it is from any indifference. I feel my responsibility towards you very acutely, I assure you, and am more than anxious to be everything to you that I ought. Now go and dress for dinner," she added. "I am curious to see you in evening clothes."

"You are—'curious'?" he repeated.

"So much depends on a young man's appearance in evening clothes," she said gently; "I really cannot judge of you, or of what you may do in the future, till I have seen you in them."

Gerald went upstairs, and read his father's letter to him for the third time, and questioned dumbly whether anybody concerned in the matter was a lunatic. He felt inclined to pinch himself, to ascertain if he were awake.

There was nothing in the parental epistle to suggest insanity. It was brief and to the point:—

"My dear Gerald,

"I want you to suspend your interminable Art pottering for a few days, and come over to assist at my wedding. Yes, my boy, I am going to marry again. I have not chosen a lady of my own age, so she'll be agile enough to dodge the pillows when the infernal gout is bad. Jesting apart, I am sure you will like her, and get on with her; in fact, she will make the house a great deal brighter for you in every way. The ceremony is fixed for a fortnight hence, so hurry up.

"Your very affectionate

"Father."

"Good Lord!" murmured Gerald, and then again, "*Good* Lord!"

He dressed himself in a kind of stupor, and on descending the stairs found his stepmother was already in the dining-room, with Webber in attendance.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting?" he asked.

"Not at all," she said, and began dispensing the soup.

The matronly tone she had adopted at the conclusion of their interview had now given place to her earlier one, and this continued until the sweets had been removed, and they sat *tête-à-tête* discussing dessert. Then she gave a little approving nod:

"Admirable!" she said; "you look admirable, Gerald—you may go far!"

He realised that she was taking a motherly interest in him again, and referring to his appearance.

"You may peel me a pear," she said; "or, stay, you want one thing more—I must give you a 'buttonhole.'"

She selected a rosebud with great deliberation, and fastened it in his coat.

"You should have an elastic there," she commented gravely: "a loop is indispensable; all the best tailors use them. Conceive now a flower accorded to you as a *gage d'amour*—a young girl yielding you one from her bouquet—could anything be more clumsy, more terrible, than to have to ask her for a pin! See that you always have an elastic loop in future, Gerald: it is necessary."

"I will," he promised. "Anything else?"

"No," she said; "no—unless it is your tie. I see you have on the 'butterfly bow': its day is done. It is always desirable for a young man to be in the fashion, unless he revives a whim belonging distinctly to a past age. My uncle Marmaduke, for instance, now wears the shape of hat affected in the early 'sixties'; but very few men have the personal magnetism to dare so much as that—very few. Your bow, if I may say so, is at once too modern and too old. You are not offended?"

"I am greatly indebted to you, on the contrary," he said. "I am certain there must be still another fault. Do let me feel that you have really an interest in me."

She patted him on the arm.

"So far from there being any other fault, I prophesy great things for you. And

now, instead of lecturing you any more, I will have some coffee and benedictine, and you may smoke."

"Thank you," said Gerald. "You are certain you don't mind?"

"Mind! I will keep you in countenance!" She lapsed all at once into her gayer tone. "I shan't shock you, I know. I was always allowed to have just one in private, and your father permits me now. Got a light?"

She popped a cigarette between her lovely lips, and blew a ring of smoke daintily into the air. Gerald began to find these sudden transitions startling.

"What do you say to 'a hundred up'?" she inquired. "I'll play you level for half a crown. Or would you rather have some music in the drawing-room?"

"Well," he said, "I'd prefer the music just now, if you'll be so kind; it's rather too soon after dinner for billiards."

"I'll give you points, *of course*, if you're doubtful of yourself," she said quickly. "But between strangers, don't you know, I always think a level game's the fairest."

"I play billiards pretty well," said Gerald, "thanks; but I'm fond of music, and if it's all the same to you——"

"Music be it!" she responded promptly. "Finish your curaçoa, my dear young friend, and come on."

When she took her seat at the piano she asked him what his favourite songs were, and lifted her eyebrows at his answer.

"Oh! I'll sing you something better than those," she said. "Listen!"

She dashed into a cadenza, and then, with a flash of her eyes across her shoulder at him, burst into "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

"Can't you join in the chorus?" she said. "Oh, you are a duffer! Have you heard Chevalier do it?"

Forsaking the music-stool, she sprang to her feet, and, continuing the verse without an accompaniment, favoured him with an impromptu imitation:—

"Laughed—there, I thought I should ha' died—
Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!"

Her voice filled the room; her attitude was indescribably funny. There was

something so infectious in her gaiety that he did join in the chorus, and they gave it out together till she threw herself exhausted in a chair. When Gerald Singleton retired that night he looked at the walls in stupefaction, and asked, with Bill Nye, "Can these things be?" and the walls returned no answer; and he put the question next day to the heavens, and the heavens were silent also; so that he abandoned the interrogatory at last, and remarked, with Dundreary, that it was one of those puzzles "no fellah could understand." Mrs. Singleton, on the other hand, appeared disturbed with no misgivings about her conduct whatever, and treated him in one moment as if she were a man, and the next as if she were a hundred years old, with unimpaired serenity.

"You ought to marry," she said to him one afternoon, as she sat in a big armchair cracking filberts,—"you ought to marry, Gerald. You have everything in your favour; a nice girl with money might be found for you easily enough."

"Marry!" he echoed; "the notion has never entered my head."

"You should think of it, then," she persisted; "we must see what we can do for you. I hope—I do hope—you have no ridiculous ideas on the subject, no romantic tendencies, I mean, to stand in your way?"

"I have no tendencies at all," he replied, a shade irritably. Her worldly wisdom sat oddly on her. "But I shouldn't marry a girl I didn't care for, if she had the wealth of the Indies."

"Then you *have* tendencies?" she exclaimed. "How trying of you! Of course you are very young still; but I imagined you were too sensible for any folly of that kind: I thought you were more practical. My dear boy, you really *ought* to marry money: I have been thinking the matter over very seriously; I do not see what else you can do. You find absolutely no attraction in the Bar, I understand, and Art with you is much less a profession than an amusement. Naturally you will always be independent to a certain extent; but every young man ought to do something for himself in this world. If he can't earn money, he ought to marry it." She jumped up, and shook a lapful of shells into the fender. "You disappoint me, Gerald—you do indeed. What on earth is the difference whether a girl's pretty or not? A pretty face won't give you a good house, my child, nor a park hack, nor a hunter. Look out for a wife with something solid in the way of settlements and expectations—that's the advice of your mother to you. And now ring the bell for me, please: the cook is sending me the treacle and brown sugar into the library, and I'm going to make some toffee."

"You are going——? I beg your pardon," gasped Gerald.

"I am going to make toffee—toffee—toffee! Did you never hear of it? Come and see how it's done."

He followed her obediently. He no longer attempted to understand her—he now set down the attempt as waste of time—but in her range of mood, which covered a century or so, there was a fascination he was unable to resist. He even began to pardon Mr. Justice Singleton himself. She was intoxicating. Whether she were sixteen or sixty, whether she admonished him like his grandmother, or crouched on the hearthrug and scorched her cheeks, stirring treacle in a saucepan on an Abbotsford stove, his stepmother was adorable.

Now, it is entirely to be desired that, if a young man's father marry again, his son shall approve the object of his choice; but if the filial criticism go the length of deeming the lady "adorable," that is *not* to be desired, and threatens, moreover, rocks ahead for the young man's peace of mind. There are certain things we are chary of admitting plainly to ourselves, and Gerald was no more candid than the majority in his reveries; but vaguely, and without putting it into words, he became conscious by degrees that he was thinking of his stepmother far more often and more admiringly than he, she or his father need require. For a day or two after this occurred to him

he said "Nonsense" and "Pooh, pooh"; but a day or two of the undivided society of a girl by whom we are already attracted produces enormous developments, so presently he no longer said "Pooh," and instead blew clouds of meditative "Honeydew" with drawn brows, and debated how best he could get away.

At this stage, while he was moodily considering what excuse he could offer, an alteration was to be observed in the attitude of Mrs. Singleton. She neither favoured him with her ludicrous assumption of maternity now, nor behaved like a schoolgirl. It was hard to realise, but she even appeared to be *bashful*. Also she avoided him. Once when he called her "Kate" she changed colour. A week ago he would have sought an explanation; to-day he refrained—a lack of curiosity from which conclusions may be drawn. The fortnight for which Mr. Justice Singleton was absent had nearly expired, and the fact made Gerald's duty more difficult. Having waited for his return so long, it looked odd to depart just as he was expected. Nevertheless, the duty was plain, though the path might have its awkwardness; and one morning he descended to the breakfast-room resolved to announce his intention and to act upon it.

She was seated at the table, reading a letter that had come for her. He ignored his own, perceiving that she looked pale and disturbed.

"Not bad news, I trust?" he asked.

"No," she said nervously—"no; it is nothing."

She lapsed into reverie, and then blushed vividly as their eyes met.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"Thank you,—yes."

He stirred his cup slowly, and wished Webber out of the room. When they were left alone, however, he still found nothing to say. There was a long silence, which they broke together.

"Gerald——"

"Kate——"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Please go on."

"It was—— After you."

"I—what I was going to say," he murmured, "is that I find I must go to town for a few days. It is important."

"At once?" she said.

"Yes, immediately. I hardly know when I shall be back."

He wondered if this were enough, or whether he should proceed to assure her that he should no longer make the house his home. Her next inquiry settled the point.

"You will return in time to receive your father?"

"I shall run down as soon as I hear he has arrived—for the day."

There was another pause. She played restlessly with the flowers in her dress, and twice it seemed as if she were about to speak, yet did not.

"*I* had something I wished to say to *you*," she faltered at length. "I hardly know how, yet I want to do it."

"There is nothing I can refuse you, you may be sure," he answered quickly. "If you——"

"It isn't that," she said; "it is that I am—*ashamed*."

Her face had grown as pale as the lilies that she wore, and her breath came and

went unevenly. He leant back watching her with his heart in his throat, paralysed with fear of what her extraordinary nature might prompt her to declare.

"It is," she said, with a rush—"it is a confession!"

"There is—— Say nothing!" he exclaimed. "Kate—Mrs. Singleton—don't give me any confidence you may regret, I beg you."

"Oh!" she gasped—"oh!" And then, almost before he understood that she was crying, she covered her face with her hands and ran out of the room.

He sprang up from his chair, and began to pace the floor excitedly. The world was spinning round him. He knew he loved her: he still felt the sob that she had uttered in his own throat. He was conscious that she was coming back to him, and realised that it was impossible for him to leave the house without seeing her again. The servant's steps sounded on the hall, approaching to clear the table. He hurriedly resumed his seat, and on the man's entrance motioned him away. His eyes fell on the unopened letters beside his plate as he did so, and, staring at them, became aware that the top one was from his father.

Abstractedly he opened and commenced to read it. It was dated from Algiers, and reproached him for not returning for the marriage ceremony. He read it through, barely taking in its sense. There was a postscript, and in this a sentence suddenly leaped out from the paper and struck him on the brain. It was:

"If you get back before ourselves, you needn't be afraid of being dull. I don't know if I mentioned it when I wrote before: the young widow I have married has a daughter, who will, of course, make her home with us. She is a desperate tomboy, but good fun."

She was in the drawing-room, and he discovered her.

"May I ask if your letter this morning was from Algiers?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, starting; "it was."

"And told you that my father would be back very soon, I suspect?"

"To-morrow," she faltered.

"Which was the reason your guilty terror urged you to confess! My father is absent on his honeymoon, and you, I have learnt, are an impostor!"

He towered above her like the monument of Justice, and she cowered.

"Are you very angry?" she asked.

"I am more than angry," he explained sternly. "I am indignant! Do you know that you have made me the biggest fool in the county, Miss Kate?"

"You 'fooled' yourself to begin with," she returned defiantly, whisking a tear away. "Taking me for your mother—such nonsense!"

"Are you glad you're not my mother?"

She nodded. "I found you a great trouble," she said.

"As my sister you may like me better," he suggested.

"You are being horrid to me, and I don't like you anyhow."

"Not as a brother?"

She shook her head.

"Nor as a son?"

"I tell you I don't like you any way," she answered. "Let me go."

He slid an arm round her waist, and held her fast.

"Kate," he said, "you've tried me in two capacities, and found me wanting in both. Will you—won't you, if I am very nice to you—one day try me in a third?"

"If you are *awfully* nice, and *always* have a loop for your buttonhole," said Kate, —"there's luck in odd numbers—perhaps one day."

And, meeting with no resistance, it was in the third capacity he kissed her.

F. C. Philips.

HUMOURS of the COMPOSING-ROOM.

ERASMUS is said to have once declared, when taxed with some errors which had crept into his version of the Greek Testament, that he believed typography to be presided over by the devil. Many writers and readers have since that time felt themselves in cordial sympathy with the sentiment, and there is probably no set of tradesmen who have done so much to extend the language of profanity as compositors. But it would be unjust to lay all the blame on their shoulders, for typographical errors can too frequently be traced to sources other than the composing-room. How often, for example, is not "copy" written in the most hideous and hopeless of caligraphy? Nowadays, indeed, it is decidedly fashionable to affect this weakness, and no one seems to be quite *au fait* unless he has taken to himself a signature which would baffle the ingenuity of three-fourths of the compositors and bank-clerks of the generation. Such an absurd custom has necessarily resulted in increased labour for the printers, and it is to be feared that "curses not loud but deep" are the order of the day in most of the printing-houses throughout the world. In this country, for example, one must feel deep sympathy with the unfortunate compositors into whose hands the manuscripts of Mr. Labouchere may chance to fall; and yet his writing is as copper-plate when compared with many equally prolix journalists, politicians and authors. The script of the Marquis of Salisbury and that of Mr. Sexton are in noteworthy contrast, but these instances are rather the exceptions which prove the rule; and many contemporary writers might consider themselves in similar circumstances to the gentleman who, being an indifferent penman, wrote to a friend: "Out of respect to you, I write with my own hand; but to facilitate reading, I have asked my secretary to send you a copy of my letter."

A further fruitful source of misprints is the fact that many authors persist in employing the most extraordinary contractions and symbols, and trust to the intelligence of the printer for their accurate solution. If he see and read everything through the same spectacles as the author, well and good; but if not, he is reviled (and generally unjustly) as impenetrably stupid. It is not any part of his province to either elucidate or play havoc with the manuscripts which are entrusted to him; but there are people who seem to entertain the entirely mistaken

idea that he should rectify all the blunders in grammar and orthography which may come in his way. The clergyman, therefore, who supplied to the local press the manuscript of his sermon on Temperance, could not reasonably blame the compositor, who in "setting up" the copy faithfully adhered to the original; but it must have considerably surprised the readers of the journal to discover the following recorded amongst the reverend gentleman's personal experiences: "Only last Sabbath, dear brethren, a young woman in the parish died very suddenly whilst I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication." It would, too, be gross presumption in a compositor to interfere with an editorial comment; and hence —although it doubtless appeared somewhat startling—no correction was attempted in the note which was prefixed to a contribution in the "Poets' Corner" of a Cumberland journal: "These lines were written nearly fifty years ago, by a gentleman who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement." The clergyman who penned it, and not the printer, was responsible for the advertisement: "Wanted, a young man to take charge of a span of horses of a religious turn of mind"; and we must lay at the door of the reporter the blame for this curious statement in the account which a Glasgow newspaper gave of a shipwreck on the coast of Ayr: "The captain swam ashore, and succeeded in also saving the life of his wife. She was insured in the Northern Marine Insurance Company for five thousand pounds, and carried a full cargo of cement."

But it is impossible to acquit the proof-readers of a large share of the blame attaching to such blunders. True it is, we owe to their vigilance the fact that innumerable atrocities are rescued from the publicity that would otherwise attach to them, and their work is so monotonous and wearisome that we must look with a forgiving eye on many of their lapses. Announcements of births, marriages and deaths, market intelligence, betting news, stock and share reports, etc., do not form for them very attractive reading; and it is but natural that the over-worked reader should hasten as much as possible over that portion of the work allotted to him. But the promoter of a company who reads that his venture will be issued in "six thousand *snares* of five pounds each" might be pardoned the ebullition of a little indignation, especially if the error was unconsciously appropriate; and we should not feel surprised if the Conservative subscribers to a Liberal journal attributed to political venom the unfortunate announcement in the report of an election meeting that "the Tories in the audience received their candidate with welcoming *snouts*." A few years ago a proof-reader on one of the leading journals of Belfast was asked to explain how he had passed over an advertisement which ran thus: "For Sale, a handsome mahogany table by a lady who is going to America with three carved legs"; but the censure was not entirely undeserved, for the same young man had a short time previously allowed to escape his observation a humorous paragraph which had been sent in by a local wag. It contained an announcement of a ballot; and an amused public was informed that "the prizes included a beautiful lady's gold watch, and a handsome silver-mounted gentleman's umbrella." But was it anything worse than the Leicester advertisement about "patent leather women's boots"?

More remarkable was the negligence which resulted in the reference, in the course of an obituary notice in a leading "daily," to a deceased General as "a battle-*scared* soldier." Obvious as was the meaning, the blunder was in all conscience bad enough; but a thousand times worse was the correction which, as the story runs, appeared in the succeeding issue. "We regret that in our notice of the lamented General yesterday," ran the explanation, "a typographical error appeared; but it was of course manifest to our readers that the phrase '*battle-scared* soldier' should have read '*bottle-scarred* soldier.' We unhesitatingly tender to his relatives

the expression of our deep regret at any pain the blunder may have caused them." It will be generally agreed that the explanation did not by any means mend matters.

Reporters, too, are not infrequently the real authors of many slips which are attributed to the poor printers; but the latter much-abused body of men think they have quite enough to answer for without being held responsible for the sins of others. They therefore decline to bear the burden of stenographic errors, and very naturally insist that the reporters are more often the culprits than themselves. But the average reader has no difficulty in distinguishing between the two classes of mistakes. The fact that Shorthand is written from sound, and not by any rules of orthography, perhaps renders it inevitable that the note-taker should occasionally be found tripping; and certainly the printer must be acquitted of all responsibility for the extraordinary manner in which a quotation by Sir William Harcourt, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was once rendered by an inexperienced journalist. One can imagine the look of agony that must have transfixed Sir William's countenance when he found himself represented as having exclaimed, "Great Diana! what a farce this is!" Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., tells of a poem in which the line "Behold this sheet of fire" was rendered, "Behold! his shirt's on fire!" an atrocity undoubtedly perpetrated by a *printer*; but the late Earl of Carnarvon did not fare any better at the reporter's hands on a memorable occasion. "In these days," said his Lordship, "every clergyman is expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a Jeremy Taylor"; but the young pressman who was commissioned to "follow" the speech evidently possessed but a limited knowledge of the records of pulpit oratory, for he gravely published the following version of the sentence: "Every clergyman is nowadays expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a journeyman-tailor." This was even better than the case of the clergyman who found himself reported as having spoken about "travelling along the road whence the traveller's bones never return."

The "mixing" of paragraphs—a mishap to which the printers are very subject—is a fruitful source of extraordinary announcements and ludicrous blunders in the world of journalism. Sometimes it is the notice of a death which gets dovetailed into that of a marriage; sometimes the advertisement of a church service which runs through the centre of a "Society" scandal report; and sometimes the stock and share quotations, which become mingled in almost inextricable confusion with auctioneers' notices. What, for example, is one to gather from the following extraordinary paragraph in the description of a street brawl: "The man to whose conduct we have already referred then proceeded to indulge in language of a profane and obscene character. Rev. Dr. Brown preached on the occasion, and the service was fully choral." Not less surprising was the remarkable intelligence gleaned by the readers of one of the leading journals in Manchester. The police news, it would seem, got confused with the report of a church dedication ceremony, and this was the result: "The congregation was very large and respectable and incapable in charge of a horse and cart. Several witnesses having been examined, the magistrates held the case proved, and inflicted a fine of twenty shillings and costs."

Amusing errors are sometimes caused by the "lifting" of wrong type from the compositor's case. All who are acquainted with the interior arrangements of a printing-house have observed that the various letters are arranged in different departments of the case, and are selected one after another as may be required. After a brief experience, one is able to "set" with considerable speed. But in the hurry of afterwards re-distributing the type, letters are occasionally thrown into the wrong divisions, with the result that combinations partaking more of the ludicrous than of the accurate are frequently produced. We read of a clergyman who was reported to have spoken in language somewhat profane at a religious ceremony. He had been

preaching the sermon at the opening of a new church, and had congratulated the congregation on the fact that they were no longer condemned to pursue their ministrations in the unsuitable structure in which they had hitherto worshipped; but after reading the report of his address in a local journal, he found it necessary to ask the editor to explain that the phrase used was, not "damned old church," but "damp old church." The "harmonium with seven tops" which was advertised for sale would seem to have been a curious piece of workmanship; but it is questionable if the original advertisement drew any more inquiries from intending purchasers than would have been secured if the compositor had followed his instructions and described the instrument as having "seven stops." "A young man enraged during the day" might go on for a long time seeking suitable apartments, unless some exceptionally intelligent landlady happened to be acquainted with the weakness of the printing fraternity; but as grotesque a mistake as any was that of the West of Ireland paper which, in the course of a long eulogy on a prominent Irish politician, described the subject of their comments as "the greatest thief Ireland has known since the days of Owen Roe O'Neill." The editor had meant to say "chief"; but it is not impossible that the mishap was caused by a strong difference in political opinions between the editor and his staff. And, finally, we have the instance of the unfortunate temperance lecturer who exhorted his hearers to always regard drunkenness as folly, but who found himself described as having "in the course of a powerful address clearly proved his contention that drunkenness is jolly."

But in no matter have more errors arisen than in that of punctuation; and everybody knows how absolutely a comma, a semicolon, or a period, can change the complexion of a sentence. An amusing story is told of a Washington journal's account of a White House ball. Their reporter was describing the dresses worn by the principal guests, and in the discharge of that duty he felt it incumbent upon him to indicate that a certain lady, whom we will call Mrs. Brown, and who generally dressed with remarkably good taste and effect, had not upon this occasion attained her usual level of excellence. He therefore frankly chronicled that "Mrs. Brown wore nothing in the nature of a dress that was remarkable." But one can judge of his—and Mrs. Brown's—horror upon reading next morning in one of the leading papers of the States: "Mrs. Brown wore nothing in the nature of a dress. That was remarkable." Lord Salisbury must have been equally surprised if he ever read the paragraph in a North of England paper which described the Queen's Jubilee Celebration at Westminster. "After him," proceeded the report, "walked Lord Salisbury on his head, a white hat, on his forehead a dark cloud in his hand, the inevitable walking-stick in his eyes, a calm meditative look." The same lordly contempt for punctuation was manifested in the placard posted at a Scottish railway-crossing: "Notice. It is dangerous to cross here, and trespassers will be prosecuted. Through disobedience of this notice two men were last month killed by order of the Directors."

Catalogues, too, sometimes afford amusing reading. A few months ago a London bookseller advertised amongst his wares: "Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capitally executed"; but the entry would have been rendered somewhat clearer if it had been explained that the "executed" referred to an engraving, and not to the murdered sovereign. "See the Conquering Hero Comes with full orchestral accompaniment" is quite a novelty in the musical world; but not less noteworthy are "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming with illuminated cover," and "There Was a Little Fisher Maiden in four parts." But the summit was probably reached in the startling advertisement: "Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hyam have left off clothes of every description"—an announcement which must have caused considerable pain and

surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Hyam's friends. How satisfactorily the ambiguity would have been avoided by the seemingly insignificant insertion of a hyphen between the words "left" and "off"!

It is curious to note how completely such blunders often escape the observation of the most critical. The early printers were wont to engage the services of the most learned men of the day with a view to the detection of any "slip"; but, notwithstanding the greatest vigilance, the "Wicked Bible," the "Breeches Bible," the "Vinegar Bible," and many similar volumes have been handed down to posterity. Even in our own days—when the typographical art has been advanced so far towards perfection, and when education has made such vast strides amongst every class of workmen—the books absolutely free from error are as scarce as the proverbial visits from angels. But, as has been shown, the responsibility does not always lie with the compositors; and when Charles Kingsley expressed his surprise that the Newgate Calendar does not record the case of any writer having been hanged for murdering his printer, he should also have marvelled why no printer seems ever to have met his death at the executioner's hand for having inflicted summary retribution on any of his critics.

J. MacVeagh.

THREE SINGERS.

ONE sang: "The golden reaping-time is o'er,
And melancholy winter near at hand,
Yet would we linger in the barren land,
Whereto the labourer shall return no more."

One answered him: "Not so,—we look before,
To fairer fields for harvest of our own,
Not to yon sallow wastes for gleaners strown,
Where others bound the sheaves and homeward bore."

One of wild poppies hath his harvest made;
And wheresoe'er their seed he scattereth
Spring the forgetful flowers that never fade,
They of the dim, enchanted land of death,
Where no one knoweth which is thine or mine,
Nor whose the seed, nor whose the flower divine.

May Sinclair.

MR. WEBSTER.

HY Mr. Webster married her, and why she married him, is not easy to explain. She was pretty, young-looking and graceful. She had lovely blue eyes and black lashes, and a dimple in her left cheek that had made many men abject, and still retained its power. She was thirty-two,—old enough to take care of herself. And with her own people, when she lived with them at Chelsea, she had always done much as she liked,—had her own sitting-room, given her own teas, occasionally even a little dinner, and had liberty to her heart's content. When they, rather unexpectedly, took it into their heads to go and live abroad, there was no reason why she should not have taken a little flat on her own account and gone on living the life that she liked best. Spinsterhood would not have mattered to her, since she was one of those women who would be attractive at any age, and could afford to pick and choose among men of a certain standing. They always enjoyed talking to her, most of them liked her; with a certain amount of encouragement a good many would have loved her—did, as a matter of fact, or had done so, without the encouragement. She was interested in so many things, and could talk easily and brightly about anything, or almost anything, on earth; she had written once or twice for magazines, on some easy topic of the day; could draw a little, rather badly it must be owned, and painted in oils (she despised water-colours) even worse. She had contrived to get hung at one or two minor galleries, chiefly because most of the hanging committee went to tea with her on show days, and admired the daffodils with which she decorated her little studio: she was so nice, and her paintings were so small, it would have been unkind not to find room for them. Besides what her father called her intellectual accomplishments, she was clever in household matters—could order a dinner perfectly, had a definite taste in clarets, and had been known (when with only two or three of her most intimate friends) to smoke a cigarette with her coffee.

Dickson Warner had been devoted to her for years—people had always thought it would come to something; quite suddenly he went to the Cape, to look after some diamond mines and write a book about them afterwards; and it came to be

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understood that everything was over between him and Emily Pierways. Then it was announced that her people were going to live abroad; and she married Mr. Webster.

Now Mr. Webster was a widower of forty-five with two children, a boy and a girl, aged eight and ten, called Gilbert and Maria. He lived in the Adelaide Road, and had a little house at Broadstairs, to which he frequently ran down from Saturday to Monday. He was something in the City, something connected with engineering and railways; she never quite knew what, and Mr. Webster was not a man easy to question. He was grave and solid-looking, rather tall, with firm, well-developed features; his manner of speaking was slow, his clothes were usually black, and his manner rather masterful, especially with women. He unbent to Emily Pierways a great deal before marriage, so that perhaps she did not sufficiently grasp his character, beyond seeing that he was a truthful, worthy man (which, indeed, he was), never likely to run away from his creditors, nor to do any other dishonourable action. The lively, half-intellectual society into which he strayed by accident when he made acquaintance with her was wholly new to him. The women in it were bright and chatty, and had individuality; they knew about things, and were companionable; in short, they had not the suppressed manner of women in his own set, who were, as a rule, the usual sort of middle-class wives, dull and unimaginative, without keen interests of any sort of which his sex cared to hear. He had been an excellent husband, of the kind well suited to this type of woman, and intended, given the chance, to be one again. When he came across Miss Pierways he fell in love with her; so much that, for a little time, he humoured her, and gave way to her, and struggled to be companionable—told her that he was very lonely, and all about his children. In some strange way he touched her. She was lonely and heartsore, though she showed it little enough, and thought he was the same; she thought they might care for each other in a quiet, unexciting way, and that she could be content with him. She even thought, with a happy, day-dreamy feeling, that she would make him the cosiest home in the world, and that he would take care of her and love her, and life would prove a pleasant time after all.

It was all done very quickly: neither of them considered the matter enough perhaps. He had long come to the conclusion that he must take a second wife; he was rather pleased with himself for having persuaded Miss Pierways to accept that proud position. So he married her, and meant, after his own fashion, to settle down and be happy ever after, in a sensible, unromantic manner (he was too old for nonsense, he reflected), doing his duty while she was doing hers, in the Adelaide Road.

That lugubrious abode fairly frightened Emily when she arrived at it; then she had visions of making it more cheerful, prettier, and just a little artistic. The first Mrs. Webster had evidently taken things a good deal as they came. There was a photograph of her in the family album, with a white tie round her neck and a large brooch fastening it into place. Emily desired to think of her with respectful compassion, seeing that she was dead; but she felt that a woman who wore a large brooch would revel in ugly furniture. And in truth there were many terrible bits with which to struggle, such as the round table in the drawing-room and the console table with the gilt legs and looking-glass.

She gave a hint about that table one day, but Mr. Webster answered, with firmness in his voice, "That is an exceedingly well-made piece of furniture, Emily. I like a good, substantial thing, and could not live in a room furnished with the gimcrackery that is fashionable nowadays."

There was one humiliating day, too, when she had draped the large gilt frame

"'Frederick, . . it's only a little bit of Indian drapery.'

of the looking-glass over the chimney-piece. "My dear," asked Mr. Webster, as he walked round the drawing-room after dinner, "what is that thing over the mirror? is it a dusting-sheet?"

"Frederick," she said, and put her hand on his shoulder coaxingly, "it's only

a little bit of Indian drapery. It's fashionable to cover up looking-glass frames nowadays. Don't you remember ours at home were all draped?"

"Yes, my dear, quite so," he answered—pleasantly, but with decision. "At the same time, we will not drape ours. Be good enough to have the Indian drapery taken down to-morrow morning."

"Let it stay up over the dinner party: it is a lovely bit of stuff," she coaxed.

But Mr. Webster, though he was half inclined to give in to her coaxing, being terribly afraid lest a woman should henpeck him, answered firmly, "We'll have it down before the dinner party. See that it disappears to-morrow morning, my dear."

So it was taken down.

The dinner party—her first one—gave Emily Webster a sensation of being hand-tied and useless. Mr. Webster arranged the *menu* with her, and to every dish that she proposed he carefully objected. He inspected the table when it was laid. She had decorated it rather well, and was pleased with herself, and waited for a compliment. He walked round it slowly.

"My dear," he said, "I dislike flowers arranged on the cloth in that manner; be good enough to put them into vases."

"Oh, Frederick, do let them be this time. It's getting so late, and I thought you would have liked them."

"Nonsense! They won't take ten minutes to put into vases. Here, bring them to me."

She would have cheerfully put them into basins or soup plates if only his manner had been different. But Mr. Webster was masterful or nothing. He thought it a sign of strength to show that he could be uncompromising even about little things.

"Oh, why, why won't he let me have the least little bit of a voice in the house!" she cried despairingly. "It is my home as well as his, and I only want to make him proud of it—and me."

She thought of Tom Shattor and his wife. Tom boasted that he let his wife do as she pleased in the house—that it was her domain; but that if he did not like it better than any other place, and did not find his comfort and wishes considered before all things in it, he should go somewhere else. And that was quite fair, she thought, and wished that Mr. Webster would only give her the chance to show him how charming a home she could make in Adelaide Road. But he was afraid, and put his foot down everywhere, and his hand on everything.

"I wish you would not talk so much at dinner, Emily, when any one is here," he said. "I dislike women who express definite opinions——"

"I only do it about books, and pictures, and things in my own line," she pleaded.

"I dislike women who express definite opinions on any subject," he repeated firmly, "unless it is to back up their husbands."

"Then I won't do it," she said cheerfully, determined to please him as far as possible; and then she broached one of her foolish ambitions. "Frederick, I want to be at home on Wednesdays—do you mind?—or any day you like, but one day a week."

"What for?"

"Oh, then people will know when to find me."

"Women have nothing to do: they can take their chance of finding you any afternoon."

"Yes, but men don't like coming on the chance, and you know I like talking to artists and interesting people."

"Nonsense! What can men have to say to you or you to them? A man doesn't

care to talk to a woman, except out of civility, unless he is looking out for a wife. You have got a husband," he laughed, "and can be content."

"But you like going to the clubs sometimes," she urged. "If I never see people, how am I to know about things?"

"I can tell you about anything you want to know," he answered. "You have a husband and a home, and the children to look after: quite enough for any sensible woman."

"But, Frederick," she said, looking up, "you must let me live. I think you look down on women; you never talk to me about anything now, you seem to think it absurd of me to think of anything beyond the house. You give me no companionship, and women want it; they are better educated than they were formerly. You don't care for going out, and when we stay at home you read and say nothing to me."

"You can read too."

"Yes," she answered; "and you think the subscription to Mudie's a treat to me, and you let me read my novels as you let the children play their games. You do not expect the children to talk of them before you, or me to discuss my reading. If I am not to go out and be amused, and am to stay at home without intellectual companionship of any sort, what shall I become? I shall be like the doctor's wife, or the lawyer's wife, or the parson's wife, without interests or individuality, or even intelligence in time."

"You must understand, Emily," he said firmly, "that women are different from men. Men have one set of interests, women have another; and a woman should be content with the duties and pleasures of her sex, as a man is content with those of his. I particularly dislike strong-minded women."

"And so do I,—I hate them. I don't want the suffrage, or to go on platforms or committees, or to see my name in print; but I do want to know just a little bit of what is going on in the world, and I want to feel in some measure that I am free still. Perhaps if you were very much in love with me——" she said gently, and stopped.

"I am too old for that sort of thing," he answered; "but if I were, what then?"

She was silent for a moment; she hoped he might have answered differently.

"If you had been very much in love with me," she said softly, "and I with you, I dare say I should have loved the most absolute bondage. But as it is, I feel as if I had taken a post as housekeeper, and you were my master rather than my husband. I have a round of duties and no power of any sort."

"Most sensible men are masters in their own houses." He said it sternly.

"Of course they are; but they give their wives some rein and let them work out their own salvation. I thought we should be good companions, going abreast through the world together, seeing and hearing and discussing all that was going on about us. That seems to me like marriage. The husband of course should be the stronger, and if either has to give way about things it should be the woman—except when the man does, as a proof, not of his weakness, but of his strength. But you and I, Frederick, represent, not husband and wife, but woman and her master. We are two people who live in the same house——"

"I think this discussion has gone far enough, Emily. You have your views and I have mine; and as I am not likely to alter mine, you had better reconsider yours. Now I am going to the office;" and he walked out of the dining-room, put on his coat, brushing it first with a brush kept in the hat-stand, and took down his hat from the peg.

"By the way," he said, coming back to the dining-room, "Phillips, an old friend of mine, will dine here this evening—dinner at seven, as usual. You had better give us some fried soles, a boiled chicken, and apple tart."

"Very well, dear," she said, remembering that she used to pride herself on being able to order a dinner; but her pride had been nipped in the bud. At first she had tried little surprises on him—salads of new design, and savouries, and dainty little dishes of various sorts, instead of those of the strictly British and family dinner order. But he had looked at them doubtfully, and silently refused them.

"You might have some boiled custards with the apple tart," he added.

"Very well. Good-bye," she said, and put out her hand, feeling that, as things had not been going very smoothly, he would perhaps take it as a sign that she was sorry.

"Good-bye," he said with a nod, and closed the street door after himself with a bang.

She stood with her back to the fire, leaning against the corner of the mantelpiece, thinking. "I suppose the majority of men are like that when they are married—all, except a few." She looked straight ahead of her as if she could see into the future. "He's deadly dull," she said, after a few minutes, and sat down in the armchair. "I believe I shall die of routine and respectability. But it's my own fault, it's every bit my own fault. The life I have laid out for myself is the sort of one that countless women live, and are satisfied with, and try to attain and even envy. This is marriage! I feel as if my spinsterhood had been a lovely dream, and I had awakened from it to bondage and a mess of pottage. If I had only cared for him—but I thought it would have been so different, that we should at least have been comrades; then I could have been content. I wonder why he married me? I thought he cared, but his manner was different three hours after the ceremony, as if he had finished playing a part and become his natural self again with a sense of relief."

She was a sensible woman, not given to grieve over inevitables, so she stood up and looked at herself in the glass, and felt happier when she saw her own blue eyes, for she knew there was power in them, and something told her that the power would not remain a prisoner there. Then she looked at the marble clock on the mantelpiece. "Half-past ten o'clock," she laughed; "time to order dinner. What a stupid old goose he is—he might have had such a lively time if he had only been sensible; he is so horribly afraid of being henpecked that he won't let me call my soul my own. I don't believe I care twopence for my husband, though I married him with the best intentions in the world, and should have been a treasure if he had only known how to manage me. Now I'll order his lordship's dinner, and then go up and see Gilbert and Maria."

The children were not interesting any more than their father. The boy, who was pale and had a small nose and lank hair, never talked: he shuffled uneasily away when she wanted to talk to him. The girl had a colour, and thin lips—the mouth of a vixen.

"Oh, my dear Miss and Master Webster," Emily said to herself that morning, "it was very adroit of your good papa to keep you out of sight before I married him. If I had seen you first, I don't think my courage would have held out."

"Are you ready for lessons, Gilbert?" she asked cheerfully. "Maria, will you get the books?" Mr. Webster had explained to her, a month after marriage, that it was his wish that she should give them morning lessons as their mother had always done. She had rather liked the prospect, and worked away at French verbs, multiplication table and five-finger exercises till she found how thoroughly unattractive the children were,—then she hated them all. If he would have allowed her to pay for a governess out of the hundred and fifty a year that was her own, she would have been delighted; but this she did not even dare suggest. By twelve o'clock the lessons were finished; she sent the children to put on their things for the morning walk with the maid, and

"She worked away at . . . five-finger exercises."

went down to the dining-room once more. "I hope I shall never have a child to grow up into a woman living the life that I am going to live, or into a man like Frederick. This stodgy, dreary world is full of lives like ours; this country is made up of them, and the ground beneath our feet is packed full of their graves. Marriage has given me a new view of the world altogether. I never dreamt before that the people who are free and work, the people who can do things,—or attempt to do them, which is next best,—the people who are not bound by conventionalities, who don't care for respectability of this sort, who are not always trying to live up to a type, as Mr. Webster is, are just the salt of the earth."

A telegraph boy ran up the steps and gave a loud double knock. She looked up and laughed. "It's a delightful sound," she said; "I feel as if a sensation of some sort were coming." The telegram was for her, and from Mr. Webster. "*Order dinner for Phillips and me only: meet me with children at Victoria Station: going to send you with them to Broadstairs for a fortnight.*" "Thank you," she said, bewildered; "you are a calm person, and I suppose I am your good and chattel, and you think you can do as you like." She sat down and thought the situation all round. "I suppose I had better go," she concluded; "wisdom and a little meekness are the better part of valour when you are married to Mr. Webster."

Mr. Webster met her at the station. His manner was firm and reserved, he smiled once or twice—but his smile was distinctly unyielding.

"I suppose you have taken some needlework with you," he said, "and you will find some books there, and the piano. I shall probably come down next week, from Saturday till Monday."

The cottage looked like a villa; it was ten minutes from the station; there was a cornfield in front of it, and two or three coloured advertisements on the open fence that parted it from the road. Behind, from the upper windows there was a view of the sea—the grey moaning sea that met the sky in the distance: it seemed to reach out to her over the sand and towards the cottage. A fenced-in garden went round the house; scarlet geraniums and larkspur grew in it, and on one side, leaning against the house, there was a conservatory; inside the conservatory were several indiarubber plants, four pots of musk, and a creeping-jenny falling from a wire basket. The cottage itself had two square sitting-rooms with bow windows, the drawing-room had a door opening into the conservatory, a study (in which he never studied) for Mr. Webster, and upstairs several square rooms without bow windows, furnished as bedrooms. The furniture

was highly respectable, useful and durable; in the drawing-room it was covered with maroon rep, in the dining-room it was green. There was a mahogany dinner-waggon in the dining-room, and yellow silk behind the fretwork front of the piano in the drawing-room. On each of the bedroom mantelpieces there were two china vases. Emily looked at the staircase when she went up, and again when she came down, and wondered whether her coffin would be carried down it or down the one in the Adelaide Road.

"But I don't care which it is, for I shall be a rejoicing corpse inside." Then she went down to tea—tea with mutton chops, which Mr. Webster had ordered by telegram, thinking it would do excellently well for her and Gilbert and Maria. It was a dreary meal—the children were very silent. The tablecloth was coarse—"Good enough linen for the seaside," Mr. Webster would have said, and so it was perhaps; but the general cheerlessness made it get on her nerves. "English ugliness is so dispiriting," she thought. "I wonder why it is. I believe it is because, in spite of all our boasting, we have as little sense of humour as of beauty. Oh, this square and vulgar villa, with its oppressive air of well-to-do-ness, as the middle class consider prosperity, how different it is from what the merest hut might be in which two happy people lived and found the world beautiful! If only Dickson——" but she choked down her thoughts; they were treason to Mr. Webster, and she was a loyal woman and meant to make the best of things.

"I want some more bread-and-butter, please," Gilbert said.

"Yes, dear. Couldn't you say 'Please, mother'?" she asked, thinking perhaps that an element of maternity in her life might comfort her for other disappointments.

"Mother's dead," he answered, with his mouth full; and she had no heart to contradict him. When the meal was over they went out for a walk along a flat white road between the hedges of two fields, till presently they came to the cliff, with the

"'Mother's dead,' he answered, with his mouth full."

long stretch of grey sea in front and the high white sky above it. It rested her to look into the distance.

"Gilbert, when you are a man would you like to go across the sea in a ship?"

"No," answered Gilbert vacantly. "I should like to be like father."

"We might go and look for the beach," she said to Maria.

"We don't want to," Maria answered fretfully.

"Couldn't we go back?" asked Gilbert. "We don't care about walking."

Mr. Webster did not write for three or four days, and then it was only a scrappy letter, hoping that she had everything she wanted, and signed, "Your affectionate husband." There was a postscript: "Isabel is staying with me; perhaps I shall bring her down on Saturday." Isabel was his sister—the widow of a doctor. She had been living in Northumberland for the last two years. Lately she had taken rooms in London. Her eyes were very sharp and her manner was very cold.

Emily met them at the station, and walked back with a heavy heart, and tried to be a pleasant hostess to her sister-in-law. Mrs. Oldham looked at the dinner-table with a critical eye.

"Isn't it rather a pity to pick the flowers?" she asked; "they soon die in the house."

Emily thought the remark unnecessary, but she said nothing; and the evening passed off pretty well, though it was deadly dull. They all went to church on Sunday morning. In the afternoon Mr. Webster went to sleep; but he woke up with a start at four o'clock.

"My dear," he said, "where are the children? You'd better take them for a walk over the cliff."

"I don't want to go out now," she answered gently, "I am so neuralgic to-day, and there's a cutting wind."

"Oh, nonsense," he answered, with civil determination; "a good brisk walk will do you good: better get out quickly. I shan't expect you back before a quarter to six."

She felt like a governess being sent out with her pupils; but she did not trust herself to speak. There was a cutting wind, with now and then a drizzle of rain in it. She thought of her husband and his sister sitting by the fire while she walked along the cliff towards the cornfields. It was of no use trying to talk to the children; they were lumpy and silent, as usual. "This is marriage," she said to herself again, "this is marriage, and women want it—oh, fools that they are!" Then she felt the tears fall down her cheeks as she answered herself, "No, it is *not* marriage; it is the cruel imitation that passes for it, and that saps the lives of men and women. Oh, it is terrible, and there is no help for it; as it is now, so it will be all through the years, till the coffin of one of us is carried out of the house. Dull and monotonous, eating and drinking and sleeping, and keeping the house in order. That's my life. He at least has his work out of doors and its change of every day."

It was quite six when she got back again; she felt as if she could hardly drag herself into the house. They entered by the conservatory. Mrs. Oldham and Mr. Webster were sitting over the fire. She heard Mrs. Oldham say, "She is a very lucky woman; she has a good husband and an excellent home." Emily knew it was meant for her, so she coughed as she went in, and then made an excuse that her head was worse in order to go and lie down. She wanted to think about the good husband and the excellent home.

"Yes, go, my dear; perhaps it will do you good," Mr. Webster said approvingly. "I have been talking about Gilbert to Isabel, and have decided to send him to a boarding-school."

"Why didn't he talk to me about it?" Emily thought. "Is he always going to be like this?—for if so, I cannot bear it." She lay down on the bed with her eyes wide open, and stared at the darkness. "Oh, if I were free," she cried to herself in desperation, "if I were only free to go here and there as I pleased—or if he were only different!"

Presently Mr. Webster came up with a flaring candle, which he flashed across her eyes. He moved about the room noisily: she hid her face in the pillows and stopped her ears.

"I have no place in this wide world that is my very own—no place where I have a right to be wholly by myself."

On Monday morning Mr. Webster announced that he should stay till Tuesday, and then take Maria up to London with him. "I have been thinking," he said to his wife, "that you had better stay down here for a bit, and Isabel can take care of me in London; she hasn't any place of her own yet. We have not seemed to hit it off together very well lately, you and I. But you will be able to reflect quietly down here."

"Mr. Webster . . . moved about the room noisily."

"I see," she said chaffingly; "this is the domestic penitentiary? Don't let us separate already, Frederick," and she held out her hand to him; "and don't be like this to me. I have only wanted to feel that you gave me a little freedom, or at any rate that you took some interest in me in my bondage. Now I feel as if I were tied up and isolated. You give me no companionship, you let me give you none. You don't even consult me as you do your sister; but seem to think that I married you merely to execute a round of domestic duties."

"Isabel is a woman with a great deal of common sense, and she knows my views on many subjects and agrees with them. As for you, in my opinion domestic duties, as I have told you before, ought to be enough interest for any ordinary woman. Duty," he added, with solemnity, "is the pivot on which the world turns."

Some fiend seemed to whisper to her, "It is also the pivot on which your soul will be burnt in hell for the sin into which Mr. Webster will have driven you." But she choked back the thought, and with a violent effort pushed it right out of her heart.

"I will do as you like," she said, with a gasp,—"will stay here or go to town."

"That's sensible."

"Perhaps I might make one of the bedrooms into a little studio," she added, "and do some painting?"

"I don't see the good of it," he answered, after a moment's reflection. "It's only waste of time; it is not as if you would ever earn any money at it; and as for decorating the place, we can buy anything we want in that way cheaper and far better than you can do it. Phillips is coming down with me for a couple of days on Saturday; we shall arrive by the 5.40 train. You might get for dinner some boiled cod or any white fish, a bit of sirloin, and a jam tart, and mind there's anchovy sauce with the fish. I don't care about your—what do you call it? —hollandaise. By the way, it would be a good thing if you made Jane take up the dining-room carpet between this and then, and turn it the other way round. You have nothing to do all the week, and can see to it."

Dickson Warner pulled up suddenly in Oxford Street.

"Good heavens, is it you? I suppose I ought to call you Mrs. Webster." She looked at him with an expression on her face that was almost fright, and a joy in her eyes that she could not hide. "I wondered where you were," he said, still holding her hand. "I have not seen you since your marriage."

"No," she echoed, "not since my marriage." He knew her well, and the tone of her voice told him in a moment that all was not right. "I am staying alone at Broadstairs," she said, "but I slipped up for the day without any one knowing."

He looked at her curiously, then he said in a low voice:

"I never understood why you did it, or what I did to make you change towards me,—but no matter what it was, let us try to be friends. Couldn't we walk a little way towards the Park and talk over old times?"

So they walked on, and in a quarter of an hour she hated her life more than ever, and dreaded going back to it. At first they only talked of pictures and books and the old set, of cheap wanderings in Normandy and flying visits to Paris, of climbing to the gallery of the opera on a Lohengrin night or sitting in the orchestra at a Richter concert. He told her of the picture that Brownrigg was painting, and the book that Martin had written, and how Halliday had married and set up in a cheap flat near the Edgware Road Station, and gave little Sunday suppers, and what fun he and his wife had together.

"I thought we should do that sort of thing, Emily," he added, and then she broke down altogether. This was in the Park and on two convenient chairs. Then there followed explanations, and they saw all things plainly, as many others have seen them—when it was too late. Gradually she cast prudence to the winds, and told him about Mr. Webster, and betrayed the bitterness and disappointment in her heart. He understood perfectly.

"There's no being more awful in this world," he said, "than your fairly prosperous humdrum British middle-class husband. He ought to be left to become the prey of the average domestic woman."

"And I shall never be that."

"You were intended for something better," and his arm stole round her. Nobody could see them, for it was a deserted corner of the Park. There are one or two left: they are very convenient. "I believe I love you better than ever," he added desperately. She covered her face with her hands. It was a terrible joy to think it: she hated herself for having heard him, and thanked Heaven that she had.

"And we were meant for each other," he went on. "Why did we both play the fool? The result is, that I shall kick about the world and probably come to grief somehow, and you will go and eat out your heart in the Adelaide Road or at Broadstairs."

He drew her a little nearer to him, and she had no strength to resist.

"I feel as if I could never go back," she answered chokingly.

"That means going to the devil," he said gently.

She nestled up a little closer; her eyes filled, but she could not speak.

"I don't believe you care if it does," he whispered.

"No, I don't," she whispered back.

So he kissed her tears away, and took her there. She found it more amusing than Mr. Webster.

LUCY CLIFFORD.

"'I believe I love you better than ever.'"

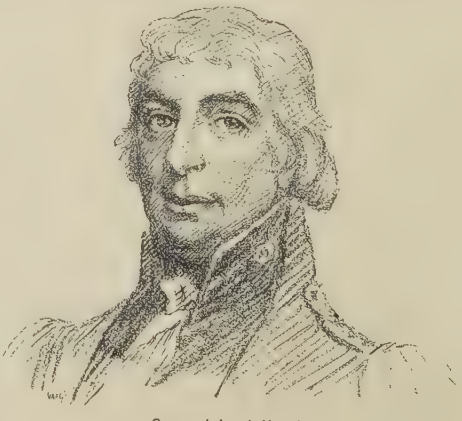
THE RISE OF WELLINGTON.

PART II.

EARLY in 1804 Wellesley set out on his return towards Poona, but on his way he found it necessary to break up a band of Mahratta freebooters who had been plundering along the western frontier of the Nizam's dominions. Taking with him one British and three Native cavalry regiments and a small detachment of infantry, he made a forced march of sixty miles in thirty hours; and coming up with the Mahratta force, already in retreat, he charged it with his cavalry, and completely routed and dispersed it.

Wellesley visited Bombay on his way to Poona, and from the latter place submitted an application to the Commander-in-Chief in India for leave to return to England on the ground of ill-health. He also resigned the military and political powers vested in him by the Governor-General. From Poona he was ordered to Calcutta, which place he reached at the beginning of August by way of Seringapatam and Madras. The following month the news arrived of the reverses sustained by Colonel Monson, who had been selected by General Lake to command a force intended to drive Holkar out of Rajputana. Owing to Monson's vacillation and incapacity this force was disastrously defeated, and Holkar's success seemed likely to encourage Sindhia and the Raja of Berar to renew their struggle against the British power. The Governor-General offered his brother's services to General Lake, but the latter preferred that Wellesley should resume his previous command in the Deccan; and accordingly he returned to Seringapatam at the end of November. In December Holkar was defeated by Lake, and all danger of a Mahratta combination was at an end.

In February 1805 Wellesley again asked to be allowed to return to England, his health not having improved, and prolonged service in India being extremely distasteful to him. The Government and the military authorities raised no objection, and he embarked at Madras towards the end of March. Before leaving India he received news of his appointment to be an extra



General Lord Harris.

Knight Companion of the Bath, which, under the original constitution of the order, was a higher distinction than the Grand Cross of the Bath is at present; and the thanks of the King and Parliament were communicated to him in a general order by the Governor-General in Council.

There can, I think, be little doubt that much of Wellington's subsequent success in the Peninsula was due to the experience he gained in India as a soldier, a politician, and an administrator. The dunce of the family, the somewhat frivolous aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the young man whom his mother considered to be only food for powder, was able to show in the retreat from Antwerp to Bremen that he knew how to manœuvre his battalion and to command a rear-guard. On his arrival in India he found himself in a country where in almost every matter the power and influence of the Governor-General were supreme; and the Governor-General being his brother, he was quickly placed in a position of responsibility, which gave him the opportunity of developing his talents as a soldier and statesman in the best of all schools—the school of practice. It cannot be denied that in early life Wellington owed much to family influence and to a system of promotion which would now be stigmatised as jobbery. On the other hand, he took full advantage of every chance that was thrown in his way, and by his industry and capacity fully justified the somewhat exceptional favour with which he was treated.

The following appear to me to be the most interesting points in Wellington's early career. First, the hardships suffered by the British soldiers in the retreat through Holland seem to have impressed upon him the necessity for keeping troops employed on field service in the best possible fighting condition; and his views on this point were strengthened by what he observed and learned in India, the result being that no commander has ever realised more fully than he did that the efficiency of a field army can only be maintained by attending most carefully and constantly to the organisation of its several departments. When the force was being prepared at Madras and Vellore for the siege of Seringapatam, Wellesley himself supervised the commissariat and transport arrangements. Later, when he was entrusted with an independent command, his first thought was to improve his bullock train; and in order to supplement his departmental resources he encouraged the Brinjarries, or itinerant grain merchants, to attach themselves to his force by promising them protection and liberal treatment. He took every precaution to ensure the safety of his convoys, and gave the most minute instructions for the periodical replenishment of his supply depôts. He spared neither time nor trouble in dealing with such matters as the repair of his ordnance carriages and the provision of a pontoon train. Finding when he occupied Poona that serious delay was likely to occur in procuring new gun wheels from Bombay, he established workshops of his own; and he drew up an elaborate memorandum on the subject of pontoons, in which he not only gave the dimensions of the requisite boats and equipment, but described in detail the method of laying a bridge. He was strongly averse to the system of requisitions, as being almost certain to demoralise the troops and alienate the population of the country. He always endeavoured, therefore, to obtain supplies either by transporting them from his advanced depôts, by purchase on the spot, or through the agency of the Brinjarries. Indian campaigns of a century ago resemble in their main features those which have been carried on in later years on the borders of our Indian Empire. It is one of the peculiarities of Asiatic warfare that the facilities and resources which are furnished by European civilisation for the concentration, movement, and subsistence of large bodies of men are either entirely wanting, or exist in such a rudimentary form that considerable skill and practical experience are required to turn them to the best account. A commander of troops in India cannot hope to be successful unless he has acquainted himself with every detail

of his profession. He must know not only how to manœuvre and fight, but how to feed and clothe his men, to arrange for their payment, to provide for the care of the sick and wounded, and to improvise the means for overcoming the countless difficulties which are continually presenting themselves in the course of a campaign. From the time of Clive up to the present day India has been a valuable training school for the British army; and to none were its lessons of greater advantage than to the illustrious soldier who in the Peninsula and the Netherlands adhered to the principles and methods which he had learnt in the East.

The rapid development of Wellington's administrative talents is in the highest degree remarkable. Placed, at the age of thirty, at the head of the civil and military government of Mysore, he quickly restored order throughout that conquered province; and though, in his opinion, the natives of India, both Hindus and Mohammedans, were incurably vicious, cruel, and deceitful, he acted towards them with such fairness and liberality that they accepted his rule as a welcome change from the tyranny of their own princes. He displayed the same equitable and indulgent spirit in his dealings with the Nizam and the Mahratta chiefs; and it was mainly owing to the confidence which he inspired in the minds of Sindhia and the Raja of Berar that he was able to conclude treaties with them so advantageous to the East India Company. He had to be constantly on his guard against the treachery and duplicity of the Native rulers, who, while nominally the allies of the British Government, did their utmost to defeat his plans and embarrass his movements. Nevertheless he uniformly acted in the most conciliatory manner towards them, and by maintaining the strictest order and discipline among the troops under his command, did all in his power for the protection of the life and property of the people of the country. He thus established British prestige and the influence of the British Government throughout the Deccan and Southern India.

Another point deserving of notice is Wellington's correct appreciation of our position as an alien Power controlling a vast and heterogeneous Oriental population. He pointed out, in words as true now as when they were written, that the Government of India depends for its stability on the sword, and that, as our responsibilities become greater with the extension of our territory, the cost of the army must proportionately increase. To use his own words, "the conclusion of the most successful foreign war in India, that by which the most formidable enemy may have been subdued, if it gives an accession of territory, must bring with the territory a necessity to increase the army; because the government must be established in the new territory, and supported, as well as in the old, by the power of the sword. The want of knowledge, or rather of recollection of these facts, is the cause of all the complaints of high military establishments and expenses." Is not this the case at the present time? A cry is being raised against the cost of the army in India, in forgetfulness of the fact that Baluchistan and Upper Burma have within the last fifteen years been added to the Empire, and that the rapid advance of a rival Power has obliged us to strengthen and improve our army, and to spend money on the necessary defence of the North-West Frontier. It seems also to be forgotten that the revenue of India is collected in rupees, while many of the charges for the army have to be paid in sterling.

With respect to the distribution of the army in India, Wellington was at first in favour of keeping the greater portion of the troops in standing camps, and of holding only those fortresses which appeared to be indispensable to the internal security of the country. Before he left India he changed his views, and recommended that most of the existing forts should be kept up, and that the troops in each province should be concentrated in a few healthy and well-situated cantonments, with their field equipage always in readiness. This arrangement, he thought,

would increase the mobility of the troops, and would admit of their discipline and training, as well as their health, being more carefully attended to. Of the soundness of this principle there can be no doubt; but for many years after Wellington's departure from India an opposite course was followed, until the disasters of the Mutiny impressed upon the Government and the military authorities the advantages of concentration.

It is also worthy of note that Wellington was strongly in favour of encouraging the Native States to keep up armies capable of taking the field and assisting in the defence of the country. This policy, I am glad to say, has lately been accepted by the Government of India, and the Imperial Service contingents maintained by the principal feudatories of the Empire will, if judiciously managed, add very materially to our military strength.

As regards the knowledge of strategy and tactics displayed by Wellington in the course of his field operations, it is evident that he fully realised the supreme importance in Eastern warfare of promptitude of action, and audacity in assuming the offensive even though the enemy might be enormously superior in number. This was shown at the battle of Assaye, where, if he had hesitated in the smallest degree, a serious defeat, instead of a brilliant victory, would have been the result. On that occasion his dispositions are certainly open to criticism. His knowledge of the enemy's movements was so defective that he came upon the Mahratta army a day sooner than he expected, and before he had been joined by the large portion of his force which was under Colonel Stevenson's command. Having, however, resolved to attack, he marched his troops along the enemy's front in the immediate presence of a large body of hostile cavalry; and the ford by which he crossed the Kaitna was not only under the fire of the Mahratta artillery, but capable of being easily defended by a detachment of the Mahratta infantry. "Luckily," he wrote, "they did not occupy the ford. If they had, I must have gone lower down; and possibly I should have been obliged to make a road across the river, which would have taken so much time that I should not have had day enough to attack." When the river had been crossed the premature advance of the right of his line threw the infantry on that flank into confusion, and to relieve it he had to make use of his cavalry, which consequently lost its cohesion and was unable to make a vigorous pursuit.

At the battle of Argaum the arrangements were more carefully matured, the entire British force was united, and the enemy, dispirited by a previous defeat, did not offer the same stubborn resistance as at Assaye. Here again Wellington's promptitude and decision were displayed, for he engaged the enemy at once, though his troops were fatigued by a long march and it was late in the day before the attack could be delivered. So with the sieges of Ahmednagar, Burhanpur, Asirgarh, and Gawilgarh: they were conducted with skill and foresight, and the general plan of campaign was admirably designed to protect the allies of the East India Company, to drive the Mahrattas out of the Deccan, and to break up the alliance between Sindhia and the Raja of Berar.

Major-General Baird.

The first three volumes of "Wellington's Dispatches," which relate to India,

throw considerable light on his personal character. He seems to have been an ambitious man, with a high opinion of his own qualifications and services. He had no fear of responsibility, and whatever duty was entrusted to him he desired to carry it out free from all interference or control on the part of equal or superior authority. There is no doubt he rendered most valuable assistance to the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army in supervising the transport and commissariat arrangements previous to the advance on Seringapatam; and it appears that General Harris not only treated him with friendship and confidence, but also brought his services to the special notice of his brother the Governor-General. Still he complained to the latter that the Commander-in-Chief adopted his ideas without giving him due credit for them, and remarked: "I wish for several reasons that you had a commander-in-chief under you who, when he approved of the conduct of an officer, would have a sufficiency of spirit to make known his approbation." When Seringapatam had been captured, and Wellesley was appointed Commandant of that city in supersession of Major-General Baird, he does not seem to have realised that the latter officer had been hardly treated, or that he himself owed his exceptional advancement to his relationship with the Governor-General. When he was made military and civil Governor of the province of Mysore, it had at first been intended to associate with him a civil commissioner, who had been attached to the Nizam's contingent during the campaign. Wellington refused point blank to divide his authority with any one, expressing himself to the Marquis Wellesley in the following forcible terms: "I intend to ask to be brought away with the army if any civil servant of the Company is to be here, or any person with civil authority who is not under my orders; for I know that the whole is a system of job and corruption from beginning to end, of which I and my troops would be made the instruments." Then followed his mortification at finding that the Government of India had thought proper to appoint a Major-General to command the expedition to Egypt, and his annoyance at the selection of General Baird. On this occasion he wrote to his brother Henry: "This supersession has ruined all my prospects, founded upon any service that I may have rendered. . . . It must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct, or by an alteration in the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary." Just before Wellington left India he wrote very bitterly about the East India Company: "I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors." There is, however, nothing to show in what particular way he had suffered at the hands of these gentlemen.

The failure of Wellington's health was, no doubt, one of his principal reasons for deciding to return to England. At the same time he had come to the conclusion that it was opposed to his own interests to stay longer in India, as he felt convinced that his services in that country, however distinguished they might be, would give him no claim to advancement in the home army. "I think," he says, "that I have served as long in India as any man ought, who can serve anywhere else; and I think that there appears a prospect of service in Europe, in which I should be more likely to get forward." And again—"I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered in the scale in which are considered similar services in other parts of the world."

It is pleasant to notice that, during his stay in India, Wellington, though extremely strict in matters of discipline, was kind and considerate to the troops under his

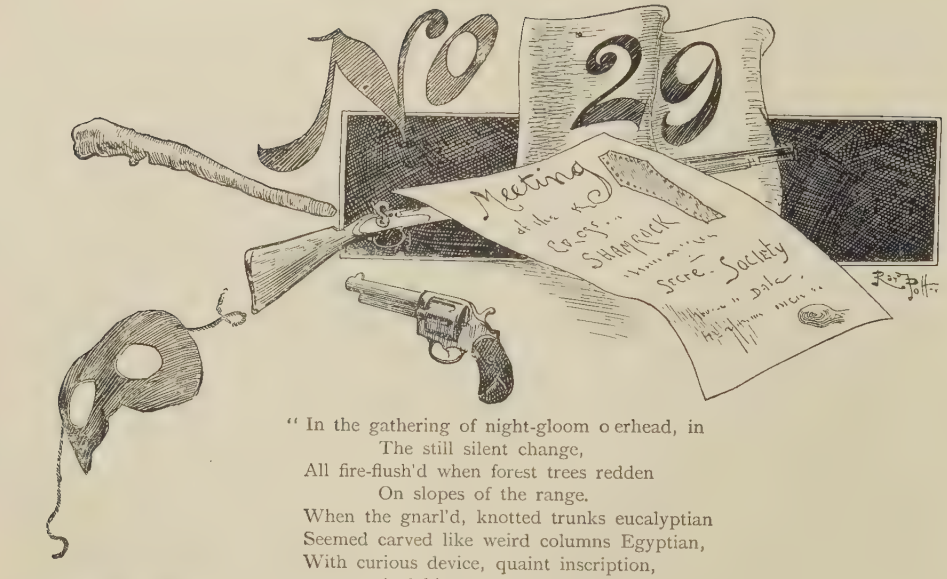
command, and was respected and liked by his officers. Mr. Gleig, in his life of Wellington, quotes the following passage from a letter written in 1802 by a young officer of the East India Company's Service to his friends in England: "Everything goes well, because Colonel Wellesley is in command. Whatever he undertakes he does admirably. Perhaps it was hardly fair to employ him rather than General ——; but we are all delighted to have him at our head, he makes us so confident and so comfortable." Major-General Nicolls refers in his journal to the attention paid by Wellington to the sick and wounded after the battle of Assaye. He furnished them with wine from his own stock, repeatedly visited them, and made every possible arrangement for their comfort. He regarded it as most important from a financial and military, as well as from a humanitarian point of view, that proper care should be taken of the health of the British soldier in India. Writing to Colonel Murray on the subject of the barracks at Surat, he observed: "Every attention must be paid to economy, but I consider nothing in this country so valuable as the life and health of the British soldier, and nothing so expensive as soldiers in hospital. I request you to pay particular attention to their discipline and regularity, and to prevent their getting intoxicating liquors, which tend to their destruction." Wellington's appreciation of the good qualities of our Native soldiers is shown by his repeatedly comparing them in after life to the Portuguese troops, who, towards the close of the Peninsular War, attained a very high standard of efficiency. "The Sepoys," he used to say, "like the Portuguese, would go anywhere and do anything, when led by British officers and supported by British troops."

Wellington in 1806.

So highly was Wellington esteemed in the army of the Deccan, that, when he relinquished his command, the officers who had served under his immediate orders presented him with a service of plate of the value of two thousand guineas.

There are many other points of interest in Wellington's Indian career, with which I am unable to deal within the limits of this article. His indefatigable industry, his sound and cool judgment and his political sagacity were as remarkable as his military talents. A masterful, ambitious man, he went home apparently somewhat disappointed with the results of his eight years' service in the East, and determined to push his way in a wider field than India afforded. Yet during those eight years he had risen to the rank of Major-General and become a K.B., had acquired a large amount of prize money at Seringapatam and in the Deccan, had been entrusted with high military command, and had filled important administrative and political appointments. His return to England was opportune. His country needed the services of an officer who to the vigour and audacity of youth united a sound judgment, an equable temper, and a thorough knowledge of his profession. His opportunity was not long in coming, and "the Sepoy General," as he was contemptuously styled by those who underrated the value of an Indian training, was soon to show the nations of Europe that he could be a match, and more than a match, for the Marshals of France.

ROBERTS.



"In the gathering of night-gloom o erhead, in
The still silent change,
All fire-flush'd when forest trees redden
On slopes of the range.
When the gnarl'd, knotted trunks eucalyptian
Seemed carved like weird columns Egyptian,
With curious device, quaint inscription,
And hieroglyph strange."

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

UNDERSTAND, if you please, that Piniger of Warrigal Creek is responsible for the truth of this story; when *I* tell a yarn I like to stand a moderate chance of being believed.

Pulling the camp fire together, he dexterously lit his pipe with an ember, and, squatting himself down on his blankets, began in this wise :—

It was at the close of a precious long day in shearing that I first made the acquaintance of No. 29. The sun was disappearing, in a glorious mass of colour, behind the trees; and the earth, as if remembering the brief respite allowed her, before his rising on the morrow, was thinking of growing cool with all convenient despatch. The stillness was only broken by the hum of the men's voices as they bathed half a mile or so down the reach, and by occasional outbursts of melody from some magpies in the gums above me.

It all was beautiful beyond the power of words to express, and I was leaning on the gate of what we called our garden, when I felt my arm gently touched. Turning, I was confronted by a most extraordinary specimen of humanity—just, for all the world, the sort of being you'd expect to meet in one of Rider Haggard's novels, or in the Dwarf's Valley in the Catskill Mountains. He was about four feet six in height, of wonderful breadth, and I noticed he had a peculiar way of twisting his fingers round and round each other as he talked. His hair was red, and his mouth was furnished with enormous teeth, which projected far beyond his ill-grown, straggling moustache. His eyes were his only redeeming feature.

When he saw that he had attracted my attention, he said most piteously, "Food, sorr, for the love av God, I'm famishin'!"

I led the way to the hut kitchen; and the cook having put food before him, he fell upon it like a starving dingo. Never before nor since have I seen a man eat as that man did. Not pausing for a second, he snapped his jaws, and shovelled in mouthful after mouthful till all was finished. It wasn't a pleasant sight, I can assure you.

"He fell upon the food like a starving dingo."

After he had satisfied his cravings, I asked his name, and how he had managed to get so far west on foot. In answer he led me out of hearing of the cook, and whispered solemnly:

"Sorr, ye'll have heard tell o' the O'Donoghues?"

I nodded.

"Well, me name is Michael O'Donoghue, Oirland is me nation, Kerry is me native place, an' me Past's me own damnation!"

On the last sentence he dropped his voice almost to a whisper. I was so mystified that I repeated my question in a different form, and said, "Where did you camp last night?"

"That, sorr, I couldn't tell ye—for the love av Mary I couldn't tell ye. 'Twas foreninst a monsthrous lagoon like, where all the souls av pargathry danced dances in the moonlight, an' where ould Mother Rooney—her as died the day her bhoy was hung in Limerick Gaol—curled herself into the fire shmoke an' cursed me till I fled the place, scramin'."

I thought his wanderings and starvation had turned his brain, so I bade him turn in, promising to see him on the morrow. As the moon rose I went in to supper.

About nine o'clock one of the hands came up to tell me that the stranger was

"He drew from his breast a small bundle."

very ill, and wanted to see me. Putting away my book, I went down to the hut. The O'Donoghue lay huddled up on a tumbled mass of blankets, and was in a high fever—his hands were burning and his eyes glistened horribly. After I had ordered his immediate removal to a smaller hut, where he could be alone, I went away to prepare him medicine.

When he had taken it, he begged and prayed me not to leave him until he had told me his trouble. Ascertaining that we were alone, he raised himself on his elbow and drew from his breast a small bundle tied up in multitudinous rags.

"Take it, sorr," he said huskily, trembling with emotion, "for I know that I can trust ye—take it an' guard it with ye'r loife. But first swear to me by ye'r mother's honour, an' by all ye hold sacred, that niver mortal man shall take it from ye till afther I'm dead. Thin ye may sind it to the address ye'll find marked inside. Swear, sorr!"

To humour him I swore to respect his wishes, and he fell back with a sigh of relief. But in a few moments he had begun again:

"Ye know not phwat ye hold in ye'r hand, sorr! It is the Kays av loife an' the

burning power av Hell for many men. Remimber this, sorr, an' let thim not take it from ye, for they'll thry—mark ye, they'll thry!

"'Twas in this way. Ye do not happen to know the village av Ballykillroe, in the County Kerry, maybe?"

I shook my head.

"'Twas in the year—well, niver mind that now. 'Twas not so long ago but phwat ye could count it on one hand, that me brother Thady—'Thady av the blue eyes' they called him—an' me was bhoys for me ould Aunt McGuire, as kipt the shebeen shop over agin' the shtone bridge at Ballykillroe. 'Twas a hard loife in those days, an' many's the toime an' oft we thought av crossin' the seas to bitter oursilves. 'Twould have been Hivin for me this noight if we had. But the Praste he alwus said 'No'; an' so we shtayed on, year in year out, a pair av ragged gossoons, wid niver a shoe to our fate or a dacint coat to our backs.

"Thin came the wild days, whin Oirishmen was all martyrs, an' landlords was all divils, an' 'victions an' boycothin's mint murther an' maimin's. Bedad! 'twas a fierce an' a bad time, an' many's the sad hearts this day by the ould firesides for the sake av the lads that hilped in it."

He paused exhausted, and I rose as if to go; but, signing me back to my seat, he went on:

"Thin Pierce Mooney came into our parts—an Oirish American, so 'twas whispered about. A fine, shtrapping lad, but wid a cruel way wid him.

"He took command av the bhoys, an' me ould aunt's shebeen was made the matin'-house. 'Twas a sacret society loike—the soign av which, ye may know, was a *Bloody Thumb*. Ye may be shure, sorr, all this suited me Aunt moighty foine; for ye see 'tis agin' natur' to be afther discussin' politics widout the jar av poteen bein. handy. An' seein' as how 'twere for the salvation av the counthry they talked, she raised the proices on 'em.

"Now, there was one landlord in our disthrict very differint to all the rist,—'Ould Ramrod,' the bhoys called him—seein' as how his back was so long an' shtiff, an' his voice so sharp an' soldier-loike. 'Twas said he'd been a soldier in the Indian Mutiny. He'd a daughther too—the prettiest little colleen as iver stipped, wid her rosy cheeks an' soft brown hair loike fairy moss, an' a voice loike the lake wather whin it ripples on the shores av ould Killarney. 'Twas poor little Thady that loved the child—aroon, aroon. Mary, the Mother av Hivin, take pithy on the soul av the bhoy for it!"

"Ould Ramrod had 'victed two av his tinants—the widder Casey an' her blackguard lot from the Banshee's Hollow, an' black Patsey Daley from his cabin on the Killogha road. Av course there must be a monsthrous noise at wanst, though 'twas well beknown to iverybody that they was a dishgrace to the counthry-soide. 'Thin a spicial matin' was hild, an' Pierce Mooney was at the head av it.

"Bein' in the society, Thady an' me were called, an' couldn't say no to it. The Curse av Cromwell on it! says I. But, sorr, by the Holy Book, I'll swear that if we had known 'twas Ould Ramrod the coffin in the corner mint, we'd have cut our legs off afore we'd have sit foot widin that matin'-room.

"Oh, sorr, 'twas a pitiful dark noight. The trees swished so dreary-loike agin' the black clouds; an' the wind whistled so mournful up the shtrate, that many a lad would have turned back excipt for phwat would have followed on the trail av it, if he had.

"Whin we'd givin' the soign an' got into the room, each one was sworn on his Bible oath an' hopes av Hivin to do phwativer moight be asked av him, and to tell no tale av it. 'Twas a disperate oath, sorr, an' may the saints iver shtay by

"Iverybody dhrew a paper."

me—I've broke it since. There wasn't much cause to say phwat the matin' was for, 'cause ivery lad well knew it mint death for somebody—but who? Mind you, sorr, Thady was agin' the whole thing from the shtart; but 'cause he'd sworn his Bible oath, I knew he'd niver go back on it. Thin came the dhrawin' av lots, an' 25 was to be the death-number—you undershtan' me, sorr: the bhoy phwat dhrew '25' out av the bhag was to carry out the job. So 'twas fair an' fair for all aloike.

"Iverybody dhrew a paper; then there was a silence, maybe for three minutes. I looked into mine, an' saw 'twas '29.' Hivin an' all the saints be praised! I'd missed it. Thin I looked across the table at Thady, for I was more fareful for the lad than for mesilf.

"He sat there all dazed-loike, twiddling his bit av paper in his hand, wid a face on him for all the world loike the face av a dead man. 'Twas mesilf saw the manin' av it all, an' I wint to him, puthin' me hand soft upon his shoulder; but he put it off, shiverin'.

"When I saw it, I rose up on 'em, an' cursed 'em high an' low, for puthin' the number on the man I loved; but 'twas no good—no good, arrah aroon."

Large tears streamed down the poor wretch's face; his voice was broken by sobs; and I will confess that I was not without a choking sensation in my own throat. There was a depth of terrible pathos in his voice.

"Sorr, 'twas no notice they took av me ravin's till Thady rose from his chair a broken man, an' said all husky-loike, 'Who is the man?'

"Then they out an' tould him 'twas Ould Ramrod. He would have fallen, only they hild him up; an' Pierce Mooney—may his right hand be cindered in hell for it—pushed the Book to'rds him, sayin', 'Remimber ye'r oath, Thady O'Donoghue, for the number's wid ye!'

"Then I prayed av them to let me go inshtead. But they said 'No,' an' hild me back, when I would have gone out wid him. I fought wild an' disperate, but 'twas no manner av use. They put a rhifle in his hand, an' he went out into the black storm alone. Oh! Thady—Thady! me poor little brother Thady!

"Ye see, 'twas beknown to all av us that Ould Ramrod and his daughther was to be dancin' at the hunt ball at Ballidare that silfsame night, an' on their way home they must pass through our village.

"'Twas thin about one o'clock, an' maybe twinty minutes afther his dogcart went ratthling by. Afther he had passed we went out into the sthrate; an' thin I ran for my life to catch him—shoutin' and scramin' like a man gone mad; but he was over the sthone bridge afore iver I was by the Praste's house. Thin I heard the crack av a rhifle, an' a moighty shcrame from a woman, an' next minute the sound av a horse gallopin' down the road. Afther that another shot, an' thin I got up wid 'em.

"Sorr, by the pitiful Mother av Hivin, 'twas a sad sight that was afore me. In the middle av the rhoad, wid his white hairs all trailin' in the mud, was Ould Ramrod, shtone dead, an' beside him, wid his head shot 'most away, was Thady—me little blue-eyed brother Thady!"

He stopped for breath, and when he continued it was in a hard and grating voice.

"Afther that the Divil came into me soul, an' I turned Quane's evidence on the bhoys, an' told the court all I knew av the Society. God help me! Me heart was

"Ould Ramrod, shtone dead."

so full av hate for 'em that I bethrayed me own counthrymen, an' broke me solemn Bible oath wid the curse on it. Pierce Mooney an' Mick Delaney went to gaol, an' many families suffered.

"Then, like a thavin' Rapparee, I cript out av Oirland all av a sweat, but that they'd known an' kill me for it. The Society found me out someways; for, sorr, a letter was thrown to me as the last soul left the ship, which said I was decreed to die.

"Pray that sich things may ne'er happen upon ye; for it turns ye'r blood to wather to know that men are followin' av ye to have ye'r life. But I kipt them papers that ye have there, an' I knew 'twas them they wanted more nor me.

"From Oirland I sailed for America, from America I wint to New Zealand, an' from there I cript into Queensland, an' bit by bit I've got out here.

"Now, sorr, it's Bible truth I'm goin' to tell ye." He leaned out of his bunk, and sank his voice to a whisper. "They're followin' av me; I know it—I'm sartain shure av it. Have I filt it all day an' dramed it all noight, not to know that they're dhoggin' me down? an' some noight I'll be dead wid the mark av the Bloody Thumb behind me ear!

"Now, sorr, I've done talkin', an' ye have it all, so take thim papers an' hide 'em while they're safe. 'Tis not good ye should know phwat they are; but ye have the lives av many men in ye'r power."

He pressed the papers again into my hands, and I left him.

* * * * * * *

Although it was past midnight when I got back to the house, his story had so excited me that I lit my pipe and set in the verandah to think it out.

It was a still, moonlight night, and I was in just the mood to appreciate its beauty.

As I smoked, to my surprise I saw, or thought I saw, the figure of a man cross an open patch of ground to the left of the house. I knew it couldn't be one of the hands, for they had turned in hours before. After puzzling it over for a bit, I dismissed it from my mind as a creation of fancy.

When I went to my bedroom, my first care was to deposit the papers in a safe place; having done so, I turned in. But it was not to sleep. I tossed about from side to side before I even began to feel drowsy; then, just as I was dozing off, my door was pushed open and the O'Donoghue stood before me. Springing out of bed, I asked him what he meant by disturbing me.

He was literally mad with fear; the perspiration was rolling down his face in streams, and his eyes stood almost out of his head.

"For the love av God, sorr," he whispered hoarsely, "give me thim papers; I must be goin': they're afther me."

"Nonsense, man!" I answered. "Your papers are safe enough. Leave them with me, and go back to bed. You've been dreaming—that's all."

"No, no, sorr! For the love av Mary give 'em to me. They're comin', I know it. I heard 'em a-whisperin' behind the hut down there only a while ago."

Seeing it was useless trying to pacify him, I gave up his papers, and told him to go back to his bunk. Still trembling, he clutched his treasure, and, thrusting it into his bosom, went out.

Ten minutes later I was fast asleep, dreaming that I was being chased round the world in a dogcart by a parchment-man, whose only name was No. 29.

* * * * * * *

Next morning I learnt that the O'Donoghue had left the station in the night, and that no one had seen him go.

Two days later a boundary-rider came hurrying into the station, to report that he had found the corpse of a man beside the third lagoon.

On reaching the spot I discovered the body to be that of the traveller, Michael O'Donoghue; he had evidently been dead about twenty-four hours.

That he had not died by his own hand, or the decree of Nature, was plainly evident: he had been stabbed in three separate places, and his throat was cut from ear to ear. His struggles must have been desperate, for the surface of the ground was broken for many yards round the spot.

With a feeling of horror I turned the poor body over, and, to my amazement, *saw the clear imprint of a bloody thumb behind the left ear!*

One thing was certain—his precious papers were gone. And I can tell you, when I came to think it all over, I was very much puzzled.

This is the first time I have come into actual contact with the Irish Question, and I hope it may be the last. What would you say?

GUY BOOTHBY.

"The body was that of Michael O'Donoghue."

EVENING AFTER RAIN [George Boughton, A.R.A.

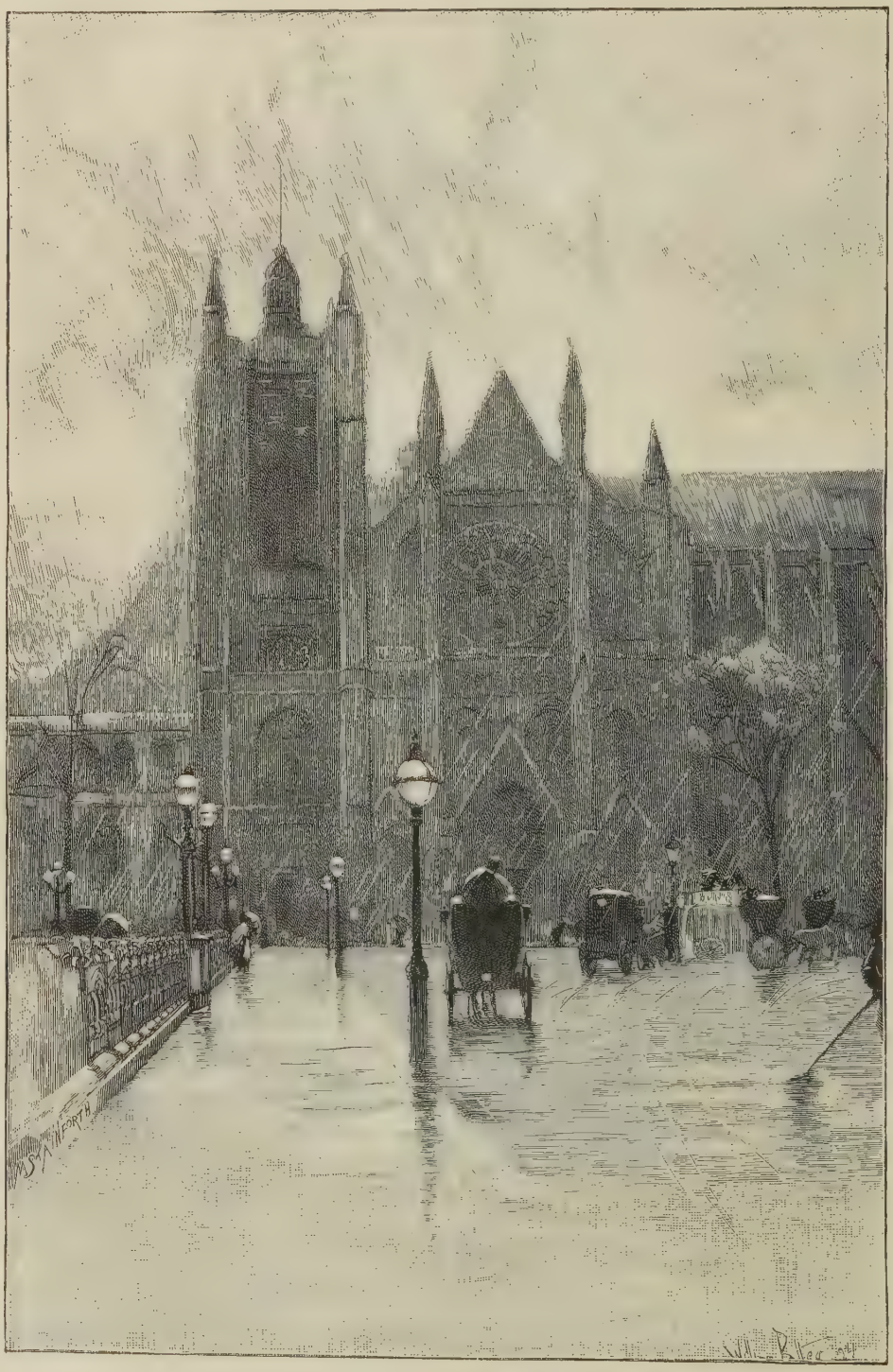
EVENING AFTER RAIN.

SONNET ON A PICTURE BY GEORGE BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

THE storm is past—soft twilight brings repose.
Blue's in the sky, yet here and there o'er-run
With clouds flushed by an unseen setting sun,
Whilst lamplight from the cottage window glows.
They stand there by the gate—fond schoolfellows—
Two slender girls, whose grudging farewell done
Still lingers in their looks; black-robed, the one
Must stay, the other flower-laden goes.

What is that sad heart's narrow fate? Her friend,
Leaving the dusky homestead, its grey road
Rain-sodden, the still cliff, the sombre yews,
To a more garish lot will gladly wend,
Life's joy her meed, rose-wreaths her only load;
For few there be who twilight shadows choose.

BLANCHE LINDSAY.



CHAPTER II.

THE KING'S PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE kings of England held their Court in the Old Palace, the Palace of Westminster, for five hundred years. Of all the buildings which formed that Palace, there remain at this day nothing but a Hall, greatly altered, a Crypt, and a single Tower. Sixty years ago, before the last of the many fires which attacked the Palace, there was left, much disfigured, a single group of buildings which formerly contained the heart of the Palace, the king's House. This group, however, was so much shut in and surrounded with modern houses, courts, offices, taverns and stores, that the ancient parts could be with difficulty detached. Fortunately this task was accomplished before the fire: one can therefore restore one part, at least, of the Palace.

In considering the Palace of Westminster, we have the choice, as regards time, of any year we please between the accession of Edward the Confessor and the removal of Henry VIII. to York House. Let us take the close of the fourteenth century: let us attempt to restore the Palace as it was in the reign of Richard II. It was a time when that shadowy, intangible force called Chivalry was most active. Yet at best it was never stronger than its successor, which we now call Honour. Chivalry taught loyalty, even unto death; protection of the weak; respect for women; fidelity in love; mercy to the conquered; charity to the poor; obedience to the Church; fidelity to the spoken word: you may find these teachings in the pages of Froissart. Knights who obey these precepts are greatly extolled by poets; yet the opposites of these things are continually reported by historians. I think that we may roughly, but certainly, ascertain the chief besetting sins of any age by looking for the contraries, the things which preachers and poets do mostly extol.

It has been remarked that antiquarians are prone to fall into the incurable vice of looking at the past through the wrong end of the telescope. This comes from constantly endeavouring to reconstruct the past out of an insufficient number of fragments. Of course the result is that everything is reduced in size. Thus, many antiquarians, being afflicted with this disease, have found themselves unable to see anything but a collection of miserable hovels in that London of the fourteenth century which was a city of nobles' palaces, merchants' stately houses, splendid churches, monastic buildings, beautiful and lofty, side by side with warehouses, wharves,

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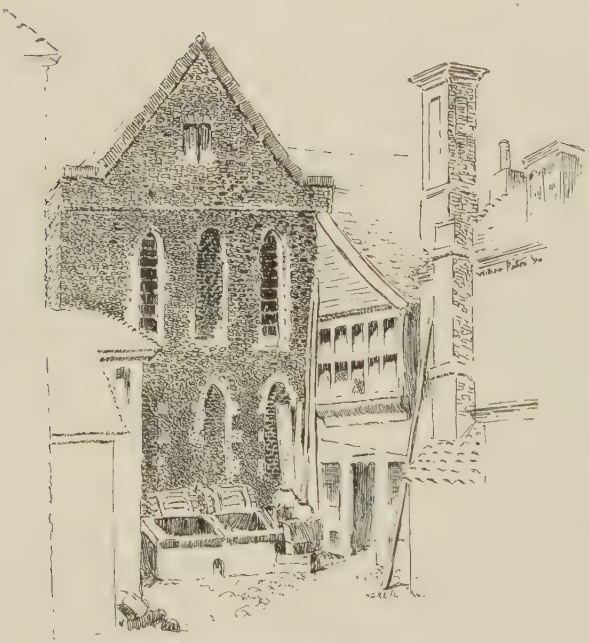


East end of the Prince's Chamber.

ships riding at anchor, crowded streets and rich shops. No antiquary, however, is wrong in showing that Westminster was, at this time, nothing more than a City—as yet not called a City—gathered round the Church and the Court. To those who journeyed thither from London by the river highway, a line of noble houses faced the river, each with its stairs, its barges and its water gate. Thus, taking boat at Queenhithe, the traveller passed, among others, Baynard's Castle, Blackfriars' Abbey, Bridewell Palace, Whitefriars, the Temple, Durham House, the Savoy, York House, before he reached the King's Stairs at Westminster. At the back of these houses, where is now Fleet Street and the Strand, there were no houses, in the fourteenth century, except just outside Ludgate. As late as 1543, according to the map of Anthony van den Wyngrerde, the houses of Westminster were all gathered together in that little triangle opposite Westminster Hall, whose northern boundary was the stream running down Gardener's Lane and cutting off Thorney. All beyond was open country lying in fields and meadows.

It is impossible to ascertain what, and of what kind, were the buildings of Edward the Confessor: tradition always assigned to him the Painted Chamber and the group of buildings which survived to the year 1835. Let us, however, consider what were the actual requirements of a Royal Palace under the Plantagenets. It will be seen very soon that this group of buildings could have formed only a very small portion of the whole Palace. It will also be found that the Palace grows in the mind as we consider it. At first the Court was itinerant. Edward the Confessor was constantly travelling into different parts of his realm: he kept every Christmas, except his last, at Gloucester; his Easter he kept at Winchester; he resided a good deal at Westminster; we hear of him at Worcester; at Sandwich; he hunted in Wiltshire. Henry II., whose actual itinerary has been recovered and published, seldom remained more than a few days in one place; he was sometimes in France for three or four years at a time; during the whole of his long reign he was only in Westminster on seventeen occasions, and then often for a night or two only. Until the Tudors began a stationary Court, the kings of England travelled a great deal, and, in case of war, always went out with the army. Whether they travelled or whether they stayed in one place, there was always with them a following greater than that of any baron. Warwick rode into London with seven hundred knights and men at arms; that was but a slender force compared with the company which rode after the king. Cnut, who perhaps began this first standing army, had three thousand "hus-carles"; Richard II. had four thousand archers always with him.

First, then, for the people, the service, the officers, necessary for the Court.

There were, to begin with, the artificers and craftsmen. Everything wanted for the Court had to be done or made within the precincts of the Palace. There were no Court tradesmen; no outside shops. The king's craftsmen were the king's servants; they had quarters of some kind, houses or chambers, allotted to them in the Palace: they received wages, rations, and liveries. Thus, in Richard II.'s Palace of Westminster there were retained for the king's service a little army of three hundred and forty-six artificers—viz., carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, whitesmiths, goldsmiths, jewellers, "engineers," pavilioners, armourers, "artillers," gunners, masons, tilers, bowyers and fletchers, furriers, "heaumers," spurriers, brewers, every kind of "making" trade: everything that was wanted for the king's service was made in the king's Palace—except, of course, the fruits and harvest of the year, the wine, spices and silks and costly things that came from the far East through the markets of Bruges and Ghent. These craftsmen were all married—we are not, remember, in a monastery. Give them an average of each five children, and we have, to begin with, a little population of about two thousand five hundred. Take next the commissariat branch: one begins already to realise the stupendous task of feeding so many, and the order and system which must have grown up to meet these wants with certainty and regularity. Thus we find that every branch of the commissariat had its officers—clerks, ushers and serjeants—a responsible service, with individual and clearly defined duties—for pantry, buttery, spicery, bakehouse, chandlery, brewery, cellars, and kitchen. Of these officers there were two hundred and ten. How many servants they had it is impossible to tell. But if we multiply the number of officers by three only for the servants, we get a total of six hundred. If these men were also married, they with their wives and children would give us another company of four thousand. But some of the servants in the kitchen might be women. Then we have the gardeners, the barbers, who were also blood-letters, the bonesetters (a very necessary body), the trumpeters, messengers, bedesmen, grooms and stable-boys—no one can reckon up their number. Add to these the lavanders or laundry-women; the women who embroidered, did fine needlework, made and mended, weaved and span—many of these were doubtless the wives and daughters of the servants. A step higher brings us to the chaplains, the College of St. Stephen, the minstrels, the clerks and accountants, the scribes and illuminators,

South side of the Prince's Chamber.

the heralds and pursuivants. Another step, and we come to the judges and the head officers, with all their staff, clerks and servants. Next the archbishops, bishops and abbots, some of whom were always with the king. Then we come to the great officers of state: viz., the Grand Seneschal, *Dapifer Angliæ*, or Lord High Steward, who was head and chief of every department, next to the king; the High Justiciary or Lord Chief Justice; the Seneschal, *Dapifer Regis*, or Steward of the Household; the Constable, the Marshal, the Chamberlain, the Chancellor, and the Treasurer.* Lastly, there was the royal household with its officers: the Clerks of the Wardrobe, the King's Remembrancer, the Keeper of the Palace, the Queen's Treasurer, the Maids of Honour (*domicellæ*), the Gentlemen Ushers and the pages, and (which we must again set down) the King's regiment of four thousand archers.

I think it is now made plain that the people attached to a stationary Court numbered not hundreds, but many thousands; it is not too much to estimate the number of inhabitants within the walls of Westminster Palace in the reign of Richard II. at 20,000—all of whom had "bouche of court" (*i.e.*, rations, pay, arms, lodging and living). It was, therefore, a crowded city, complete in itself, though it produced nothing and carried on no trade; there were workshops and forges and the hammering of armourers and blacksmiths, but there were no stalls, no chepe, no clamour of those who shouted their goods and invited the passengers to "buy, buy, buy." This city produced nothing for the country; it received and devoured everything: it was not an idle city, because the people earned their daily bread; but for all their labour they never increased the wealth of the country. Listen to the voice of the poet—it is Harding who speaks of King Richard's court:

"Truly I herd Robert Ireliffe say,
Clerk of the Green Cloth, that to the household
Came every daye, for moost partie alwaye,
Ten thousand folke by his messe is told,
That followed the hous, aye, as thei would;
And in the kechin three hundred servitours,
And in eche office many occupiours.
And ladies faire, with their gentilwomen,
Chamberers also and lavenders,
Three hundred of them were occupied there:
Ther was greate pride among the officers,
And of all menne far passing their compeers,
Of riche arraye, and muche more costious
Than was before or sith, and more precious."

The ten thousand do not include the women and children.

We have ceased to desire a Court magnificent with outward splendour and lavish expenditure. There has been, in fact, no such Court among us since that of Charles II.; and the splendour of his Court was but a poor thing compared with the splendour of the Third Edward, who was magnificent—or of Richard II., who was profuse. Let us remember that in our time we cannot make any show, or festival, or pageant—we have lost the art of pageantry—which can compare with the shows which our forefathers saw daily: the shows of magnificent trains, queens and princesses in such raiment as the greatest lady of these times would be afraid to put on, lords and knights and gentlemen of the livery, streets with their gabled houses hung with crimson and scarlet cloth; minstrels and music everywhere; mysteries and pageants and allegories, with fair maidens and giants, angels and devils; lavish

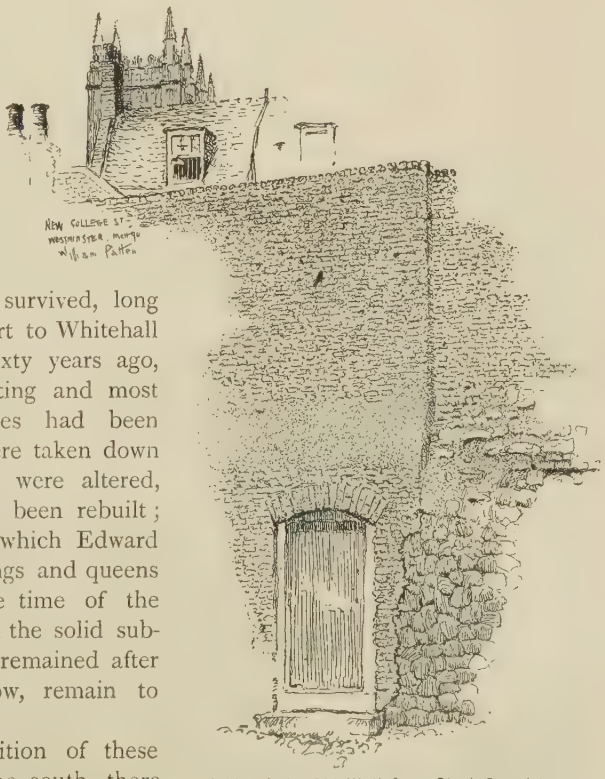
* Edward the Confessor's officers were named respectively, the Marshal; the Stallere (*Comes stabuli*, or Constable); the Bower-Thane (Chamberlain); the Dish-Thane (Seneschal); the Hordere (Treasurer); with, of lower rank, Carver, Cup-bearer, Butler, Seal-bearer, Wardrobe-Thane, Harper, and Headsman.

feasts at which conduits ran with wine for long hours and all the world could get drunk if it pleased. And there was never anything more splendid than Richard II. himself. The time of great shows vanished, like the spirit of Chivalry, during the Wars of the Roses.

What kind of quarters were given to the king's courtiers and his army and his servants? This is a question to which one can give no satisfactory answer. We hear of many rooms and buildings, but there does not exist any description or plan of the Palace as it was. It must certainly have contained a vast number of buildings for the accommodation of so many thousands. The fact that these buildings existed was proved after the fire of 1834, when a most extensive range of cellars and vaults was found to exist under the burned buildings round St. Stephen's. The old buildings had long before been destroyed and modern houses had taken their places; but the vaults and cellars remained, showing by their strength and solidity the importance of the halls and chambers that had been built upon them.

It was the first duty of the mediæval builder to provide a wall of defence. This was done at Westminster: the wall, as indicated on the plan, entirely surrounded the Palace; it was provided with a water gate at the King's Bridge or King's Stairs; a postern at the Queen's Stairs; a gate leading into the Abbey precinct east of St. Margaret's Church; a subway by which the king could enter the Abbey, at Poets' Corner; and a gate opposite the Great Hall leading into the Wool Staple.

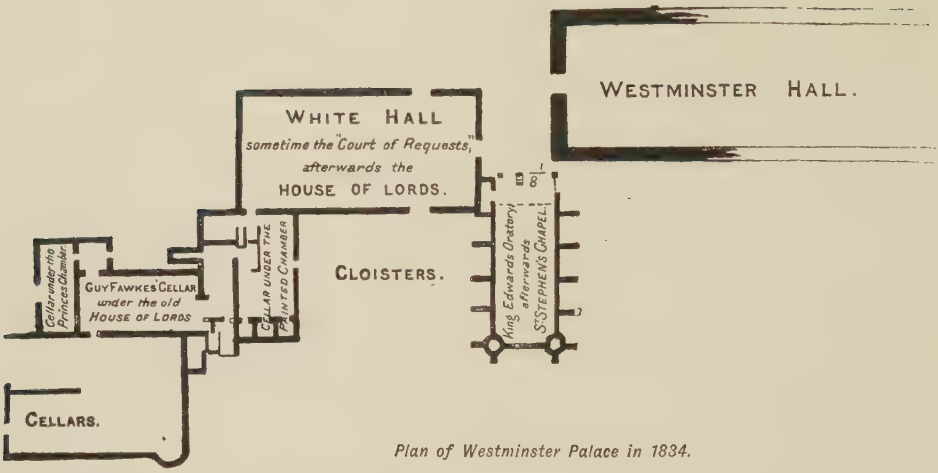
Thus fortified, the Palace assumed something of the usual plan of a Norman castle. The Outer Bailly was represented by the New Palace Yard, with its Clock Tower and place for martial exercises, ridings and tournaments; Westminster Hall faced the Outer Bailly; to right and to left, to east and to west, stood buildings; on the south were other buildings which enclosed the Inner Bailly, now Old Palace Yard; south of these were gardens and stables with less important houses, offices and barracks. The great mass of the Palace buildings was between Westminster Hall and the river.



A bit of the Old Wall from Black Dog Alley.

Of the old Palace there survived, long after the removal of the Court to Whitehall and until the fatal fire of sixty years ago, a group of its most interesting and most historical buildings. Changes had been made in them; their roofs were taken down and replaced, their windows were altered, the very walls in some had been rebuilt; yet they were the rooms in which Edward the Confessor and all the kings and queens of England lived up to the time of the Eighth Henry. Beneath them the solid substructures of the Confessor remained after the fire, and, for all I know, remain to this day.

The plan shows the position of these buildings. Beginning with the south, there



Plan of Westminster Palace in 1834.

is first of all the Prince's Chamber, afterwards the Robing Room of the old House of Lords. It was forty-five feet long and twenty feet wide; it ran east and west. The chamber had five beautiful lancet windows on the south side and three each on the east and west. On the north side it opened into the old House of Lords. It was in this room that Queen Elizabeth hung up the tapestry celebrating the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This excellent piece of work was afterwards transferred to the Court of Requests, where it was burned in the last fire.

The hall adjoining the old House of Lords formed, with the Painted Chamber and the Court of Requests, Edward the Confessor's living-rooms. Under the House of Lords was the King's kitchen, afterwards the cellar where Guy Fawkes and his friends placed the barrels of gunpowder. After the Lords removed to the Court of Requests this room was called the Royal Gallery.

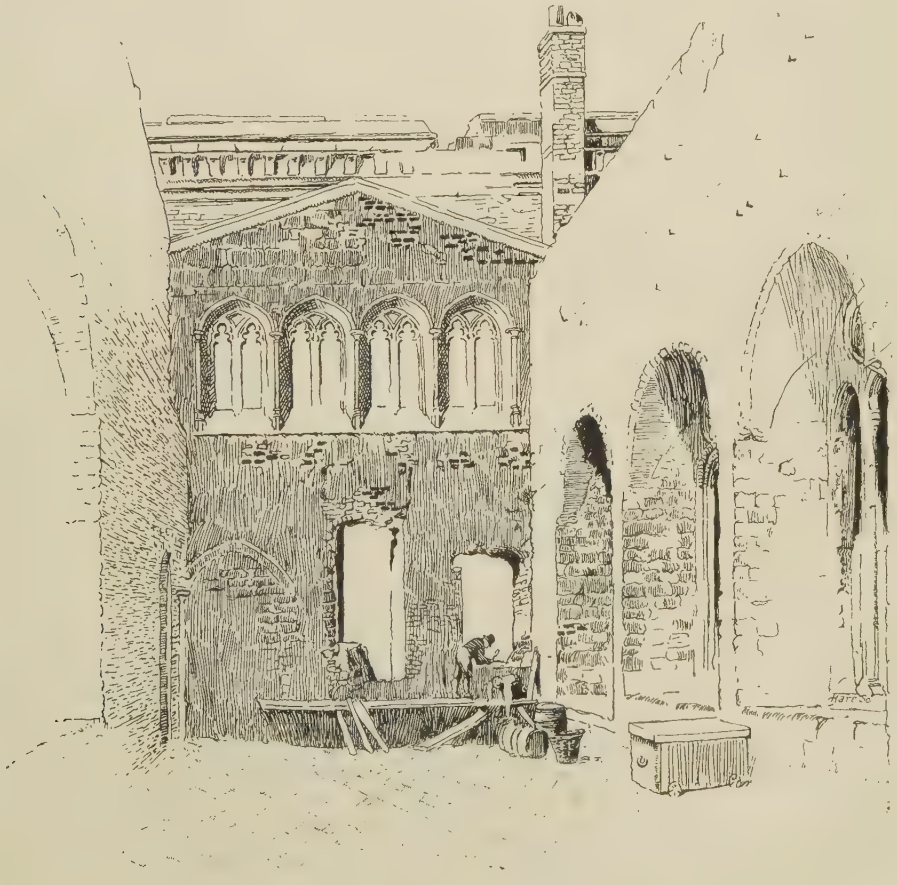
The third room, perhaps the most beautiful, was the Painted Chamber. This hall, certainly that in which the Confessor breathed his last, was eighty feet long, twenty broad and fifty high—a lofty and narrow room, perhaps too narrow for its length. The meaning of its name had long been forgotten until the year 1800, when, on taking down the tapestry, which had hung there for centuries, the walls were found to be covered with paintings, representing on one side of the room the wars of the Maccabees, and on the other side scenes from the life of Edward the Confessor. It was then remembered, or discovered, that in an itinerary of two Franciscan pilgrims in the year 1322, preserved among the manuscripts of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, these paintings are mentioned. In the year 1477 the hall was called St. Edward's Chamber; Sir Edward Coke calls it the Chamber Depeint or St. Edward's Chamber.

The fourth of these groups of ancient buildings was the Council Room of King Edward, called afterwards the Whitehall, the Little Hall, the Court of Requests, and the House of Lords.

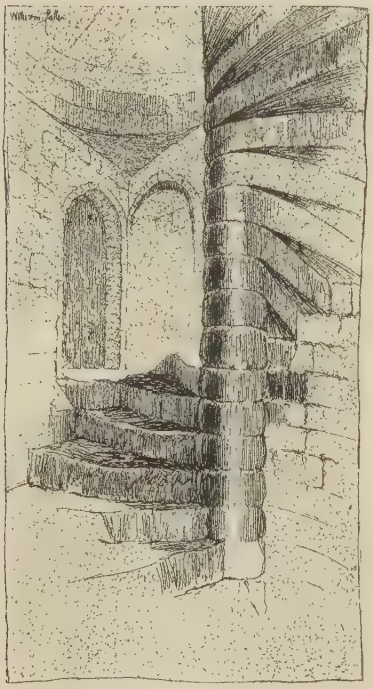
In the midst of this stately group of noble buildings rose the most stately and most noble chapel of St. Stephen. It was founded, according to tradition, by King Stephen, on the site, it has been sometimes said, of the Confessor's oratory; but this seems not true, for the oratory was on the east of the Painted Chamber. The chapel was rebuilt as a thank-offering for his victories by Edward I., who then endowed it with large revenues. His foundation was large enough to maintain a college, consisting of dean, twelve secular canons and twelve vicars; it was, in fact, a rich foundation planted in the middle of the Palace, over against the Abbey. Was there any desire on the part of the King to separate the Court from the Abbey? Perhaps not; but there

arose perpetual quarrels between the College and the Abbey. The masses said in St. Stephen's for the past and present kings might just as well have been said, one supposes, in the Abbey. So rich was the foundation that at the Dissolution its revenues were a third of those of St. Peter's. By that time the College buildings contained residences or chambers for thirty-eight persons. These buildings consisted, first, of the exquisite Chapel, which afterwards became the House of Commons; the Chapel of our Lady de la Pieu, standing somewhere to the south of St. Stephen's (in this Chapel Richard heard mass before going out to meet Wat Tyler); the Crypt, which happily still remains; the exquisite cloisters, long since vanished; with the Chantry Chapel, and the said residences of the dean, canons and vicars, and King Richard's Belfry. The Chapel was smaller than some other royal Chapels—Windsor, for instance, and King's, Cambridge—but it was beautiful exceedingly, and in its carved work and decorations perhaps more finished than any other Church or Chapel in the country. Details of the Chapel have been preserved for us by J. T. Smith ("Antiquities of Westminster"), and by Brayley and Britton's "Houses of Parliament." The beauty of the cloisters of the Chantry Chapel, and of the Chapel itself, makes the fire of 1834 on this account alone a great national disaster. Such work can never again be equalled. At the same time, the Chapel had been so much altered and cut about for the accommodation of the Commons that it was irretrievably spoiled.

The next of this group of ancient buildings was Westminster Hall. On this



West end of the Painted Chamber as it appeared after the Fire of 1834.



Curious Newell Staircase at the South-East angle of Painted Chamber.

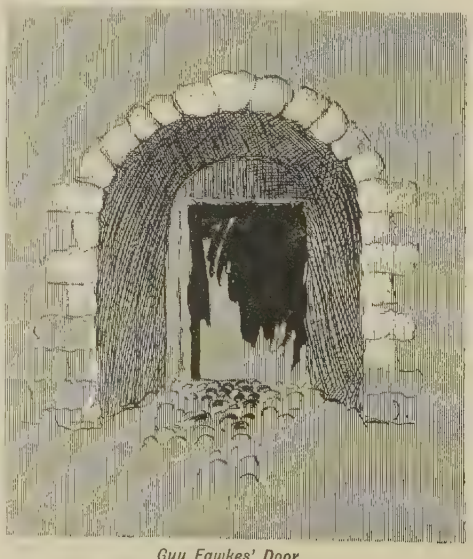
monument and its historical associations many have enlarged. Let it suffice in this place to remind ourselves that William Rufus built it, Richard II. enlarged it and strengthened it, and that George IV. repaired and new-fronted it.

On the east side of the Hall was the Court of Exchequer, built by Edward II. This hall was seventy-four feet long and forty-five broad. The traditions of the chamber are full of curious stories. It was the breakfast-room, it was said (one knows not why), of Queen Elizabeth; a chamber adjoining was her bedchamber. She at least reformed the Court of Exchequer. There were two cellars under the Court of Exchequer, called "Hell" and "Purgatory." As their names denote, they were prisons. The former name was also applied to a tavern in the Palace precinct.

The notorious Star Chamber was on the east side of New Palace Yard. The room was probably rebuilt in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was used afterwards as the Lottery office.

One more "bit" of the Palace still remains. If you turn to the left on reaching the eastern end of Great College Street, after passing through stables and mews, you will light upon a most venerable old Tower hidden away in this corner. It is the last of the many Towers which formed part of the Westminster Palace. It was always ascribed to the Confessor as part of his Abbey buildings. When antiquaries first considered it, they found that Edward I. bought the piece of ground on which it stands of the Abbey; so it was concluded that he bought the Tower upon the ground. Later antiquaries, however, on fresh investigations, made up their minds that there was no Tower when Edward took the ground; therefore—the logic of the antiquary is never his strongest point—Edward built this Tower. Again, other antiquaries examined further; and they have now decided that the Tower was built by Richard II. One would have preferred the Confessor as architect, but the end of the fourteenth century gives us a respectable antiquity.

Certain accounts of repairs—carpenters', masons', painters' work — still preserved enable us to get a clearer understanding of the buildings that, in addition to the central group, which can be so exactly described and figured, made up the old Palace of Westminster. There must have been work for builders going on continually, but in the years 1307 to 1310 there were very extensive repairs, in consequence of a fire; the bills for these

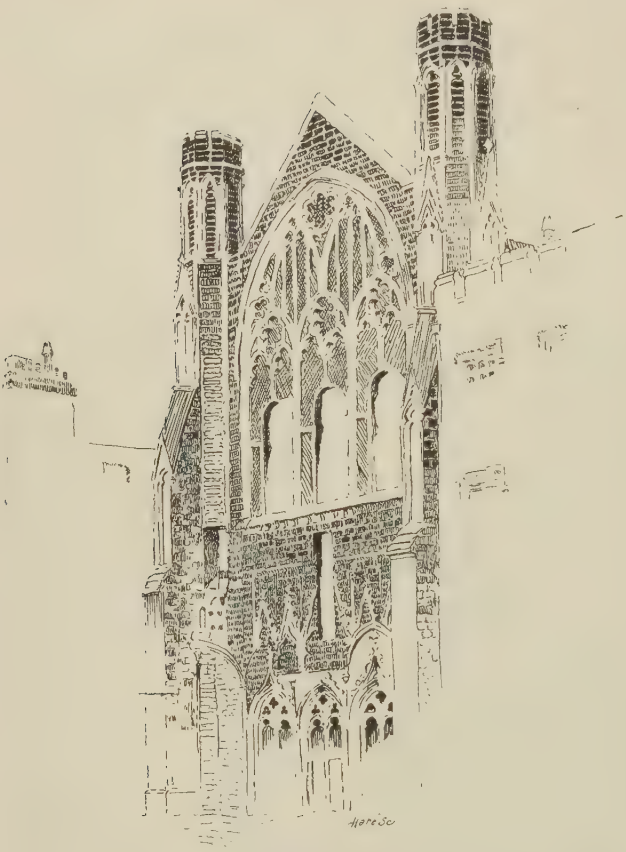


Guy Fawkes' Door.

repairs have been preserved. They speak of the following buildings: of the Little Hall, of which mention has been already made; of the water-conduit—the pipes of which were repaired or restored; of the Queen's Hall; the Nursery; the Mayden Hall, the private hall of the *domicellæ*, maids of honour,—all these halls had their chambers, wardrobes and galleries; of the chambers and cloisters round the Inner Hall—was this the old House of Lords?—of the King's Wardrobe; of Marculf's Chamber; of the Chandlery; of the Lord Edmund's Palace; of the Almonry; of the Gaol; of the houses and chambers of the chaplains, clerks and officers of Court and Palace; of houses standing in the Inner Bailly—*i.e.*, Old Palace Yard; of herbaries, vineries, gardens, galleries, aqueducts and stew ponds.

Vault under the Painted Chamber

It is impossible to assign these buildings and places to their original site. Take the plan of Thorney, with its Palace, Abbey and City. Remember that there was an open space for the Inner Bailly—Old Palace Yard; and another for the Outer Bailly —New Palace Yard. In this respect the Palace followed the practice of every castle and great house in the country—even in a college the first court is a survival of the Outer Bailly. Leave, also, an open space east of the wall from the Jewel House to the outer wall for the gardens and herbaries—perhaps, like the Abbey, the Palace had gardens in the reclaimed meadows outside. Then, fill in the area between the King's House and the river with other halls, houses, offices, galleries, wardrobes and cloisters. Let barracks, stables, shops of all kinds run under the river wall; let there be narrow lanes winding about among these courts, connecting one with



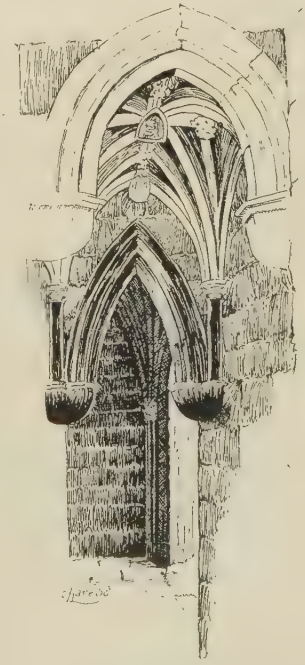
East Front of St. Stephen's Chapel as it appeared after the Fire of 1834.

the other and all with the Inner and the Outer Bailly and the Palace stairs. This done, you will begin to understand something of the extent and nature of the King's Palace in the fourteenth century. Add to this that the buildings were infinitely more picturesque than anything we can show of our own design, our own construction, our own grouping. The gabled houses turned to the courts and lanes their carved timber and plaster fronts; the cloisters glowed in the sunshine with their lace-like tracery and the gold and crimson of their painted roofs and walls; grey old towers looked down upon the clustered and crowded little city; everywhere there were stately halls, lofty roofs, tourelles with rich carvings—gables, painted windows, windows of tracery most beautiful, archways, gates, battlements; granaries, storehouses, barns, chantry chapels, oratories, courts of justice, and interiors bright with splendid tapestry, the colours of which had not yet faded, with canopies of scarlet and cloth of gold, and the sunlight reflected from many a shining helm and breastplate, from many a jewelled hilt and golden scabbard, from many a trophy hanging on the walls, from many a coat-of-arms bright with colour—azure, or, gules and argent. It is the colour in everything that makes the time so picturesque and bright. We see how small their chambers were, how narrow were the lanes, how close the houses stood; but we forget the bright colours of everything, the hangings and the arras, the painted shields, the robes and dresses, the windows and the walls, the chambers, halls and refectories, the galleries and the cloisters. When Time brings in another age of colour — it is surely due — we shall understand better the centuries of the Plantagenets.

When the fire destroyed these buildings how much we lost that connected us with the past! True it is that in Westminster Abbey and in Westminster Hall we seem to stand face to face with the history of the country. In the Hall were done such and such things; before us lies the effigy of a king to remind us that he was a living reality—to most of us the past is as unreal as the future; we need these reminders lest the voice of our ancestors should fall upon our ears with no more meaning than the lapping of the tide or the babble of the brook or the whisper of the stream among the rushes. But we have nothing to remind us of the Palace

where the Princes lived; the things that were done in them are not in the Book of Kings, but in that of the Things Left out—the Book of Chronicles—mostly as yet unedited.

Princes were born here, and played here, and grew here to the age when they could ride the great horse and practise exercises in the New Palace Yard. Kings' daughters were born here, and were kept here till they were sent away to marry: strange lot of the King's Daughter, that she never knew until she married what her country was to be! Queens prayed here for the safety of their husbands and their sons; here was all the home life, the private life of the kings and queens; in these chambers were held the king's feasts; here he received ambassadors; here he held his council; here he looked on with the queen at the mummeries and masques; here he held Christmas revelry; here he received and entertained—or else admonished—my Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London; here were his Parliaments; here were executed many nobles; here God Himself was invited to give judgment on the ordeal of battle. In the Painted Chamber, for instance, died King Edward the Confessor; this was the council-chamber of the Normans; here Edward III. received the embassy of Pope Benedict XII.; here Charles's judges signed his death warrant; here Chatham lay in state. In the Court of Requests, close by, Richard I. heard cases as a judge; here Edward IV. kept his Christmas in 1472, and entertained the Mayor and Aldermen. In the old House of Lords Bacon was sentenced and disgraced, Somers was acquitted, Chatham was struck down. Under this hall the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot piled the barrels which were to destroy the Lords sitting in council. In Old Palace Yard died Raleigh; on the north side of Old Palace Yard lived Geoffrey Chaucer, clerk of the works. From the Confessor and Harold through five hundred years of kings and princes, for the whole history of England's Parliament, for the whole history of English law and justice, the things that belonged to these chronicles passed in this succession of halls and chambers.



Passage from St. Stephen's Chapel to the Cloister.

Thus, then, presented to you, was the Palace. You have restored the Palace of Westminster. It stands before you, plain and clear. But as yet it is a silent city—a city of the cold daybreak, a city of the sleeping. Fill it again with the living multitude—the thousands who thronged its courts—when it was the Palace of the Second Richard. Look: the men-at-arms and esquires and knights bear the cognisance—a fatal cognisance it proved to many—of the White Hart. It is the Palace of the Second Richard, whose court was the most splendid and his expenditure the most prodigal that the country had ever witnessed.

It is the third day of May, 1389. The sun rises before five and the day breaks at three at this season: long before sunrise, before daybreak, the silence of the night is broken by the rolling of the organ and the voices of the monks at lauds; long before sunrise, even so early as this, there are signs of life about the Court. Stable-boys and grooms are up already, carrying buckets of water; dogs are leaping and barking; when the sun lifts his head above the low Surrey hills and falls upon the wall and towers of the Palace, the narrow lanes are full of men slowly addressing themselves to the work

Cloister Court as it appeared after the Fire.

of the day. Clear and bright against the sky stand the buildings; huddled together they are, certainly: it is not yet a time for architectural grouping, except in the design of an abbey, which is generally placed where there is room enough and to spare. Where there is a king there is an army; there is also a place which may be attacked: therefore the smaller the circumference of the wall, the better for the defence. Besides, a Palace is like a walled city: it grows, but it cannot spread; it fills up. This hall needs another beside it; that chamber must have a gallery; this chapel must have cloisters; here let us put up a clock tower; if there are council chambers, there must also be guest chambers; the Court becomes more splendid, the Palace precinct becomes more crowded.

The place is more like a camp than a Palace. The grooms lead out the horses—there are thousands of horses in the place; in both Outer and Inner Bailly the pages—wards of the King—boys of eight or nine to sixteen, are exercising already, riding, leaping, fencing, running. In the long chambers where the archers lie upon beds of rushes and of straw the men are gathered about the doors passing round the blackjack with the morning draught. At the water gate are crowding already the boats laden with fish caught in the river and brought here daily. The servants are running to and fro; the fires are lit in kitchen and in bakery; the clerks, pen in hand and ink-bottle hanging from their belts, go round to the offices. Listen to the baying of the hounds; see the falconers bringing out their birds; here are the chained bears rolling on the ground; there go the young nobles hasting to the King's chamber,—it is the time of gorgeous raiment: half a manor is in the blue silk jacket of that young lord, one of the King's favourites. There is already, from this side or that, the tinkling of a mandoline, the scraping of a crowd; yonder fantastic group, the first to enter when the

Palace gates are thrown open, are mummers, jugglers and minstrels, who come to make sport for the archers and for the Court if the King's Highness or the Queen's most excellent Grace so wills. These people can play a mystery if needs be; or they can dress like fearful wild beasts, or dance like wild men of the woods; they have songs from France—love songs, songs for ladies—rougher songs in English for the soldiers; they can dance upon the tight rope; they can eat fire; they can juggle and play strange tricks which they have brought hither all the way from Constantinople,—at sight of them you cross yourself and whisper that it is sorcery. As for the music of the King's chamber, that is made by the King's minstrels, who wear his colours and have bouche of court. See yonder gaily dressed young man: he is a minstrel; none other can touch the harp and sing with skill so sweet; he looks on with contempt at the fantastic crew as they sweep past to the soldiers' quarters; they, too, carry their minstrel instruments with them, but their music is not his music. In the evening the minstrel will join in the crowd to see the dancing of the girls—the almond-eyed, dark-skinned girls of Syria—who follow the fortunes of the mummers and toss their round arms as they dance with strange gestures and wanton looks, at sight of which the senses swim and the brain reels and the soul yearns for things impossible.

The noise of the Palace grows; it is wide awake: the day has begun.

Outside the Palace, the road—there is now a road where there was once a marsh or shallow with a ford—is covered with an endless procession of those who make their way to the Palace and the Abbey with supplies. Here are drivers with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; here are long lines of packhorses laden with things; here are men-at-arms, the following of some great lord: this is a procession which never ceases all the year round. And on the river barges are coming down with the stream piled up, laden to the level of the water, with farm produce; and at flood-tide barges come up the stream from the Port of London, sent by the merchants whom the King despoils—yet they have their revenge—boats laden with the things for which this magnificent Court is insatiable—cloth of gold, velvet and silk; wines of France

The Star Chamber. Demolished in 1834.

and Spain and Cyprus and Gaza; spices, perfumes, inlaid armour and arms, jewels and glass and plate, and wares ecclesiastic for the outer glory of St. Peter and St. Stephen—golden cross and chalice silver gilt, and vestments such as can only be matched in the Church of St. Peter at Rome.

Also, along the Dover road, and up and down the road called Watling, and up the river and down the river, there ride day and night the King's messengers. Was there a special service of messengers? I think not: men were despatched with letters and enjoined to ride swiftly. There were neither telegraphs nor railways nor postal service, yet was the Court of every great king fully supplied with news. If it came a month after the event, so it came to all. We of to-day act on news of the moment: the statesmen of old acted on news of yesterday or yesterday fortnight. But communications with the outer world never ceased; news poured in daily from all quarters: from the Low Countries; from France and Spain; from Rome; from the Holy Land. Whatever happened was carried swiftly over Western Europe. If the king of Scotland crossed the border, in three days it was known in Westminster; if there was a rebellion in Ireland, four days brought the news to Westminster; if the Welsh harried the March, three days sufficed to bring the news to Westminster. Besides the messengers and bearers of despatches there were pilgrims who learned and carried about a vast quantity of information; there were the merchants whose ships arrived every day from Antwerp and from Sluys; and there were the foreign ships which came to London Port from the Levant and the Mediterranean.

The messengers as they arrived at the Palace of Westminster carried their letters not to the King, but to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the Duke of Gloucester, the King's uncle.

As for what follows, it is related by Francis de Winchelsea, scribe or clerk to the King's Council, the same who went always limp or halt by reason of a knee stiffened by kneeling at his work; for before the Council the clerk who writes what he is commanded must neither sit nor stand. He kneels on his left knee and writes on the other knee. Many things were secretly written by Francis which are kept in the Abbey hard by, not to see the light for many years—perhaps never—because things said and done in secret council must not be spread abroad, as the cleric Froissart spread abroad all he knew and could learn, to the injury of many reputations. Thus sayeth Francis:—

"On the morning of that day—the Induction of the Cross—it chanced that I was standing in the Cloisters of Saint Stephen, whither I often repaired for meditation. The King came forth, and with him one—I name him not—who was his companion and friend. They walked in the cloisters, I retiring to a far corner; they were deep in conversation, and they marked me not. They talked in whispers for half an hour. Then the King said aloud, 'Have no fear: this day will I reward my friends.'

"'Beau Sire,' replied the other, 'your friends have mostly lost their heads thus far. Yet to die as your Highness's friend should be reward enough.'

"'Thou shalt not die. By St. Edward's bones—when it comes to dying—— But wait.'

"Then I knew that something great was going to happen. And since whatever happens to Princes affects their subjects, I began to tremble. 'This day,' said the King. Now, there was not any Prince in the world more comely to look upon than King Richard. Since the time of David there had never been a Prince of more lovely aspect. He was then in early manhood: his chin and cheek were lightly fringed with down rather than with a beard; his face was long; his flowing hair was of a light brown; his eyes were large—I have noticed that the eyes of those who sit apart and dream are often large—yet could the King's eyes become suddenly

and swiftly terrible to meet: never yet was English King who was not terrible in his wrath. His nose was long and thin, his mouth was small and delicately shaped, the chin was not long but round and firm; his shoulders were sloping, his fingers were long. He loved, as no other great Lord ever loved, rich apparel: he commonly wore a doublet or jerkin of green embroidered with flowers, crowns and the letters of his name. He was already twenty-three years of age, yet he took no part in the affairs of his own kingdom, which was managed by his uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester; so that, if it be permitted thus to speak of a King, he was fast falling into contempt as a Roy Fainéant, one who would do nothing; and there were whispers, even in the Palace, that a king who can do nothing must, soon or late, give place to one who can. Yet I marked that the King looked ever to his archers, of whom he had four thousand, and that he entertained them royally and kept them to their loyalty. Doubtless Richard remembered the fate of this great-grandfather, Edward the Second.

"At the hour of nine, mass said and breakfast despatched, the King's Council met in Marculf's Chamber. There were present the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Hereford, the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Arundel. And I also was there, on my knee, pen in hand, ready to write.

"My Lords of the Council discoursed pleasantly of this and of that: they had no suspicion of what would happen. Nor had I guessed the King's purpose. Now learn what the Roy Fainéant did.

"While the Archbishop was speaking, without a word of warning the council door was suddenly flung open wide and the usher called out, 'My Lords—the King!'

"Then Richard stood in the doorway: upon his head he wore a crown; in his hand he carried his sceptre; on his shoulders hung the mantle of ermine, borne below by two pages; and through the door I saw a throng of armed men and heard the clink of steel. Then I understood what was about to happen.

"The Council rose and stood up. White were their cheeks and astonied were their faces.

"Good my Lord," began the Duke of Gloucester.

"The King strode across the room and took his seat upon the throne. Let no one say that Richard's eyes were soft. This morning they were like the eyes of a falcon; and the look which he cast upon his uncle betrayed the hatred in his heart and foretold the revenge that he would take. Afterwards, when I heard of the King's visit to Pleshy, I remembered that look.

"'Fair uncle,' he said: 'tell me how old am I?'

"'Your Highness,' replied the Duke, 'is now in your twenty-fourth year.'

"'Say you so? Then, fair uncle, I am now old enough to manage mine own affairs.'

"So saying, he took the Great Seal from the Archbishop, and the keys of the Exchequer from the Bishop of Hereford; from the Duke of Gloucester he took his office; he appointed new Judges; he created a new Council.

"Look you," said Francis of Winchelsea, "how secret are the counsels of the mighty! They keep their designs secret because they cannot trust their courtiers. The King made no sign when his uncles took the management of the realm into their own hands; he was not yet strong enough: he amused himself. They drove away his favourites and beheaded them; the King still made no sign: he amused himself. When the moment came he sprang up and delivered his blow. 'Twas a gallant Prince. Alas! that he was not always strong. That he compassed the death of the Duke of Gloucester no one doubts; but then the Duke had compassed the

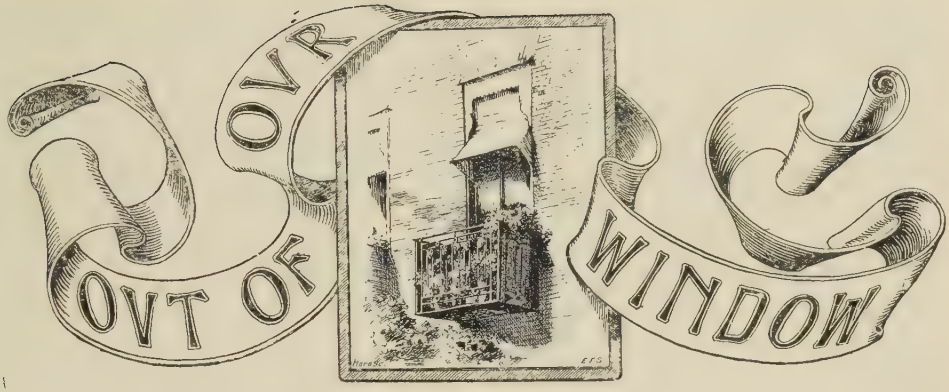
death of his friends. Twice in his life Richard was strong: on that day and another; twice was he strong.

"That night there was high revelry in the Palace: the mummers and the minstrels and the music made the Court merry; and the dancing girls moved the hearts of the young men. And the King's Fool made the courtiers laugh when he jested about the Duke's amazement and the Archbishop's discomfiture. And as for me, plain Francis the scribe, I am inclined, seeing the miseries that have since fallen upon that most puissant Prince and upon this country, to humble myself and to acknowledge the mercy of Heaven in refusing me a higher place than this of scribe. The Kings succeed; the council changes; the axe and the block are always doing their work; but the scribe remains, and were it not for the stiffness of this right knee and a growing deafness, I should have but little cause for complaint."

Here ends the manuscript of Francis de Winchelsea.

WALTER BESANT.

Collegiate Seal of St. Stephen's.



THERE are some millions of windows in London, and yet only a very few are worth living behind always or looking out of daily. Where would be the gaiety in staring for ever upon Bayswater or Bloomsbury mediocrity? I would as lief engage rooms in Holloway Gaol as in eligible mansions where half the windows command a blank wall or, at the best, a dreary court. St. John's Wood gardens, though pretty, always seem to play at being country. And, to my mind, there is not much to choose between Kensington and Brixton, between Belgravia and Southwark, so hopeless are all in their monotony.

When we go to see our friends who live in these parts, perhaps we like them the better because their windows are insignificant and dull, their rooms never looking so well as when curtains are drawn; while for us, on the contrary, our window and its world suffice. From it we see the Thames, where it takes its great swing past Somerset House and the Temple; we see the red-sailed barges slouching down with the tide and the penny steamboats working up against it; we see the dome and towers of St. Paul's, and all the spires of Wren's city, and even, though more vaguely,

Waterloo Bridge.
(From an etching published by Messrs. Boussod, Valladon & Co.)

Our Tree.

Lambeth Palace and Westminster lights above Charing Cross Bridge. "Ah, such a life, such a life, as we lead at the window here!" All day there is something to see; all evening and all night the river holds for us its private view of nocturnes.

Of course such an exceptional window is not chanced upon every day. For ours we served a seven years' apprenticeship: we could not have been more persevering had a Rachel been waiting as reward. It is no exaggeration to say that our search

Under Charing Cross Bridge.

carried us from Greenwich to St. Paul's, from St. Paul's to Chiswick Mall. For long we had our eye on a little house in Bankside, where, we were told, Mr. Besant had lodged a hero or a heroine—though I do not know that this was great inducement. We investigated Blackfriars Bridge, in the hope of stumbling upon Rossetti's old chambers. Then we took to haunting a certain Lambeth stable, simply because it had, upstairs over the horses' heads, a huge window facing the sunset. After the stable, some Chiswick windows pleased us so much that we began to bargain for a boat, since a private landing was to be rented with them.

It were pleasanter not to recall the humiliations that fell to my portion when the hunt sent us to the Embankment. It is a curious fact that half the best windows of

Barges coming up with the Tide.
(From an etching published by Messrs. Boussod, Valladon & Co.)

St. Paul's on a Spring day.

London are the monopoly of business men and "single gentlemen." Agents told me to my face that they could not be bothered with families for tenants. Elegant gold-laced porters sneered openly at the suggestion that women should be allowed about their premises. As a consequence, the occasional flats of more liberal principles placed an impossible premium upon my sex and family life, and people with bank accounts easily stepped in and captured available windows while we still haggled over the price.

It is to our credit that we never lost heart. And if, in the end, we did lose our temper, who can blame us? For one day we engaged—as a compromise: it did not quite suit us—windows in a little old panelled Westminster house that faced the river and Lambeth; the very next we found our window. We looked from it once, and that was enough. We knew that the window was made for us, that we were made for the window; and we paid to get rid of the little Westminster house as unhesitatingly as if to us money were no consideration.

Other men there have been in other days who thought our window theirs, though we know that they but held it in trust for us. Bacon, I suppose, fancied the site specially designed for him when, in the summer time, the breeze brought through his window, as it brings to us through ours, the smell of the sea and of ships, "that earnest of romance," and when, in winter, he looked up from his work to watch, as

The Lights of Charing Cross.

we watch them now, the gulls passing in a white flight. Buckingham, I have no doubt, was equally convinced that the riverside just here was created but for his orgies, though the cats of the neighbourhood, led by our unprincipled James Jn., are as certain that his water gate was built solely for their midnight revels. Pepys little dreamed that he was but preparing the way for us when he set up his library in the York House that Canaletto drew from the river with James's water gate in the foreground. The windows of York House came down in the course of time—as it was always meant that they should—to give place to ours; then, not long after, Etty amiably established himself as caretaker, and devoted himself to our window as faithfully as if it had been really his.

Since we have come into possession, we recognise in Etty's affection for it one of the finest traits in his character, one of the pleasantest incidents in his career.

A Nocturne.

His is not a name to conjure by: he was not a Constable or a Turner. If he could write R.A. after it, this, though it means much to the multitude, merely explains that a man happens to paint among his other accomplishments. Etty was almost a great painter—an artist who just did not come off. But then he had the sense, as he boasted in his old age, to enjoy "peace and happiness" behind our window for twenty-one years. Who knows? had he gone to it for motives, instead of searching Lemprière and the Scriptures, his might have been the greatness he missed by a hair's-breadth.

In Villiers Street.

In any case we owe him a debt of gratitude, and we have paid it generously: we have read through his Life by Gilchrist—no light task; in our hall we have hung his portrait — no great decoration.

Often I wonder of what use eyes were to artists in Etty's time. During the long period when he took care of our window three generations of painters, his friends and followers, must have looked from it. But how many were impressed by the river's loveliness? What charm had it for Fuseli or Sir Thomas Lawrence? Turner, it is true, knew and said there was finer scenery on the Thames than on any river in Italy, and, if he could, he would have taken our window from Etty, and it would have become for evermore the shrine of the Ruskinite. In our rooms Constable, too, we like to think (and we are careful not to consult dates), must first have been inspired to paint his Waterloo Bridge. But of the next generation, of the younger men, Maclise, Palmer, Calvert, who came to drink tea, eat muffins, and talk shop with Etty, was there one who remembered to look from the window, or, if he did, could see the picture it framed?

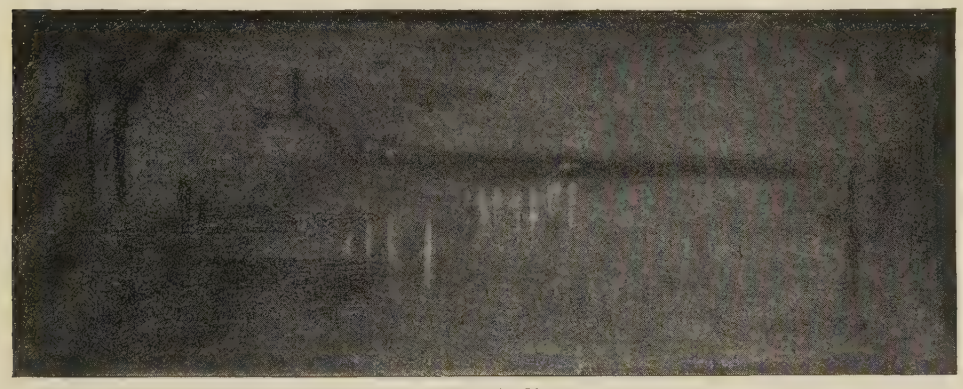
The Avenue Theatre.

And poets seemed as blind. It "was always too great a delight" to Browning to knock at our front door when he was in town—at least, so he wrote to Etty. But I have never heard of his making verses out of our window, though it is as full of beauty as Westminster Bridge, which Wordsworth thought worth a sonnet.

Not until our own time, not until the coming of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Henley, was the poetry of the Thames discovered, were its Nocturnes painted, its Voluntaries sung. And yet, sometimes now, people who envy us sigh as they look out of our window and remind us of what it must have been in Etty's times! Only the other day we had a visit from a very old man, to us a stranger, who had known Etty, and who had called, apparently, solely to tell us that there were no painters nowadays, no boats on the Thames—that, in fact, nothing of any account was left—which was not very polite on his part. Suppose, for a minute, that the river was finer in Etty's day, where was the advantage if then there was nobody to care? But the truth is, it was not finer—not a bit. It is all nonsense, this lifting of the brow in depreciation of the present, this pathos in reference to the past. Then, I know, at high tide the water washed the steps of the old gate, at low tide barges lay stranded on wide mudbanks directly below our window, as they do still below the Brewery and Shot Works opposite. But now we have the Embankment curving with the river, its line of lights by night and the gay lamps of the swift hansoms; by day, the many trees in the Gardens, so that when spring comes I can sit at

our window and, like the lady in the ballad, watch the leaves grow green. I suppose Hungerford Market was picturesque, and the knowledge that footpads lurked in the shadows of Villiers Street gave the zest of adventure to every evening ramble. But the Underground Station has brought gaiety, as well as safety, with it; the high hoardings round the stables are ablaze with posters; there is a rush of people, a jingling of hansom bells, a jangling of hurdy-gurdies, hoarse cries of newsboys, the hundred-and-one noises that go to the making of London's voice, and to the town lover are sweeter than the singing of birds in the fields, than the breaking of waves on the cliffs. And, when we are poetically inclined, we enjoy the very rumbling of the Underground trains, which shake the house, because it suggests the beating of the great heart of London.

One privilege we concede to Etty. From the leads he could watch the sunset; indeed, he once said that it was for this he took the rooms and kept them. From the leads, if we look westward, it is to stare at Charing Cross station, never a pleasing object to the eye. This is our grievance. It seems preposterous that such a window, after waiting for us so long, should have half its prospect blocked by an ugly building—a "national crime" Mr. Henry James calls it—which is very seldom of any use to us. But if we cannot see the sun set behind Westminster, we can



Lights up the River.
(From an etching published by Messrs. Boussod, Valladon & Co.)

see it rise behind St. Paul's, which is so fine a spectacle I wonder we are not up every morning of our lives to enjoy it. In Switzerland I have known J—— to turn out in the dead hours of the night, just to make himself miserable by climbing tiresome mountains or crossing tedious passes. But in London we both sleep placidly while that miracle, the dawn, charges

> "the very texture of the grey
> With something luminous and rare."

Once, and once only, was I in time for the morning performance, and then it was because I had a train to catch. Sleepy and cross though I was at the moment, there has stayed with me the impression of "a tangle of silver gleams and dusky lights," and of the white majesty of the great dome against the violet and rose of the morning sky; a memory of

> "The ancient River singing as he goes
> New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea."

And, indeed, it is an hour when all London, if we did but know and profit by it, has rare charms, and the streets are sweet as if swept clean by the night wind. I

In Villiers Street.

remember that, as I walked up toward the Strand, I met a young fresh-faced policeman holding a rose in his hand, for all the world like Will Scarlet as Mr. Howard Pyle once showed him walking through the glades of Sherwood Forest.

But, if we miss the first act, we come in for the second, when the City, like a garment, wears the beauty of the morning, and ugly Charing Cross Bridge is as dim and purple and shadowy as a Turner water-colour, and the river is a golden highway for the boats.

When I think of the boats that pass in the day, I laugh at the old man's lament over their number of old. Had there then been more, the river must often have been as blocked as Piccadilly on a June evening, or Cheapside any morning in the week. At every turn of the tide they come: the huge hay-barges with their red sails, the black coal lighters, drifting slowly, men pulling at the long oars, working along broadside on, or any way the current makes easiest, or else dragged in long lines behind the little tugs belching sable clouds. Now and then a great big sea-built steamer moves majestically by,—just room for it and no more under the arches of Waterloo Bridge. And all summer we have the penny steam-boat, suggesting cool excursions to Hampton Court or to Greenwich, which we never by any chance

take. In a black line, barges for ever lie anchored in mid-stream, while high masts break with graceful lines the bare façades of Brewery and Shot Works.

Commerce is pictorial on the river, and, for our benefit, it presents itself in a hundred-and-one different phases, each more delightful than the last. Indeed, it is in its infinite variety, due chiefly to smoke and atmosphere, that the Thames is unrivalled—that it so far surpasses all other rivers, even the Seine as it winds through Paris, or the Danube as it flows under the hills of Buda.

Sometimes I think it most effective on misty winter mornings, when the sunlight comes down leaking and filtering from its cloud ceiling, and the black barges glitter as they float by, and the most grimy details in the thick atmosphere put on richness and softness of tone as soon as they begin to recede. And then, in other moods, I

The Embankment Gardens.

recall with keener pleasure its radiance in the late summer afternoon, when the red sails are Venetian in their splendour, and the cold grey of Waterloo Bridge glows flushed and warm, and St. Paul's highest window is a flaming beacon, and every white spire "a voice of living light." It is then the band plays in the Gardens, and London seems to borrow for an interval the gay manners and customs of Paris.

But, when all is said, the river reserves its subtlest and tenderest effects for the last. It is when the people are hurrying home from work, when, in the West, winter's afternoon tea or summer's dinner keeps all indoors, that it shows its rarest beauty to us. For it is loveliest at twilight—Mr. Whistler's hour—when "the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before

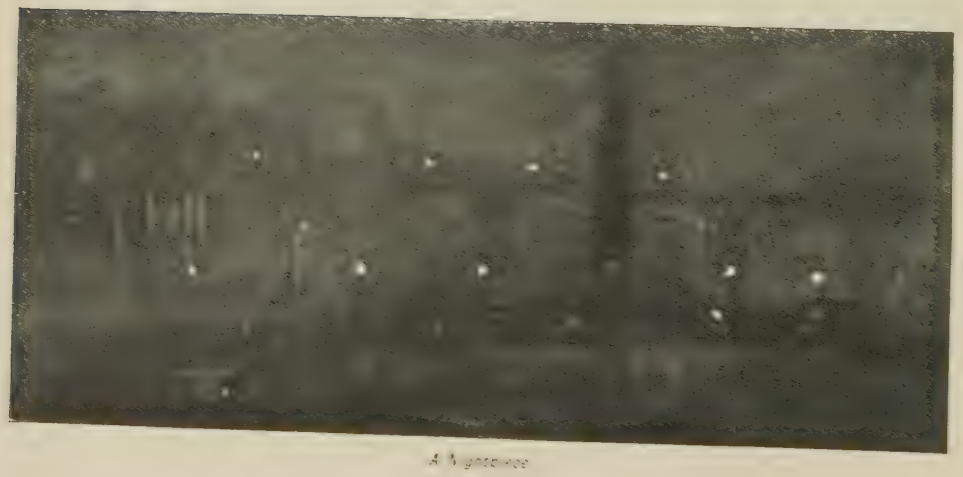
us." A blue and gold fairyland on some evenings, grey and silver on others, or again, rose and opal. And the loveliness grows with the night, if there be a moon. The golden lights curve with the Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle a tall dark shadow in their midst, and, hanging between sky and water, they cross the blue with Waterloo Bridge. Through the darkness flashes a white electric glare from Charing Cross. Green and red flare the signals on the railroad: green and red, over the water, steal the lights of a phantom boat.

Many a soft summer night, as I have leaned out of our window, life for me has rid itself of its prose and seemed all tinctured with romance. It is then I have known and loved best our

"River of Journeys, River of Dreams!"

A little more, and I should become positively sentimental!

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



A Nocturne

GUESSES AT FUTURITY.—NO. 1.
HOME LIFE IN ANNO DOMINI 2000.

Cettinge.

A FORTNIGHT IN MONTENEGRO.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MR. G. W. TAYLOR.)

WHEN in the autumn of last year I arrived at Cettinge, the statements of imaginative correspondents had led me to believe that the condition of Montenegro had somewhat altered, and that the influence of triumphant democracy had made itself felt during the period of three years which had elapsed since a former visit. My fears were unfounded. Not a single new building appeared to have been added to the one wide street of which the capital consists; the tree of justice under which the judgments of the autocrat are delivered still bloomed; the prison remained unchanged in its primitive simplicity, and an inspection of the little inn which is the pride of the Principality showed conclusively that no attempt had been made in the meantime to improve either its cleanliness or accommodation.

I was accompanied by an artistic sporting friend, whose imagination had been inflamed by reports of wonderful trout fishing; and in order that no time might be lost, we resolved to proceed at once to Podgoritza, a town near the Albanian frontier, situated on a river which, we were informed, swarmed with trout of a colossal size—so colossal, indeed, that some accounts represented the foolhardy natives as battling in the depths with these monsters for life itself.

The road from Cettinge to Podgoritza—one of the few in the country—runs

through characteristic Montenegrin scenery. On all sides rise high barren limestone hills, bare of trees and almost devoid of vegetation. Careful examination reveals occasionally, in the hollows, small stone houses surrounded by minute patches of cultivation, on which their owners maintain a precarious existence. It would be difficult to conceive a country of a poorer or more unpromising aspect, yet the Montenegrins display an affection for their native land even greater than characterises most mountaineers. It chanced to be market day at Riecka, a small town at the head of the beautiful lake of Scutari, and we met numbers of peasants driving before them flocks of sheep, goats and tiny cattle scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs. These cattle form about the only article of export in the country, and find their way eventually to Malta, where they are consumed by our garrison. All the carrying was done by the women, who plodded stolidly up and down the hills

Peasants returning from Market.

with heavy loads upon their backs, while the men stalked along unencumbered, or reclined at their ease in primitive ox-carts. The Montenegrin men present an exceptionally striking appearance, and physically are perhaps the finest race in Europe; being generally tall, well built, with good features, and possessed of a dignified demeanour rarely seen amongst the Eastern Christians, and which is doubtless due to the fact that they have always been a free people. Their costume, too, is handsome, consisting of a long white embroidered tunic, full blue breeches, with white stockings and sandals. Every able-bodied Christian in the country is liable to military service, and carries a revolver in his girdle to notify the fact. These weapons, which are long and clumsy, project at all kinds of angles from the wearer's person, and constantly threaten the vital parts of other people; to our consternation we learnt that by a Government regulation they were invariably loaded. Accidents, as may be supposed, occur not infrequently. As for the unfortunate

women, they appear to be usually plain and undersized, besides being prematurely aged by the hard work which they are compelled to undergo. Both men and women have excellent manners and are extremely courteous to strangers.

Podgoritza lies in a comparatively fertile plain close to the river Moratza, one of the feeders of the lake of Scutari. After its acquisition by Montenegro under the Treaty of Berlin, a new quarter was founded upon the opposite bank of the river, and the old portion is now inhabited almost entirely by Mussulmans, of whom there are still a good number. It is a very big place for Montenegro, with a mixed population amounting possibly to about three thousand inhabitants, and is stated to be highly prosperous. This prosperity is not very obvious to the stranger, for the new town appears to be unfinished, and the old one in an advanced stage of decay. In view of the traditional enmity which exists between Albanians and Montenegrins, it was a surprise to learn that the two races live here on

Native Ox-cart.

amicable terms with one another. A possible explanation is that the Mussulmans, who invariably decline to serve in the Montenegrin army, are not permitted to bear arms, and have therefore to submit to whatever treatment is dealt out to them.

The heat was considerable, and the thermometer during the coolest part of the night never descended below 80° ; nor was the semi-Oriental, semi-European establishment in which we lodged precisely an abode of bliss. Insects of alarming appearance and aggressive character, from huge beetles downwards, infested the room ; yelling children and marauding cats lurked on the stairs ; dogs howled unceasingly outside, while underneath fierce-looking natives, armed with revolvers and yataghans, played cards day and night, or performed upon an ancient billiard table devoid of cloth, which by some extraordinary chance had found its way to this unfashionable resort.

On proceeding to the river, we discovered that it was in most places unapproachable, owing to the lowness of the water and the extremely high perpendicular

rocks by which it was inclosed. In those portions which were accessible the natives were either fishing or bathing, and the stream abounded with cunningly devised traps. The pleasing visions of establishing an angling record which had for some time floated before me rapidly faded away, and gave place to feelings of gloom and despair. While very small success attended my efforts, which were contemplated by a deeply interested crowd of natives, my friend was more fortunate, and secured a beautiful fish of about eight pounds weight. This fish greatly resembled a salmon in shape and general appearance, but upon closer investigation proved to be undoubtedly a genuine fresh-water trout. Trout of this species are occasionally taken in traps or on night lines up to forty pounds in weight.

Pending a sporting expedition into the mountains on the Albanian frontier, we made an excursion to the monastery of Ostrok, at the head of the Zeta valley. This

Interior of House, Danilograd.

valley is the most fertile district in Montenegro, and produces fine crops of tobacco and maize. The district, however, is unhealthy and thinly inhabited; and Danilograd, half way between Podgoritza and Niksics, destined at one time to be the capital of Montenegro, is nothing but a collection of a few cottages surrounded by the crumbling foundations of projected streets.

Ostrok, picturesquely placed on a steep wooded slope, high above the river Zeta, which here emerges after a lengthy subterranean disappearance, contained at the time of our visit two monks only, who received us with extreme kindness. One of these was a well-educated man, speaking good French, who had travelled considerably, and who yet found pleasure in his secluded life—and no life contains less excitement and variety than that of a monk of the Greek Church. The chief interest at Ostrok lies in the shrine or upper monastery, half an hour's steep climb above the buildings where the monks reside and where travellers are housed. It consists of a large cavern in a

lofty perpendicular cliff approached by a single flight of stone steps. Inside, a portion of the cavern has been converted into a chapel, which contains the highly venerated remains of St. Basil, while a never-failing spring of water supplies the liquid wants of a resident hermit. Formerly, in consequence of the strength of the position, the Montenegrin Government gunpowder was stored here, and many fruitless attacks have been directed against it by the Turks. About the time of the Crimean war, the father of the present Prince, aided by thirty-four men, sustained a notable siege in this cavern against a very large Ottoman force. The Turks, besides continually assaulting it in front, climbed the overhanging cliff, and nearly succeeded in smoking out the garrison by letting down bundles of burning straw. However, the besieged were eventually relieved and the Turks defeated with great slaughter. Prince Nicholas informed me that when his respected parent emerged from his fastness he was as black as a coal. When in the war of 1877 Suleiman Pasha marched down the Zeta valley from Bosnia

Ostrok. Lower Monastery.

to Scutari and the Adriatic, he burnt the lower monastery, but either forgot or respected the shrine. The lower monastery buildings have frequently been destroyed by the Turks and as frequently rebuilt by the Montenegrins.

When the time arrived for our expedition into the mountains, my friend discovered that he had contracted one of the malarious attacks which are not uncommon in the Zeta valley district at that season of the year, and found himself obliged to return to the more bracing climate of Cettinge. An absent friend had been good enough to place two horses at my disposal, and, as I was anxious to see something of Albania, I resolved to utilise them by riding to Scutari. Various difficulties stood in the way of this apparently simple proceeding. The Turkish Government takes an especial delight in placing obstacles in the way of travellers, and insists upon elaborate papers being produced before strangers may enter this portion of the Sultan's dominions. Now, the Turkish representative at Podgoritza was nowhere to be found, and as it

was consequently impossible to obtain a correct passport, I was informed that it was highly improbable that I should be allowed to cross the frontier; next, if I were lucky enough to effect this much, my further progress depended upon whether a certain boat could be secured in which to cross a portion of the lake: lastly, my Montenegrin acquaintances, with an edifying assumption of superiority, gave me to understand that Albania was not like Montenegro, and hinted darkly at risks and dangers. However, at length the difficulties inseparable from a departure in the East were disposed of, and I started one hot morning from Podgoritza, accompanied by an intelligent Herzegovinian servant, whose picturesque national attire was completed by a pair of black spring-sided leggings, in which he manifestly took extreme pride.

A small isolated stone fort in the middle of a perfectly flat plain marked the Turkish frontier, and out of this emerged a melancholy-looking officer, accompanied by the most dilapidated soldiers it would be possible to conceive: all colour had long since faded from their uniforms; buttons and boots had alike disappeared, and no two men were alike in anything except dirt. The officer, instead of impeding my progress, courteously invited me into his wretched quarters, and regaled me with coffee and water-melons. He was, he informed me, a Bosniac, and brightened up a little when he heard that I had visited Sarajevo: his command consisted of twenty-five men, who had absolutely nothing to do, and it was obvious, from the lamentable failure which attended their efforts to shoulder arms, that little of this enforced leisure was occupied in drill. Fortunately Turks are not usually of an active disposition. At Tusi, a small town near the Lake, a custom-house examination takes place, and in front of the tumbledown buildings which do duty for Government offices was assembled a crowd of singularly wild-looking mountaineers. The ferocity of their appearance was heightened by the fashion of shaving the fore part of the head and wearing long elf locks behind: all were heavily armed, and carried long guns or Turkish military rifles and numerous cartridge belts, besides knives and yataghans.

The Caimakan presently appeared upon the scene, and invited me to the Konak to partake of refreshments. He was of Kurdish origin, and unable to speak any European language; nevertheless he seemed to be a man of considerable energy, and dictated numerous telegraphic messages to a scribe, who laboriously wrote down the words upon a slip of paper held perpendicularly in the left hand. Three peasants and one or two soldiers had been killed in a disturbance during the previous night, which perhaps accounted for this display of official activity. The Caimakan, to my agreeable surprise, permitted my modest bag to pass without inspection, and bade me continue my journey in peace. Strangers are rarely seen on this route, and the crowd watched my start with evident interest; judging by the expression of their countenances they appeared to be of opinion that I was getting away much too easily: their looks however, belied them, for although these Albanians are a somewhat truculent lot, they reserve their ferocity for one another, or for their Montenegrin enemies. Indeed, I experienced extreme civility from the most disreputable-looking Mussulmans, and they occasionally even carried their friendship so far as to insist on my partaking of *raki* at their expense.

After riding for some time through an almost uninhabited country, we arrived at a dismal swamp, and upon investigation it appeared to me that my journey had come to an untimely end, for although the all-important boat was not absent, it turned out to be a species of exaggerated canoe, the high sides of which projected several feet above the surface of the water, while the only means of approach was over a heap of big, loose, sharp-pointed stones. How the horses were to be embarked passed my comprehension;

horses in Turkey, however, have to go through a good deal which is not expected of them in more civilised countries, and with the assistance of some soldiers and various promiscuous loafers they were eventually induced to leap like goats into the crazy craft, and once there to remain absolutely motionless. But when on board, all difficulties were not ended, for the boat was fast aground; and when at length we did succeed in getting afloat, the boatmen, encumbered with many weapons, did not appear particularly proficient in their calling, facing one another instead of rowing like ordinary human beings, and working their clumsy paddles with barbaric independence. The channel, too, was narrow and tortuous, being contracted by dense masses of water-lilies and other aquatic vegetation, from which pelicans, herons, bitterns and all kinds of water-fowl rose continually. From time to time we diverged in pursuit of these birds, and when one of the men who had loaded his rifle with small shot at last succeeded in disabling a duck, the victim's throat was promptly cut, amidst general rejoicing. After meandering for some hours through the marsh—a proceeding which might have been avoided by the repairing of a small bridge—we reached a spot where it was possible to disembark the horses and set off again on firm ground. Here, too, there was extremely little cultivation, though the soil seemed fertile enough; occasionally we traversed the dry beds of rivers, in some of which I was interested at recognising streams which had been particularly recommended for the excellent fishing obtainable at that season of the year. Everything suggested poverty and decay, and the peasants going about their work armed to the teeth seemed the incarnation of suspicion and insecurity. As we advanced we met small parties of soldiers hurrying up to the scene of some disturbance; and I observed that in no instance had the authorities thought it necessary to provide them with packs, or in fact with anything except arms and amunition. Amongst others was a splendid Albanian chief, accompanied by followers on foot, the head of the tribe to which the mountaineers slain at Tusi belonged.

It was curious to note that in this district the Mussulman and Christian women seem to have exchanged customs, for whereas the latter go about veiled, the former remain uncovered; and one of them, much to my surprise, actually entered into conversation and drew water for us from a well.

Scutari at length was reached, and I took up my abode in the house of an Englishman, whose name is a household word in Albania, and thanks to whose popularity I had been enabled to pass the frontier so easily.

The Albanian capital is a big, straggling town of about forty thousand inhabitants, situated at the extreme western end of the lake. Its wealth and commercial importance have greatly diminished since the Russo-Turkish war, for the trade which formerly existed with Antivari and the coast on the one side, and with the Podgoritza district on the other, has almost entirely disappeared since the cession of these places to Montenegro. It is marked by the forlorn and decayed appearance which characterises most Turkish cities, nor is there much chance of a return to prosperity under present circumstances, although there is frequent vague talk about railways, concessions, etc. The fact is that the Turk, though possessed of less intelligence than most people, has at length begun to realise that before very long he will be robbed of his remaining European possessions, and consequently does not see the advantage of improving his property for the benefit of natural enemies.

Scutari, though depressed, is picturesque and interesting. It is one of the most thoroughly Oriental-looking cities in Europe, and with a very slight exercise of fancy the stranger might easily imagine himself in the centre of Asia. In spite of the size of the town there is only about half a mile of carriage road, and the streets

consist of narrow alleys, full of dust and loose stones in the dry season, and forming quagmires and morasses during the rest of the year. Persons in European clothes are rare, and the varieties of native costume immense—from chiefs resplendent in snowy fustanellas and gold embroideries to savage-looking Miridites in filthy rags. The bazaar, though large, possesses no especial feature of interest, and the most attractive shops are those where the manufacture of arms is carried on and where the long flint-lock guns are still made. In spite of the dulness of trade the sale of weapons at the time of my visit appeared to be fairly brisk, and even small boys might be seen bargaining for guns and thrusting them, although generally loaded, into the faces of passers-by.

Northern Albania is a lawless place, and in Scutari itself no exaggerated importance attaches to the value of human life; during my short stay several vendetta murders took place, and were treated merely as incidents in the course of every-day life. But the normal condition of Scutari is regularity itself compared to the state of things which prevails in the neighbourhood and in the mountain districts.

Within the city the Turkish Government is indeed supreme, and the administration is probably no better or worse than that of other towns in the empire; but in the interior of Albania the Sultan scarcely preserves the merest semblance of authority, and the various tribes are actually represented at the capital by their respective chiefs. The mountaineers consequently indulge in their favourite feuds and vendettas to their hearts' content, and it is stated that considerably less than a quarter of the adult male population die a natural death. In spite of their turbulence and homicidal inclinations, those persons who have had the best opportunities of judging the natives of North Albania entertain a high opinion of their good qualities, and assert, what may very possibly be quite true—viz., that the town residents are much superior in industry and intelligence to the Montenegrins.

There is a large garrison in Scutari, and I witnessed the usual Friday parade in honour of the Sultan. A truly sorry sight it was: men slouching about in shapeless rags; shoeless, buttonless, round-backed, dejected-looking beings; some young and half grown, others old and feeble; officers scarcely distinguishable from their men, and a band discoursing melancholy music in a manner which would have disgraced the Salvation Army. Seldom have I seen anything more pitiful or indeed pathetic; and it seemed incredible that such men, without pay and without assistance from their leaders, should have been able to hold in check for many months one of the most powerful military nations in the world, aided by Roumanians, Servians, Greeks and Montenegrins. Miserable though the condition of the Turkish troops appears to be in Albania, their lot is said to be better than one would imagine: they are fairly well fed, and though they seldom receive any pay have little work to do, and are consequently able to indulge in the idleness dear to most Orientals.

The extreme popularity of my British host invested me with a kind of fictitious importance, and whenever I went out natives continually rushed up, and after inquiring effusively after the health and affairs of their absent friend insisted upon my partaking of their hospitality. The consumption of light refreshments during the course of a day was consequently enormous; nor were these entirely unwelcome, for the thermometer stood at considerably over 90° in the shade. One distinguished Mussulman family entertained me at dinner, and after apologising for the modesty of the repast produced a banquet of at least twenty-five courses. Turkish dishes, which consist largely of oily messes varied by sticky sweetmeats and sour salads, do not usually commend themselves to European palates; nor is it easy to sit cross-legged and eat without knives and forks in a dignified manner until accustomed to the process. For

my part, on such occasions I seldom succeed in obtaining any but the most unappetising morsels. The amount consumed by my Albanian hosts was absolutely prodigious: whole dishes disappeared down their throats as if by magic, and as it is a breach of etiquette to refuse anything, I was constrained not only to try all that appeared, but to swallow extra portions imposed upon me by the ill-advised hospitality of my friends. White-robed attendants hovered around, and occasionally appropriated delicacies which attracted their fancy, or slaked their thirst from the solitary water-bottle. All things come to an end at last—even a Mussulman banquet—and my worthy entertainers, being completely gorged, settled themselves for sleep and permitted me to depart with many expressions of good will.

It is not a particularly easy matter to get into this part of Turkey at any time, owing to the various police and customs regulations; nor is departure so simple a matter as might be imagined, and when I announced my intention of leaving for Montenegro it was intimated to me that there would be considerable difficulty in passing the few books in my possession.

As they consisted chiefly of dictionaries, it did not appear to me that they constituted any particular danger; but the authorities look upon all book-carrying with extreme suspicion, and either confiscate the works or send them to Constantinople for investigation, whence they seldom reappear. Through the good offices, however, of an influential local personage, I was favoured with a special permit by the Vali, and having thus successfully evaded the Custom House, secured a small open boat, manned by three Albanians, who undertook to row me across the lake to Riecka. At the last moment a black officer and a zaptich insisted upon accompanying me, and I began to fear that they had been despatched for the purpose of book hunting; a moment's reflection, however, convinced me that they had merely come with the object of extorting backsheesh, and at the earliest opportunity I disembarked them with a gratuity amounting to about three shillings, a munificence for which they expressed the utmost gratitude, coupled with the most fervent wishes for my future welfare. In order to avoid the extreme heat we had started in the evening; the distant mountains glowed in the rays of the setting sun; the blue surface of the lake changed to a golden hue, and as I gazed upon the ancient citadel of Scutari and listened to the cries of the muezzins borne across the placid waters, I wondered who were destined to succeed the Moslem masters of the land. Night fell, and my speculations gave place to slumber: when I awoke I discovered that the crew, apparently thinking that sufficient progress had been made, had run the boat ashore and were fast asleep. It required energetic persuasion to induce them to continue the journey, for they were obviously unable to understand why any one should want to arrive anywhere by a particular hour; this inability to grasp the value of time has led to the abandonment of the solitary trading steamer, which plied at one time between Scutari and Riecka, although unfavourable weather frequently causes the rowing boats to occupy a week over the voyage. The sun was high in the heavens as we approached the rugged Montenegrin shore and threaded our way through the huge solid mass of water-lilies which cover the whole eastern extremity of the lake. Riecka was reached in the morning, and later in the day I found myself back in Cettinge, with the prospect of passing some little time there, as my companion was not yet sufficiently strong to undertake a long journey.

The Montenegrin capital is, as every one knows, the smallest metropolis in Europe, and resembles a village in the Scottish Highlands more than anything else—a kind of Ballater in reduced circumstances. It contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and possesses few objects of architectural interest. There is a miniature palace, an

ancient convent, a tower upon which until recent years the decapitated heads of Turks were exposed to view, an empty museum, a singularly inferior inn, and a prison. The prisoners are generally on view outside this building, smoking and conversing with their friends; some of them, as shown in the illustration, are heavily manacled, but many are unencumbered and apparently unguarded. However, they seldom or never attempt to escape, and appear on the whole not discontented with their lot.

Within a very small space are situated the palace, the inn, the public offices and the residences of the Foreign Representatives. Possibly in order to vary their somewhat monotonous existence, the latter interchange the most elaborate formalities, and, though living close to one another, never meet without exclamations of joyful surprise, or separate without expressions of the highest mutual esteem. For my part, I used to effusively shake hands with each of my acquaintances at least a dozen times in the course of the day.

Prisoners: Cettinge.

With the laudable intention of deriving some mental profit from my visit, I called one day upon the Minister of Finance. This gentleman, habited in a gorgeous costume of white and green, I found making up the national accounts, with a loaded revolver by his side. Finance, as a rule, is not a fascinating study; but the Montenegrin system is engaging by reason of its delightful simplicity. The country is divided into various districts under "captains": these captains collect the taxes and send their respective contributions into the capital once a year on horseback. The Minister of Finance locks the whole amount up in a big box (which to my great regret I was not permitted to inspect), the Prince then appropriates whatever sum he considers necessary, and the remainder goes to pay the salaries of officials and to meet the ordinary expenses of a Government. What more practical arrangement could be devised?

The whole revenue of Montenegro, including an annual Russian subsidy, which

is believed to amount to about £5000, is only about £40,000 a year; and it is stated that on one occasion, when the Prince found it necessary to withdraw a large proportion for travelling expenses abroad, the cash remaining in the national treasury did not exceed £20.

I visited also the Montenegrin Supreme Court of Justice—a bare room where stalwart peasants wrangled vigorously with the three judges, who try everything, from an assault case to an action for divorce. There are no counsel, no clerks and no solicitors in the whole country, nor did I learn that the absence of these personages is ever felt or regretted. Most persons of a practical disposition who are involved in legal difficulties prefer to be dealt with by the Prince, who occasionally sits under a tree outside his palace and administers paternal justice with an even hand. Prince Nicholas, indeed, is the most interesting institution in Montenegro, and it would be almost impossible to discover any person so well adapted for the part

The Palace: Cettinge.

which he plays. For my part I look upon the Czar's "Only Friend" as one of the most enviable potentates in existence. True, his territory is exiguous, but then no one wants to take it from him; he is not rich, but his expenses are small, and the court could probably be run comfortably upon £1000 a year; his big neighbours the Emperor of Austria and the Sultan cultivate his friendship in consequence of the trouble which he is capable of inflicting upon them; he benefits by every rearrangement of the map of Europe; he has no House of Commons or representative institutions of any kind to reckon with; is his own Prime Minister, Commander-in-chief and Lord Chancellor; and there exists no irreverent press to criticise his actions. In a word, he is master in his own house. What more can the heart of man desire?

Prince Nicholas is a fine, handsome man, of well-preserved middle age and dignified presence, whose stalwart proportions are well set off by the national costume. Educated in Paris, he speaks excellent French and has admirable manners. That he possesses

exceptional political skill is shown not only by the perfect peace and order which prevail throughout his realm and by the large accessions of territory which Montenegro has obtained of late years, but also by his relations with his neighbours. The Sclavs in the surrounding countries look to him as their natural leader; the Czar lends him money and his protection; the Austrian Government treats him with profound respect; while his natural enemy, the Sultan, anxious for propitiation at any price, lavishes upon him gifts of the most costly description, from jewels and palaces on the Bosphorus to boxes of cigarettes. Just before my visit a complete equipment for a squadron of cavalry, with instructors into the bargain, had arrived as a present from Constantinople, the Sultan being apparently quite indifferent to the fact that his gift would inevitably be used against himself.

Prince Nicholas, however, is not merely a politician, but cultivates literary and artistic tastes, writes poetry, inspires subjects for painters and sculptors, and composes tragedies, which meet with much success when given at Cettinge. Who, indeed, ever heard of an autocrat proving an artistic or literary failure?

In common with some other persons who occupy despotic positions, Prince Nicholas professes that he is animated by strong Liberal principles, and he entertains an especial admiration for Mr. Gladstone. Once, when expatiating to me upon the subject of his orthodox Liberalism, I ventured to ask the explanation of what appeared to me a slight inconsistency. How was it that many amongst the most heavily chained prisoners at Cettinge appeared to be in durance because they professed themselves to be Liberals? His Highness was quite prepared with his explanation.

"I am a Liberal," he replied, "and there is no objection to personal rulers and potentates being Liberals; but all properly conducted subjects should be Conservatives, and I intend that mine shall, at all events."

Not altogether in vain, I thought, had he studied the idiosyncracies of the object of his political admiration.

All great men have their failings, and Prince Nicholas' little weakness is that he imagines himself an authority upon British politics.

"Why are you not in favour of Home Rule?" he inquired of me upon another occasion. "I cannot understand any one objecting to it."

"You have, Sir," I replied, "in the Podgoritza district and elsewhere, a large number of Mussulman-Albanian subjects. If these people agitated for separation, what would you do?"

"If they agitated!" exclaimed his Highness, in a tone of stupefaction: "if any subject of mine agitated for anything at all, I would very soon show him who was master here!"

One day, when various foreign representatives and high officials were present, Mr. Gladstone again formed the topic of conversation.

"I have but one thing to reproach that illustrious man with," remarked the Prince in an oracular manner. Every one listened intently, for it was felt that an important declaration was coming. "Yes," he continued, "Mr. Gladstone has now been a long time in office, and has done nothing yet to discover Jack the Ripper."

Life at the Montenegrin court, like everything else in the country, is free and unconstrained. In the summer-time, when the great heat of the day is over, the Prince and his family betake themselves to the palace garden, and receive the diplomatic corps and the principal native personages. A casual remark of mine at one of the gatherings enabled us to witness a display of Prince Nicholas' physical powers. Having despatched an official of high rank to fetch a huge stone, he proceeded to hurl it about in almost professional style, and then commanded the assembled company to do the same. Instantly ministers, officers of high rank and

the foreign representatives were all busily engaged in attempting the feat, with more or less success; and I observed, without surprise, that the only person who had the ill grace to surpass the ruler's throw was the envoy of a republic.

Amongst his other accomplishments, Prince Nicholas is a notably good shot, and described to me how in former years he was in the habit of shooting cigarettes from his subjects' lips at a distance of nearly a hundred yards.

"But that," he added negligently, "is nothing to what I can do with a cannon: during the Turkish war I annihilated whole companies."

With a little encouragement I believe he would have exercised his skill by shooting apples off the heads of his ministers. An opportunity was afforded me of witnessing this exceptional skill, for Prince Nicholas was kind enough to invite me to accompany him on a sporting expedition into the interior of the country. The fear of the Whips was, however, before my eyes, and I was obliged to plead the necessity of a return to Parliamentary duties, with a view to voting against the Home Rule Bill.

"Why should that prevent you?" was the hospitable reply; "I will write to Mr. Gladstone and obtain special permission for you to stay."

Nothing, in fact, could exceed the civility and friendliness of Prince Nicholas. Long may he reign and prosper—a model to autocrats all over the universe!

It is to be feared, however, that the prosperity of Montenegro is scarcely well assured at the present moment. Since the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and the decisions of the Berlin Congress, the condition of the country has greatly changed. Prior to that period the Montenegrins may be said to have been merely a horde of mountaineers, who possessed little but their own barren rocks. They lived in a state of perpetual warfare with the Turks, and practically followed no occupation but that of fighting. Now, under the awards of the Berlin Treaty, they possess large districts of fertile territory which formerly belonged to the Turks, and they have also acquired the two seaports of Antivari and Dulcigno. All things considered, the Montenegrins have been exceedingly well treated by Europe—too well, many people probably think—but owing to various causes, and to the fuss made over the ridiculous Dulcigno affair, which gave them an exaggerated idea of their own importance, they expected even more. Consequently the occupation by Austria of Bosnia and the Herzegovina was a severe blow to the national aspirations. These two provinces had always in the past formed the happy hunting grounds of Montenegrin filibusters, and by force of habit they had come to look upon them as their natural heritage. Now at one fell swoop this agreeable illusion disappeared, in all probability for ever.

It is difficult to pronounce an opinion of any value with respect to a country where commerce can scarcely be said to exist, and where no statistics of any kind are to be obtained; but it may be safely predicted that the Montenegrins are not likely to be the losers in any future partition of territory in south-eastern Europe. Whether deservedly or not, Prince Nicholas will probably be presented with more Albanian territory and more industrious Albanian subjects whenever the Sick Man's European possessions are once more divided amongst his neighbours, and by these means the difficulties of his country will be again tided over.

Meanwhile, people with a taste for travel might do worse than pay a visit to Montenegro; they will not meet with luxurious accommodation, but at all events they will find perfect security, a picturesque country, an interesting and attractive race, and—what is becoming a rapidly increasing rarity—a paternal autocracy in full working order.

T. W. Legh.

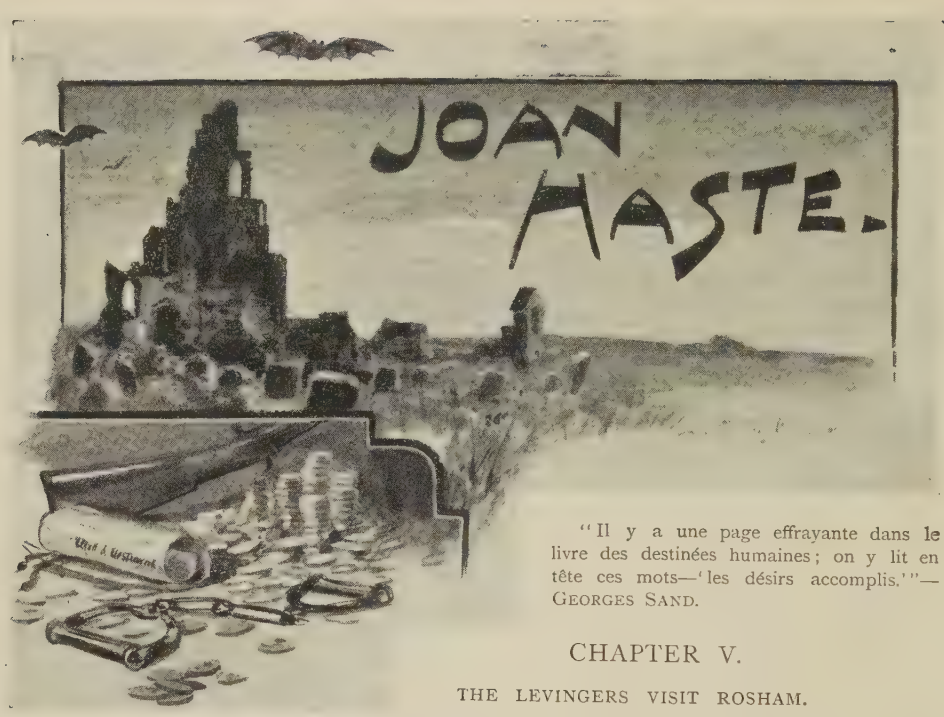
OUTWARD BOUND.

OUTWARD BOUND.

I LEAVE behind me the elm-shadowed square
And carven portals of the silent street,
And wander on with listless, vagrant feet
Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air
Smells of the sea, and straightway then the care
Slips from my heart, and life once more is sweet.
At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee far—
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;
Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!
'Tis but an instant hence to Zanzibar,
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;
Ionian Isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BOSTON, U.S.A.



"Il y a une page effrayante dans le livre des destinées humaines; on y lit en tête ces mots—'les désirs accomplis.'"—GEORGES SAND.

CHAPTER V.

THE LEVINGERS VISIT ROSHAM.

SELDOM did Henry Graves spend a more miserable night than on this occasion of his return to Rosham. He had expected to find his father's affairs in evil case, but the reality was worse than anything that he had imagined. The family was absolutely ruined—thanks to his poor brother's wickedness, for no other word was strong enough to describe his conduct—and now it seemed that the remedy suggested for this state of things was that he should marry the daughter of their principal creditor. That was why he had been forced to leave the Navy and dragged home from the other side of the world. Henry laughed as he thought of it, for the situation had a comical side. Both in stories and in real life it is common enough for the heroine of the piece to be driven into these dilemmas, in order to save the honour or credit of her family; but it is unusual to hear of such a choice being thrust upon a man, perhaps because, when they chance to meet with them, men keep these adventures to themselves.

Henry tried to recall the appearance of the young lady; and after a while a vision of her came back to him. He remembered a pale-faced, silent girl, with an elegant figure, large grey eyes, dark lashes, and absolutely flaxen hair, who sat in the corner of the room and watched everybody and everything almost without speaking, but who, through her silence, or perhaps on account of it, had given him a curious impression of intensity.

This was the woman that his family expected him to marry, and, as his sister seemed to suggest, who, directly or indirectly, had intimated a willingness to marry him! Ellen said, indeed, that she was "half in love" with him, which was absurd. How could Miss Levinger be to any degree whatsoever in love with a person whom she knew so slightly? If there were truth in the tale at all, it seemed more probable that she was consumed by a strange desire to become Lady Graves at some future time; or perhaps her father was a victim to the desire and she a tool in his hands. Although personally he had met him little, Henry remembered some odds and ends of information about Mr. Levinger now, and as he lay unable to sleep he set himself to piece them together.

In substance this is what they amounted to: many years ago Mr. Levinger

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had appeared in the neighbourhood; he was then a man of about thirty, very handsome and courteous in his manners, and, as it was rumoured, of good birth. It was said that he had been in the Army and seen much service; but whether this were true or no, obviously he did not lack experience of the world. He settled himself at Bradmouth, lodging in the house of one Johnson, a smack owner; and, being the best of company and an excellent sportsman, gradually, by the help of Sir Reginald Graves, who seemed to take an interest in him and employed him to manage the Rosham estates, he built up a business as a land agent, out of which he supported himself—for, to all appearance, he had no other means of subsistence.

One great gift Mr. Levinger possessed—that of attracting the notice and even the affection of women; and, in one way and another, this power proved to be the foundation of his fortunes. At length, to the secret sorrow of sundry ladies of his acquaintance, he put a stop to his social advancement by contracting a glaring *mésalliance*, taking to wife a good-looking but homely girl, Emma Johnson, the only child of his landlord the smack owner. Thereupon local society, in which he had been popular so long as he remained single, shut its doors upon him, nor did the ladies with whom he had been in such favour so much as call upon Mrs. Levinger.

When old Johnson the smack owner died, a few months after the marriage, and it became known that he had left a sum variously reported at from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds behind him, every farthing of which his daughter and her husband inherited, society began to understand, however, that there had been method in Mr. Levinger's madness.

Owing, in all probability, to the carelessness of the local lawyer, the terms of Johnson's will were somewhat peculiar. All the said Johnson's property, real and personal, was strictly settled under this will upon his daughter Emma for life, then upon her husband, George Levinger, for life, with remainder "to the issue of the body of the said George Levinger lawfully begotten."

The effect of such a will would be that, should Mrs. Levinger die childless, her husband's children by a second marriage would inherit her father's property, though, should she survive her husband, apparently she would enjoy a right of appointment of the fund, even though she had no children by him. As a matter of fact, however, these issues had not arisen, since Mrs. Levinger predeceased her husband, leaving one child, who was named Emma after her.

As for Mr. Levinger himself, his energy seemed to have evaporated with his, pecuniarily speaking, successful marriage. At any rate, so soon as his father-in-law died, abandoning the land agency business, he retired to a comfortable red brick house situated on the sea shore in a very lonely position some four miles south of Bradmouth, and known as Monk's Lodge, which had come to him as part of his wife's inheritance. Here he lived in complete retirement; for now that local society had dropped him he seemed to have no friends. Nor did he try to make any, but was content to occupy himself in the management of a large farm, and in the more studious pursuits of reading and archæology.

The morrow was a Saturday. At breakfast Ellen remarked casually that Mr. and Miss Levinger were to arrive at the Hall about six o'clock, and were expected to stay over the Sunday.

"Indeed," replied Henry, in a tone which did not suggest anxiety to enlarge upon the subject.

But Ellen, who had also taken a night for reflection, would not let him escape thus. "I hope that you mean to be civil to these people, Henry?" she said interrogatively.

"I trust that I am civil to everybody, Ellen."

"Yes, no doubt," she replied, in her quiet, persistent voice; "but you see there are ways *and* ways of being civil. I am not sure that you have quite realised the position."

"Oh yes, I have—thoroughly. I am expected to marry this lady, that is, if she is foolish enough to take me in payment of what my father owes to hers. But I tell you, Ellen, that I do not see my way to it at present."

"Please don't get angry, dear," said Ellen more gently; "I dare say that such a notion is unpleasant enough, and in a way—well, degrading to a proud man. Of course no one can force you to marry her if you don't wish to, and the whole business will probably fall through. All I beg is that you will cultivate these people a little, and give the matter fair consideration. For my part I think that it would be much more degrading to allow our father to become bankrupt at his age than for you to marry a good and clever girl like Emma Levinger. However, of course I am only a woman, and have no 'sense of honour,' or at least one that is not strong enough to send my family to the workhouse when by a little self-sacrifice I could keep them out of it."

And with this sarcasm Ellen left the room before Henry could find words to reply to her.

That morning Henry walked with his mother to the church in order to inspect his brother's grave—a melancholy and dispiriting duty—the more so, indeed, because his sense of justice would not allow him to acquit the dead man of conduct that, to his strict integrity, seemed culpable to the verge of dishonour. On their homeward way Lady Graves also began to talk about the Levingers.

"I suppose you have heard, Henry, that Mr. Levinger and his daughter are coming here this afternoon?"

"Yes, mother; Ellen told me."

"Indeed. You will remember Miss Levinger, no doubt. She is a nice girl in every sense; your dear brother used to admire her very much."

"Yes, I remember her a little; but Reginald's tastes and mine were not always similar."

"Well, Henry, I hope that you will like her. It is a delicate matter to speak about, even for a mother to a son, but you know now how terribly indebted we are to the Levingers, and of course if a way could be found out of our difficulties it would be a great relief to me and to your dear father. Believe me, my boy, I do not care so much about myself; but I wish, if possible, to save him from further sorrow. I think that very little would kill him now."

"See here, mother," said Henry bluntly: "Ellen tells me that you wish me to marry Miss Levinger for family reasons. Well, in this matter, as in every other, I will try to oblige you if I can; but I cannot understand what grounds you have for supposing that the young lady wishes to marry me. So far as I can judge, she might take her fortune to a much better market."

"I don't quite know about it, Henry," answered Lady Graves, with some hesitation. "I gathered, however, that, when he came here after you had gone to join your ship about eighteen months ago, Mr. Levinger told your father, with whom you know he has been intimate since they were both young, that you were a fine fellow, and had taken his fancy as well as his daughter's. Also I believe he said that if only he could see her married to such a man as you are he should die happy, or words to that effect."

"Rather a slight foundation to build all these plans on, isn't it, mother? In eighteen months her father may have changed his mind, and Miss Levinger may have seen a dozen men whom she likes better. Here comes Ellen to meet us, so let us drop the subject."

About six o'clock that afternoon Henry, returning from a walk on the estate, saw

a strange dogcart being run into the coach-house, from which he inferred that Mr. and Miss Levinger had arrived. Wishing to avoid the appearance of curiosity, he went straight to his room, and did not return downstairs till within a few minutes of the dinner-hour. The large and rather ill-lighted drawing-room seemed to be empty when he entered, and Henry was about to seat himself with an expression of relief, for his temper was none of the best this evening, when a rustling in a distant corner attracted his attention. Glancing in the direction of the noise, he perceived a female figure seated in a big arm-chair reading.

"Why don't you come to the light, Ellen?" he said. "You will ruin your eyes."

Again the figure rustled, and the book was shut up; then it rose and advanced towards him timidly—a delicate figure dressed with admirable taste in pale blue, having flaxen hair, a white face, large and beseeching grey eyes, and tiny hands with tapering fingers. At the edge of the circle of lamplight the lady halted, overcome apparently by shyness, and stood still, while her pale face grew gradually from white to pink and from pink to red. Henry also stood still, being seized with a sudden and most unaccountable nervousness. He guessed that this must be Miss Levinger—in fact, he remembered her face—but not one single word could he utter; indeed, he seemed unable to do anything except regret that he had not waited upstairs till the dinner-bell rang. There is this to be said in excuse of his conduct, that it is somewhat paralysing to a modest man unexpectedly to find himself confronted by the young woman whom his family desire him to marry.

"'I think that we have met before.'"

"How do you do?" he ejaculated at last: "I think that we have met before." And he held out his hand.

"Yes, we have met before," she answered shyly and in a low voice, touching his sun-browned palm with her delicate fingers, "when you were at home last Christmas year."

"It seems much longer ago than that," said Henry—"so long that I wonder you remember me."

"I do not see so many people that I am likely to forget one of them," she answered, with a curious little smile. "I dare say that the time seemed long to you, abroad in new countries; but to me, who have not stirred from Monk's Lodge, it is like yesterday."

"Well, of course that does make a difference;" then, hastening to change the subject, he added, "I am afraid I was very rude; I thought that you were my sister. I can't imagine how you can read in this light, and it always vexes me to see people trying their eyes. If you had ever kept a night watch at sea you would understand why."

"I am accustomed to reading in all sorts of lights," Emma answered.

"Do you read much, then?"

"I have nothing else to do. You see I have no brothers or sisters, no one at all except my father, who keeps very much to himself; and we have few neighbours round Monk's Lodge—at least, few that I care to be with," she added, blushing again.

Henry, remembering having heard that the Levingers were considered to be outside the pale of what is called society, did not pursue this branch of the subject.

"What do you read?" he asked.

"Oh, anything and everything. We have a good library, and sometimes I take up one class of reading, sometimes another; though perhaps I get through more history than anything else, especially in the winter, when it is too wretched to go out much. You see," she added by way of explanation, "I like to know about human nature and other things, and books teach me in a second-hand kind of way," and she stopped suddenly, for just then Ellen entered the room, looking very handsome in a low-cut black dress that showed off the whiteness of her neck and arms.

"What, are you down already, Miss Levinger!" she said, "and with all your things to unpack too. You *do* dress quickly,"—and she looked critically at her visitor's costume. "Let me see: do you and Henry know each other, or must I introduce you?"

"No, we have met before," said Emma.

"Oh yes! I remember now. Surely you were here when my brother was on leave last time." At this point Henry smiled grimly and turned away to hide his face. "There is not going to be any dinner-party, you know. Of course we couldn't have one even if we wished at present, and there is no one to ask if we could. Everybody is in London at this time of the year. Mr. Milward is positively the only creature left in these parts, and I believe mother has asked him. Ah! here he is."

As she spoke the butler opened the door and announced—"Mr. Milward."

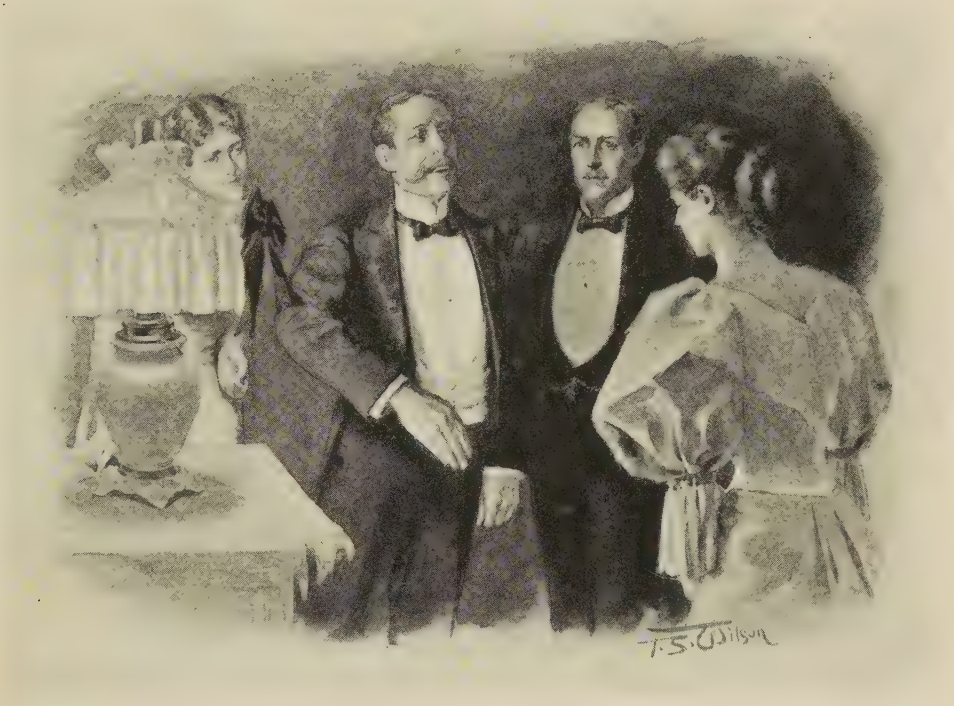
Mr. Milward was a tall and good-looking young man, with bold prominent eyes and a receding forehead, as elaborately dressed as the plain evening attire of Englishmen will allow. His manner was confident, his self-appreciation great, and his tone towards those whom he considered his inferiors in rank or fortune patronising to the verge of insolence. In short, he was a coarse-fibred person, puffed up by the pride of his possessions, and by the flattery of women who desired to secure him in marriage, either themselves or for some friend or relation.

"What an insufferable man!" was Henry's inward comment, as his eyes fell upon him entering the room; nor did he change his opinion on further acquaintance.

"How do you do, Mr. Milward?" said Ellen, infusing the slightest possible inflection of warmth into her commonplace words of greeting. "I am so glad that you were able to come."

"How do you do, Miss Graves? I had to telegraph to Lady Fisher, with whom I was going to dine to-night in Grosvenor Square, to say that I was ill and could not travel to town. I only hope she won't find me out, that is all."

"Indeed!" answered Ellen, with a touch of irony: "Lady Fisher's loss is our gain, though I think that you would have found Grosvenor Square more amusing than Rosham. Let me introduce you to my brother, Captain Graves, and to Miss Levinger."



"'What an insufferable man!' was Henry's inward comment."

Mr. Milward favoured Henry with a nod, and turning to Emma said, "Oh! how do you do, Miss Levinger? So we meet at last. I was dreadfully disappointed to miss you when I was staying at Cringleton Park in December. How is your mother, Lady Levinger? Has she got rid of her neuralgia?"

"I think that there is some mistake," said Emma, visibly shrinking before this bold, assertive man: "I have never been at Cringleton Park in my life, and my mother, *Mrs.* Levinger, has been dead many years."

"Oh, indeed: I apologise. I thought that you were Miss Levinger of Cringleton, the great heiress who was away in Italy when I stayed there. You see, I remember hearing Lady Levinger say that there were no other Levingers."

"I am afraid that I am a living contradiction to Lady Levinger's assertion," answered Emma, flushing and turning aside.

Ellen, who had been biting her lip with vexation, was about to intervene, fearing lest Mr. Milward should make further inquiries, when the door opened and Mr. Levinger entered, followed by her father and mother. Henry took the opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Levinger to study his appearance somewhat closely—an attention that he noticed was reciprocated.

Mr. Levinger was now a man of about sixty, but he looked much older. Either because of an accident, or through a rheumatic affection, he was so lame upon his right leg that it was necessary for him to use a stick even in walking from one room to another; and, although his hair was scarcely more than streaked with white, frailty of health had withered him and bowed his frame. Looking at him, Henry could well believe what he had heard—that five-and-twenty years ago he was one of the handsomest men in the county. To this hour the dark and sunken brown eyes were full of fire and eloquence—a slumbering fire that seemed to wax and wane within them; the brow was ample, and the outline of the features flawless. He

seemed a man upon whom age had settled suddenly and prematurely—a man who had burnt himself out in his youth, and was now but an ash of his former self, though an ash with fire in the heart of it.

Mr. Levinger greeted him in a few courteous, well-chosen words, that offered a striking contrast to the social dialect of Mr. Milward,—the contrast between the old style and the new,—then, with a bow, he passed on to offer his arm to Lady Graves, for at that moment dinner was announced. As Henry followed him with Miss Levinger, he found himself wondering, with a curiosity that was unusual to him, who and what this man had been in his youth, before he drifted a waif to Bradmouth, there to repair his broken fortunes by a *mésalliance* with the smack owner's daughter.

"Was your father ever in the Army?" he asked of Emma, as they filed slowly down the long corridor. "Forgive my impertinence, but he looks like a military man."

He felt her start at his question.

"I don't know: I think so," she answered, "because I have heard him speak of the Crimea as though he had been present at the battles; but he never talks of his young days."

Then they entered the dining-room, and in the confusion of taking their seats the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. LEVINGER PUTS A CASE.

At dinner Henry found himself seated between Mr. Levinger and his daughter. Naturally enough he began to make conversation to the latter, only to find that, either from shyness or for some other reason, she would not talk in public, but contented herself with replies that were as monosyllabic as she could make them.

Somewhat disappointed, for their short *tête-à-tête* interview had given promise of better things, Henry turned his attention to her father, and soon discovered that he was a most interesting and brilliant companion. Mr. Levinger could talk well on any subject, and, whatever the matter he touched, he adorned it by an aptness and facility of illustration truly remarkable in a man who for twenty years and more was reported to have been little better than a hermit. At length they settled down to the discussion of archæological questions, in which, as it chanced, Henry took an intelligent interest, and more particularly of the flint weapons used by the early inhabitants of East Anglia. Of these, as it appeared, Mr. Levinger possessed one of the best collections extant, together with a valuable and unique series of ancient British, Danish and Saxon gold ornaments and arms.

The subject proved so mutually agreeable, indeed, that before dinner was over Mr. Levinger had given, and Henry had accepted, an invitation to stay a night or two at Monk's Lodge and inspect these treasures, and this, be it said, without any *arrière-pensée*,—at any rate, so far as the latter was concerned.

In the silence that followed this pleasant termination to their talk Henry overheard Milward pumping Miss Levinger.

"Miss Graves tells me," he was saying, "er—that you live in that delightful old house beyond—er—Bradmouth—the one that is haunted."

"Yes," she answered, "if you mean Monk's Lodge. It is old, for the friars used it as a retreat in times of plague, and after that it became a headquarters of the smugglers; but I never heard that it was haunted."

'Oh! pray don't rob me of my illusion, Miss Levinger. I drove past there with your neighbours the Marchams; and Lady Marcham, the dowager—the one who wears an eyeglass I mean—assured me that it was haunted by a priest running after a grey nun, or a grey nun running after a priest, which seems more likely; and I am certain she cannot be mistaken: she never was about anything yet, spiritual or earthly, except her own age."

"Lady Marcham may have seen the ghost: I have not," said Emma.

"Oh, I have no doubt that she has seen it: she sees everything. Of course you know her? She is a dear old soul, isn't she?"

"I have met Lady Marcham; I do not know her," answered Emma.

"Not know Lady Marcham!" said Milward, in affected surprise; "why, I should have thought that it would have been as easy to escape knowing the North Sea when one was on it; she is positively *surrounding*. What *do* you mean, Miss Levinger?"

"'I gathered, Mr. Milward, that you are not very quick of comprehension.'"

"I mean that I have not the honour of Lady Marcham's acquaintance," she replied, in an embarrassed voice.

"If that cad does not stop soon, I shall shut him up!" reflected Henry.

"What! have you quarrelled with her, then?" went on Milward remorselessly. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, for she is a bad enemy; and, besides, it must be so awkward, seeing that you have to meet her at every house about there."

Emma looked round in despair; and just as Henry was wondering how he could intervene without showing the temper that was rapidly getting the mastery of him, with a polite "Excuse me" Mr. Levinger leant across him.

"Perhaps you will allow me to explain, Mr. Milward," he said, in a particularly clear and cutting voice. "I am an invalid and a recluse. What I am my daughter must be also. I have not the honour of the acquaintance of Lady Marcham, or of any other of the ladies and gentlemen to whom you refer. Do I make myself plain?"

"Oh, perfectly, I assure you."

"I am glad, Mr. Milward, since, from what I overheard of your remarks just now, I gathered that you are not very quick of comprehension."

At this point Lady Graves rose with a certain haste and left the room, followed by Miss Levinger and her daughter. Thereupon Sir Reginald fell into talk with Mr. Levinger, leaving Henry and Mr. Milward together.

"Can you tell me who our friend there is?" the latter asked Henry. "He seems a very touchy as well as a retired person. I should not have thought that there was anything offensive in my suggesting that his daughter knew Lady Marcham."

"Perhaps you insisted upon the point a little too much," said Henry drily. "I am not very well posted about Mr. Levinger myself, although my father has known him all his life; but I understand that he is a rich man, who, from one reason and another, has been more or less of a hermit for many years."

"By George! I have it now," said Milward. "He's the man who was very popular in our mothers' days, then married a wealthy cook or some one of that sort, and was barred by the whole neighbourhood. Of course I have put my foot into it horribly. I am sorry, for really I did not mean to hurt his daughter's feelings."

"I am sure I am glad to hear that you did so inadvertently," answered Henry rather gruffly. "Won't you have a cigarette?"

The rest of the evening passed quietly enough; almost too quietly, indeed, for Emma, dismayed by her former experiences, barricaded herself in a corner behind an enormous photograph album; and Ellen, irritated by a scene which jarred upon her and offended her sense of the social proprieties, grew somewhat tart in speech, especially when addressing her admirer, who quailed visibly beneath her displeasure. Mr. Levinger noticed with some amusement, indeed, that, however largely he might talk, Mr. Milward was not a little afraid of the young lady to whom he was paying his court.

At length the party broke up. Mr. Milward retired to his own place, Upcott Hall, which was situated in the neighbourhood, remarking as he went that he hoped to see them all at church on the morrow in the afternoon; whereon Henry resolved instantly that he would not attend divine service upon that occasion. Then Sir Reginald and Lady Graves withdrew to bed, followed by Ellen and Emma Levinger; but, somewhat to his surprise, Henry having announced his intention of smoking a pipe in the library, Mr. Levinger said that he also smoked, and with his permission would accompany him.

At first the conversation turned upon Mr. Milward, of whom Henry spoke in no complimentary terms.

"You should not judge him so harshly," said Levinger: "I have seen many such men in my day. He is not a bad fellow at bottom; but he is rich and an only child, and has been spoilt by a pack of women—wants taking down a peg or two, in short. He will find his level, never fear. Most of us do in this world. Indeed, unless my observation is at fault," Mr. Levinger added significantly, "there is a lady in this house who will know how to bring him down to it. But perhaps you will think that is no affair of mine."

Henry was somewhat mystified by this allusion, though he guessed that it must have reference to Ellen. Of the state of affairs between Mr. Milward and his sister he was ignorant; indeed, he disliked the young gentleman so much himself that, except upon the clearest evidence, it would not have occurred to him that Ellen was attracted in this direction. Mr. Levinger's remark, however, gave him an opening of which he availed himself with the straightforwardness and promptitude which were natural to him.

"It seems, Mr. Levinger," he said, "from what I have heard since I returned home, that all our affairs are very much your own, or *vice versa*. I don't know," he added, hesitating a little, "if it is your wish that I should speak to you of these

"'I will tell you how matters stand.'"

matters now. Indeed, it seems a kind of breach of hospitality to do so; although, if I understand the position, it is we who are receiving your hospitality at this moment, and not you ours."

Mr. Levinger smiled faintly at this forcible way of putting the situation.

"By all means speak, Captain Graves," he said, "and let us get it over. I am exceedingly glad that you have come home, for, between ourselves, your late brother was not a business man, and I do not like to distress Sir Reginald with these conversations—for I presume that I am right in supposing that you allude to the mortgages I hold over the Rosham property."

Henry nodded, and Mr. Levinger went on: "I will tell you how matters stand in as few words as possible." And he proceeded to set out the financial details of the encumbrances on the estate, with which we are already sufficiently acquainted for the purposes of this history.

"The state of affairs is even worse than I thought," said Henry, when he had finished. "It is clear that we are absolutely bankrupt; and the only thing I wonder at, Mr. Levinger," he added, with some irritation, "is that you, a business man, should have allowed things to go so far."

"Surely that was my risk, Captain Graves," he answered. "It is I who am liable to lose money, not your family."

"Forgive me, Mr. Levinger, there is another side to the question. It seems to me that we are not only paupers, we are also defaulters, or something like it; for if we were sold up to the last stick to-morrow we should not be able to repay you these sums, to say nothing of other debts that may be owing. To tell you the truth, I cannot quite forgive you for putting my father in this position, even if he was weak enough to allow you to do so."

"There is something in what you say considered from the point of view of a

punctiliously honest man, though it is an argument that I have never had advanced to me before," replied Mr. Levinger drily. "However, let me disabuse your mind: the last loan of ten thousand pounds, which, I take it, leaving interest out of the count, would about cover my loss were the security to be realised to-day, was not made at the instance of your father, who I believe did not even know of it at the time. If you want the facts, it was made because of the earnest prayer of your brother Reginald, who declared that this sum was necessary to save the family from immediate bankruptcy. It is a painful thing to have to say, but I have since discovered that it was your brother himself who needed the money, very little of which found its way into Sir Reginald's pocket."

At this point Henry rose and, turning his back, pretended to refill his pipe. He dared not trust himself to speak, lest he might say words that should not be uttered of the dead; nor did he wish to show the shame which was written on his face. Mr. Levinger saw the movement and understood it. Dropping the subject of Reginald's delinquencies, he went on:

"You blame me, Captain Graves, for having acted as no business man should act, and for putting temptation in the path of the weak. Well, in a sense I am still a business man, but I am not an usurer, and it is possible that I may have had motives other than those of my own profit. Let us put a hypothetical case: let us suppose that once upon a time, many years ago, a young fellow of good birth, good looks and fair fortune, but lacking the advantages of careful education and not overburdened with principle, found himself a member of one of the fastest and most expensive regiments of Guards. Let us suppose that he lived—well, as such young men have done before and since—a life of extravagance and debauchery that very soon dissipated the means which he possessed. In due course this young man would not improbably have betaken himself to every kind of gambling in order to supply his pocket with money. Sometimes he would have won, but it is possible that in the end he might have found himself posted as a defaulter because he was unable to pay his racing debts, and owing as many thousands at cards as he possessed five-pound notes in the world.

"Such a young man might not unjustly have hard things said of him; his fellow-officers might call him a scamp and rake up queer stories as to his behaviour in financial transactions, while among outsiders he might be branded openly as no better than a thief. Of course the regimental career of this imaginary person would come to a swift and shameful end, and he would find himself bankrupt and dishonoured, a pariah unfit for the society of gentlemen, with no other opening left to him than that which a pistol bullet through the head can offer. It is probable that such a man, being desperate and devoid of religion, might determine to take this course. He might almost be in the act of so doing, when he, who thought himself friendless, found a friend, and that friend one by whom of all others he had dealt ill.

"And now let us suppose for the last time that this friend threw into the fire before his eyes that bankrupt's I.O.U.'s, that he persuaded him to abandon his mad design of suicide, that he assisted him to escape his other creditors, and, finally, when the culprit, living under a false name, was almost forgotten by those who had known him, that he did his best to help him to a fresh start in life. In such a case, Captain Graves, would not this unhappy man owe a debt of gratitude to that friend?"

Mr. Levinger had begun the putting of this "strange case" quietly enough, speaking in his usual low and restrained voice; but as he went on he grew curiously excited—so much so, indeed, that, notwithstanding his lameness, he rose from his chair, and, resting on his ebony stick, limped backwards and forwards across the room—while the increasing clearness and emphasis of his voice revealed the emotion under which he was labouring. As he asked the question with which his story culminated,

Mr. Levinger halted in his march directly opposite to the chair upon which Henry was sitting, and, leaning on his stick, looked him in the face with his piercing brown eyes.

"Of course he would," answered Henry quietly.

"Of course he would," repeated Mr. Levinger. "Captain Graves, that story was my story, and that friend was your father. I do not say that it is all the story, for there are things which I cannot speak of, but it is some of it—more, indeed, than is known to any living man except Sir Reginald. Forgiving me my sins against him, believing that he saw good in me, your father picked me out of the mire and started me afresh in life. When I came to these parts an unknown wanderer, he found me work; he even gave me the agency of this property, which I held till I had no longer any need of it. I have told you all this partly because you are your father's son, and partly because I have watched you and followed your career from boyhood and know you to be a man of the strictest honour, who will never use my words against me.

"Mr. Levinger grew curiously excited."

"I repeat that I have not told you everything, for even since those days I have been no saint,—a man who has let his passions run riot for years does not grow good in an hour, Captain Graves. But I trust that you will not think worse of me than I deserve, for it still pains me to lose the good opinion of an upright man. One thing at least I have done—though I borrowed from my daughter to do it, and pinched myself till I am thought to be a miser—at length I have paid back all those thousands that I owed, either to my creditors or to their descendants: yes, not a month ago I settled the last and heaviest claim. And now, Captain Graves, you will understand why I have advanced moneys beyond their value upon mortgage of the Rosham estates. Your father, who has long forgotten or rather ignored the past, believes it to have been done in the ordinary way of business; I have told you the true reason."

"Thank you," said Henry. "Of course I shall respect your confidence. It is not for me to judge other men, so I hope that you will excuse my making any remarks about it. You have behaved with extreme generosity to my father, but even now I cannot say that I think your conduct was well advised: indeed, I do not see how it makes the matter any better for us. This money belongs to you, or to your daughter"—here Henry thought that Mr. Levinger winced a little—"and in one way or another it must be paid or secured. I quite understand that you

do not wish to force us into bankruptcy, but it seems that there is a large amount of interest overdue, putting aside the question of the capital, and not a penny to meet it with. What is to be done?"

Mr. Levinger sat down and thought awhile before he answered.

"You have put your finger on the weak spot," he said presently: "this money is Emma's, every farthing of it, for whatever I have saved out of my life interest has gone towards the payment of my own debts, and after all I have no right to be generous with my daughter's fortune. Not long ago I had occasion to appoint a guardian and trustee for her under my will, a respectable solicitor whose name does not matter, and it was owing to the remonstrances that he made when he accepted the office that I was obliged to move in this matter of the mortgages, or at least of the payment of the interest on them. Had it been my own money I would never have consented to trouble your father, since fortunately we have enough to live upon in our quiet way without this interest; but it is not."

"Quite so," said Henry. "And therefore again I ask, what is to be done?"

"Done?" answered Mr. Levinger: "at present, nothing. Let things go awhile, Captain Graves; half a year's interest more or less can make no great difference. If necessary my daughter must lose it, and after all neither she nor any future husband of hers will be able to blame me for the loss. When these mortgages were made there was plenty of cover: who could foresee that land would fall so much in value? Let matters take their course; this is a strange world, and all sorts of unexpected things happen in it. For aught we know to the contrary, within six months Emma may be dead, or," he added, "in some position in which it would not be necessary that payment should be made to her on account of these mortgages."

For a moment he hesitated, as though wondering whether it would be wise to say something which was on the tip of his tongue; then, deciding that it would not, Mr. Levinger rose, lit a candle, and, having shaken Henry warmly by the hand, he limped off to bed.

When he had gone Henry filled himself another pipe and sat down to think. Mr. Levinger puzzled him; there was something attractive about him, something magnetic even, and yet he could not entirely trust him. Even in his confidences there had been reservations: the man appeared to be unable to make up his mind to tell all the truth. So it was also with his generosity towards Sir Reginald: he had been generous indeed, but it seemed that it was with his daughter's money. Thus too with his somewhat tardy honesty: he had paid his debts even though "he had borrowed from his daughter to do so." To Henry's straightforward sense, upon his own showing Mr. Levinger was a curious mixture, and a man about whom as yet he could form no positive judgment.

From the father his thoughts travelled to the daughter. It was strange that she should have produced so slight an impression upon him when he had met her nearly two years before. Either she was much altered, or his appreciative powers had developed. Certainly she impressed him now. There was something very striking about this frail, flaxen-haired girl, whose appearance reminded him of a Christmas rose. It seemed odd that such a person could have been born of a mother of common blood, as he understood the late Mrs. Levinger to have been, for Emma Levinger looked "aristocratic" if ever woman did. Moreover, it was clear that she lacked neither intellect nor dignity; her conversation, and the way in which she had met the impertinences of the insufferable Milward, proved it.

This was the lady whom Ellen had declared to be "half in love with him." The idea was absurd, and the financial complications which surrounded her repelled him, causing him to dismiss it impatiently. Yet, as Henry followed Mr. Levinger's example and went to bed, a voice in his heart told him that a worse fate might befall a man.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROPOSAL AND A DIFFERENCE.

THE morrow was a Sunday, when, according to immemorial custom, everybody belonging to Rosham Hall was expected to go to church once in the day—a rule, however, from which visitors were excused. Henry made up his mind that Mr. Levinger and his daughter would avail themselves of this liberty of choice and stay at home. There was something so uncommon about both of them that he jumped to the conclusion that they were certainly agnostics, and in all probability atheists. Therefore he was somewhat surprised when at breakfast he heard Mr. Levinger making arrangements to be driven to the church—for, short as was the distance, it was farther than he could walk—and Emma announced her intention of accompanying him.

Henry walked down to church by himself, for Sir Reginald had driven with his guests and his mother and sister were not going until the afternoon. Finding the three seated in the front pew of the nave, he placed himself in that immediately behind, where he thought that he would be more comfortable, and the service began. It was an ordinary country service in an ordinary country church celebrated by an ordinary rather long-winded parson: conditions that are apt to cause the thoughts to wander, even in the best regulated mind. Although he did his utmost to keep his attention fixed, for it was characteristic of him that even in such a matter as the listening to ill-sung psalms his notions of duty influenced him, Henry soon found himself lost in reflections. We need not follow them all, since, wherever they began, they ended in the consideration of the father and daughter before him, and of all the circumstances connected with them. Even now, while the choir wheezed and the clergyman droned, the respective attitudes of these two struck him as exceedingly interesting. The father followed every verse and every prayer with an almost passionate devotion, that afforded a strange insight into an unsuspected side of his character. Clearly, whatever might have been the sins of his youth, he was now a religious devotee, or something very like it, for Henry felt certain that his manner was not assumed.

With Emma it was different. Her demeanour was one of earnest and respectful piety—a piety which with her was obviously a daily habit, since he noticed that she knew all the canticles and most of the psalms by heart. As it chanced, the one redeeming point in the service was the reading of the lessons. These were read by Sir Reginald Graves, whose fine voice and impressive manner were in striking contrast to the halting utterance of the clergyman. The second lesson was taken from perhaps the most beautiful of the passages in the Bible, the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, wherein the Apostle sets out his inspired vision of the resurrection of the dead and of the glorious state of them who shall be found alive in it. Henry, watching Emma's face, saw it change and glow as she followed those immortal words, till at the fifty-third verse and thence to the end of the chapter it became alight as though with the reflection of a living faith within her. Indeed, at the words "For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality," it chanced that a vivid sunbeam breaking from the grey sky fell full upon the girl's pale countenance and spiritual eyes, adding a physical glory to them, and for one brief

"A vivid sunbeam fell full upon the girl's pale countenance."

moment making her appear, at least in his gaze, as though some such ineffable change had already overtaken her, and the last victory of the spirit was proclaimed in her person.

Henry looked at her astonished: and since in his own way he lacked neither sympathy nor perception, in that instant he came to understand that this woman was something apart from all the women whom he had known—a being purer and sweeter, partaking very little of the nature of the earth. And yet his sister had said that she was half in love with him! Weighing his own unworthiness, he smiled to himself even then, but with the smile came a thought that he was by no means certain whether he was not "half in love" with her himself.

The sunbeam passed, and soon the lesson was finished, and with it the desire for those things that are not yet, faded from Emma's eyes, leaving in the mind of the man who watched her a picture that could never fade.

At lunch Ellen, who had been sitting silent, suddenly awoke from her reverie and asked Emma what she would like to do that afternoon. Emma replied that she wished to take a walk if it were convenient to everybody else.

"That will do very well," said Ellen with decision. "My brother can escort you down to the cliff: there is a good view of the sea there; and after church I will come to meet you. We cannot miss each other, as there is only one road."

Henry was about to rebel, for when Ellen issued her orders in this fashion she invariably excited an opposition in his breast which was sometimes unreasonable; but glancing at Miss Levinger's face he noticed that she seemed pleased at the prospect of a walk, or of his company, he could not tell which, and held his peace.

"That will be very pleasant," said Emma, "if it does not bore Captain Graves."

"Not at all; the sea never bores me," replied Henry. "I will be ready at three o'clock if that suits you."

"I must say that you are polite, Henry," put in his sister in a sarcastic voice. "If I were Miss Levinger I would walk by myself and leave you to contemplate the ocean in solitude."

"I am sure I did not mean to be otherwise, Ellen," he replied. "There is nothing wrong in saying that one likes the sea."

At this moment Lady Graves intervened with some tact, and the subject dropped.

About three o'clock Henry found Emma waiting for him in the hall, and they started on their walk.

Passing through the park they came to the high road, and for some way went on side by side in silence. The afternoon was cloudy, but not cold; there had been rain during the previous night, and all about them were the evidences of spring, or rather of the coming of summer. Birds sang upon every bush, most of the trees were clothed in their first green, the ashes, late this year, were bursting their black buds, the bracken was pushing up its curled fronds in the sandy banks of the roadway, already the fallen blackthorn bloom lay in patches like light snow beneath the hedgerows, while here and there pink-tipped hawthorns were breaking into bloom. As she walked the promise and happy spirit of the spring seemed to enter into Emma's blood, for her pale cheeks took a tinge of colour like that which blushed upon the may-buds, and her eyes grew joyful.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said suddenly to her companion.

"Well, it would be if there were some sunshine," he replied, in a somewhat matter-of-fact way.

"Oh, the sunshine will come. You must not expect everything in this climate, you know. I am quite content with the spring."

"Yes," he answered; "it is very pleasant after the long winter."

She hesitated a little, and then said, "To me it is more than pleasant. I cannot quite tell you what it is, and if I did you would not understand me."

"Won't you try?" he replied, growing interested.

"Well, to me it is a prophecy and a promise; and I think that, although perhaps they do not understand it, that is why almost all old people love the spring. It speaks to them of life, life arising more beautiful out of death; and, perhaps unconsciously, they see in it the type of their own spiritual fortune and learn from it resignation to their fate."

"Yes, we heard that in the lesson this morning," said Henry. "'Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.'"

"Oh, I know that the thought is an old one," she answered, with some confusion, "and I put what I mean very badly, but somehow these ancient truths always seem new to us when we find them out for ourselves. We hit upon an idea that has been the common property of men for thousands of years, and think that we have made a great discovery. I suppose the fact of it is that there are no new ideas, and you see each of us must work out his own salvation. I do not mean in a spiritual sense only. Nobody else's thoughts or feelings can help us; they may be as old as the world, but when *we* feel them or think them, for us they are fresh as the spring. A mother does not love her child less because millions of mothers have loved *theirs* before."

Henry did not attempt to continue the argument. This young lady's ideas, if not new, were pretty; but he was not fond of committing himself to discussion and opinions on such metaphysical subjects, though, like other intelligent men, he had given them a share of his attention.

"You are very religious, Miss Levinger, are you not?" he said.

"Religious? What made you think so? No; I wish I were. I have certain beliefs, and I try to be—that is all."

"It was watching your face in church that gave me the idea, or rather assured me of the fact," he answered.

She coloured, and then said: "Why do you ask? You believe in our religion, do you not?"

"Yes, I believe in it. I think that you will find few men of my profession who do not—perhaps because their continual contact with the forces and dangers of nature brings about dependence upon an unseen protecting Power. Also my experience is that religion in one form or another is necessary to all human beings. I never knew a man to be quite happy who was devoid of it in some shape."

"Religion does not always bring happiness, or even peace," said Emma. "My experience is very small—indeed, I have none outside books and the village—but I have seen it in the case of my own father. I do not suppose it possible that a man could be more religious than he has been ever since I can remember much about him; but certainly he is not happy, nor can he reconcile himself to the idea of death, which to me, except for its physical side, does not seem such a terrible matter."

"I should say that your father was a very nervous man," Henry answered; "and the conditions of your life and of his may have been quite different. Everybody feels these things according to his temperament."

"Yes, he is nervous," she said; then added suddenly, as though she wished to change the subject, "Look! there is the sea. How beautiful it is! Were you not sorry to leave it, Captain Graves?"

By now they had turned off the main road, and, following a lane which was used to cart sand and shingle from the beach, had reached a chalky slope known as the Cliff. Below them was a stretch of sand, across which raced the in-coming tide, and beyond lay the great ocean, blue in the far distance, but marked towards the shore with parallel lines of white-crested billows.

Hitherto the afternoon had been dull, but as Emma spoke the sunlight broke through the clouds, cutting a path of glory athwart the sea.

"Sorry to leave it!" he said, staring at the familiar face of the waters, and speaking almost passionately: "it has pretty well broken my heart—that is all. I loved my profession, it was everything to me: there I was somebody, and had a prospect before me; now I am nobody, and have none, except——" And he stopped.

"And why did you leave?" she asked.

"For the same reason that we all do disagreeable things: because it was my duty. My brother died, and my family desired my presence, so I was obliged to retire from the Service, and there is an end of it."

"I guessed as much," said Emma softly, "and I am very sorry for you. Well, we cannot go any farther, so we had better turn."

Henry nodded an assent, and they walked homewards silently, either because their conversation was exhausted, or because they were lost in their own thoughts.

It may be remembered that Mr. Milward had announced his intention of attending Rosham church that afternoon. As Ellen knew that he was not in the habit of honouring any place of worship with his presence, this determination of her admirer gave her cause for thought.

For a year or more Mr. Milward's attentions towards herself had been marked, but as yet he had said nothing of a decisive nature. Could it be that upon this occasion he intended to cross the line which divides attention from courtship? She believed that he did so intend, for, otherwise, why did he take the trouble to come several miles to church, and why had he suggested to her that they might go out walking together afterwards, as he had done privately on the previous evening? At any rate, if such were his mind, Ellen determined that he should have every opportunity of declaring it; and it was chiefly for this reason that she had arranged Emma's expedition with her brother, since it would then be easy for her to propose that Mr. Milward should escort herself in search of them.

Ellen did not deceive herself. She knew Mr. Milward's faults, his vulgarity and assumption made her wince, and on the whole perhaps she disliked him. But on the other hand his admiration flattered her vanity, for many were the women who had tried to excite it and failed; his wealth appealed to her love of luxury and place, and she was well aware that, once in the position of his wife, she could guide his weaker will in whatever direction she desired. Moreover his faults were all on the surface, he had no secret vices, and she trusted to her own tact if not to counterbalance, at least to divert attention from his errors of manner.

In due course Ellen and Lady Graves went to church, but to the private mortification of the former Mr. Milward did not appear. At length, much to her relief, towards the middle of the second lesson a disturbance in the nave behind her assured her of his presence. She would not look round, indeed, but her knowledge of him told her that nobody else arriving so painfully late would have ventured to interrupt the congregation in this unnecessary fashion. Meanwhile Mr. Milward had entered the pew behind her, occupying the same place that Henry had sat in that morning, whence by many means, such as the dropping of books and the shifting of hassocks, he endeavoured to attract her attention; but in vain, for Ellen remained inflexible and would not so much as turn her head. His efforts, however, did not altogether fail of their effect, inasmuch as she could see that they drove her mother almost to distraction, for Lady Graves liked to perform her devotions in quiet.

"My dear," she whispered to her daughter at the termination of the service, "I really wish that when he comes to church Mr. Milward could be persuaded not to disturb other people by his movements, and generally to adopt a less patronising attitude towards the Almighty,"—a sarcasm that in after days Ellen was careful to repeat to him.

At the doorway they met, and Ellen greeted him with affected surprise:

"I thought that you had given up the idea of coming, Mr. Milward."

"Oh no; I was a little late, that was all. Did you not hear me come in?"

"No," said Ellen sweetly.

"If Ellen did not hear you I am sure that everybody else did, Mr. Milward,' remarked Lady Graves with some severity, and then with a sigh she glided away to visit her son's grave. By this time they were at the church gate, and Ellen turned up the path that ran across the park to the Hall.

"How about our walk?" said Milward.

"Our walk? Oh! I had forgotten. Do you wish to walk?"

"Yes; that is what I came for."

"Indeed! I thought you had come to church. Well, my brother and Miss Levinger have gone to the Cliff, and if you like we can meet them—that is, unless you think that it is going to rain."

"Oh no, it won't rain," he answered.

In a few minutes they had left the park and were following the same road that Henry and Emma had taken. But Ellen did not talk of the allegorical mystery of the spring, nor did Edward Milward set out his views as to the necessity of religion. On the contrary, he was so silent that Ellen began to be afraid they would meet the others before he found the courage to do that which, from the nervousness of his manner, she was now assured he meant to do.

At length it came, and with a rush.

"Ellen," said Edward in a husky voice.

"I beg your pardon," replied that young lady with dignity.

"Miss Graves, I mean. I wish to speak to you."

"Yes, Mr. Milward."

"I want—to ask—you to marry me."

Ellen heard the fateful words, and a glow of satisfaction warmed her breast. She had won the game, and even then she found time to reflect with complacency upon the insight into character which had taught her from the beginning to treat her admirer with affected coldness and assumed superiority.

"This is very sudden and unexpected," she said, gazing over his head with her steady blue eyes.

Her tone frightened Edward, and he stammered,—

"Do you really think so? You are so clever that I should have thought that you must have seen it coming for a long while. I know I have only just been able to prevent myself from proposing on two or three occasions—no, that's a mistake, I don't mean that. Oh! there! Ellen, will you have me? I know that you are a great deal too good for me in a way—ever so much cleverer, and all that sort of thing; but I am truly fond of you, I am really. I am well off, and I know that you would be a credit to me and help me on in the world, for I want to go into Parliament some time, and—— there, I think that is all I have got to say."

Ellen considered this speech rapidly. Its manner was somewhat to seek, but its substance was most satisfactory and left nothing to be desired. Accordingly she concluded that the time had come when she might with safety unbend a little.

"Really, Mr. Milward," she said in a softer voice, and looking for a second into his eyes, "this is very flattering to me, and I am much touched. I can assure you I had no idea that my friend had become a"—and Ellen hesitated and even blushed as she murmured the word—"lover. I think that perhaps it would be best if I considered your offer for a while, in order that I may make perfectly sure of the state of my own feelings before I allow myself to say words which would be absolutely irrevocable, since, were I once to pledge myself——" and she ceased, overcome.

"Oh! pray don't take time to consider," said Edward. "I know what that means: you will think better of it, and tell me to-morrow that you can only be a sister to me, or something of the sort."

Ellen looked at him a while, then said, "Do you really understand what you ask of me, and mean all you say?"

"Why, of course I do, Ellen: I am not an idiot. What do you suppose I should mean, if it is not that I want you to marry me?"

"Then, Edward," she whispered, "I will say yes, now and for always. I will be your wife."

"Well, that's all right," answered Edward, wiping his brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "Why couldn't you tell me so at first, dear? It would have spared me a great deal of agitation."

"'It would have spared me a great deal of agitation.'"

Then it occurred to him that further demonstrations were usual on these occasions, and, dropping the handkerchief, he made a somewhat clumsy effort to embrace her. But Ellen was not yet prepared to be kissed by Mr. Milward. She felt that these amatory proceedings would require a good deal of leading up to, so far as she was concerned.

"No, no," she murmured—"not now and here: I am upset." And, withdrawing her cheek, she gave him her hand to kiss.

It struck Edward that this was a somewhat poor substitute, more especially as she was wearing dogskin gloves, whereon he must press his ardent lips. However, he made the best of it, and even repeated the salute, when a sound caused him to look up.

Now, the scene of this passionate encounter was in a lane that ran from the main road to the coast; moreover, it was badly chosen, for within three paces of it the lane turned sharply to the right. Down this path, still wrapped in silence, came Henry and Emma, and even as Edward was in the act of kissing Ellen's hand they turned the corner. Emma was the first to perceive them.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a start.

Then Henry saw. "What the deuce——!" he said.

Ellen took in the situation at a glance. It was discomposing, even to a person of her considerable nerve; but she felt that on the whole nothing could have happened more opportunely. Recovering

"Ellen took in the situation at a glance."

themselves, Henry and Emma were beginning to advance again, as though they had seen nothing, when Ellen whispered hurriedly to her *fiancé*:

"You must explain to my brother at once."

"All right," said Edward. "I say, Graves, I dare say you were surprised when you saw me kissing Ellen's hand, weren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Milward, I was surprised."

"Well, you won't be any more when I tell you that we are engaged to be married."

"Forgive me," said Henry, somewhat icily: "I am still surprised." And in his heart he added, "How could Ellen do it!—how could she do it!"

Guessing what was passing in his mind, his sister looked at him warningly, and at that moment Emma began to murmur some confused congratulations. Then they set out homewards; and presently Ellen, who was a person of decision, and thought that she had better make the position clear without delay, managed to attach herself to her brother, leaving the other two to walk ahead out of hearing, much to their mutual disgust.

"You have not congratulated me, Henry," she said, in a steady voice.

"Congratulated you, Ellen! Good Lord! how can I congratulate you?"

"And why not, pray? There is nothing against Mr. Milward that I have ever heard of. His character is irreproachable, and his past has never been tarnished by any excesses, which is more than can be said of many men. He is well born, and he has considerable means."

"Very considerable, I understand," interrupted Henry.

"And, lastly, he has a most sincere regard for me, as I have for him, and it was dear Reginald's greatest wish that this should come about. Now may I ask you why I am not to be congratulated?"

"Well, if you want to know, because I think him insufferable. I cannot make out how a lady like yourself can marry such a man just for——" and he stopped in time.

By this time Ellen was seriously angry, and it must be admitted not altogether without cause.

"Really, my dear Henry," she said, in her most bitter tones, "I am by no means sure that the epithet which you are so good as to apply to Mr. Milward would not be more suitable to yourself. You always were impossible, Henry—you see I imitate your frankness—and certainly your manners and temper have not improved at sea. Please let us come to an understanding once and for all: I mean to marry Mr. Milward, and if by chance any action or words of yours should cause that marriage to fall through, I will never forgive you. On reflection you must admit that this is purely my own affair. Moreover, you are aware of the circumstances of our family, which by this prudent and proper alliance *I* at any rate propose to do *my* best to improve."

Henry looked at his stately and handsome sister and the cold anger that was written on her face, and thought to himself, "On the whole I am sorry for Milward, who, whatever his failings may be, is probably an honest man in his way." But to Ellen he said:

"I apologise. In nautical language, I come up all I have said. You are quite right: I am a bear—I have often thought so myself—and my temper, which was never of the best, has been made much worse by all that I have seen and learned since I returned home, and because I am forced by duty to leave my profession. You must make allowances for me, and put up with it, and I for my part will do my best to cultivate a better frame of mind. And now, Ellen, I offer you my warm congratulations on your engagement. You are of an age to judge for yourself, and doubtless, as you say, you know your own business. I hope that you may be

happy, and of course I need hardly add, even if my prejudice makes him uncongenial to me, that I shall do my best to be friendly with Mr. Milward, and to say nothing that can cause him to think he is not welcome in our family."

Ellen heard and smiled: once more she had triumphed. Yet, while the smile was on her face, a sadness crept into her heart, which, if it was hard and worldly, was not really bad; feeling, as she did, that this bitterly polite speech of her brother's had shut an iron door between them which could never be reopened. The door was shut, and behind her were the affectionate memories of childhood and many a loving delusion of her youth. Before her lay wealth and pride of place, and every luxury, but not a grain of love—unless indeed she should be so happy as to find the affection whereof deaths and the other circumstances of her life and character had deprived her, in the hearts of children yet to be. From her intended husband, be it noted, when custom had outworn his passion and admiration for her, she did not expect love even in this hour of her engagement, and if it were forthcoming she knew that from him it would not satisfy her. Well, she knew also that if she had done with "love" and other illusions, she had chosen the better part according to her philosophy.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO CONVERSATIONS.

On arriving at the Hall Ellen went at once to her mother's room, while Edward retired to the library, where he was informed that Sir Reginald was to be found. Lady Graves received the news of her daughter's engagement kindly, but without emotion, for since her son's death nothing seemed to move her. Sir Reginald was more expansive. When Edward told him that he was engaged to Ellen, he took his hand and shook it warmly,—not, indeed, that he had any especial affection for that young man, whose tone and manners did not chime in with his old-fashioned ideas of gentlemanly demeanour, but because he knew his wealth to be large, and rejoiced at the prospect of an alliance that would strengthen the tottering fortunes of his family.

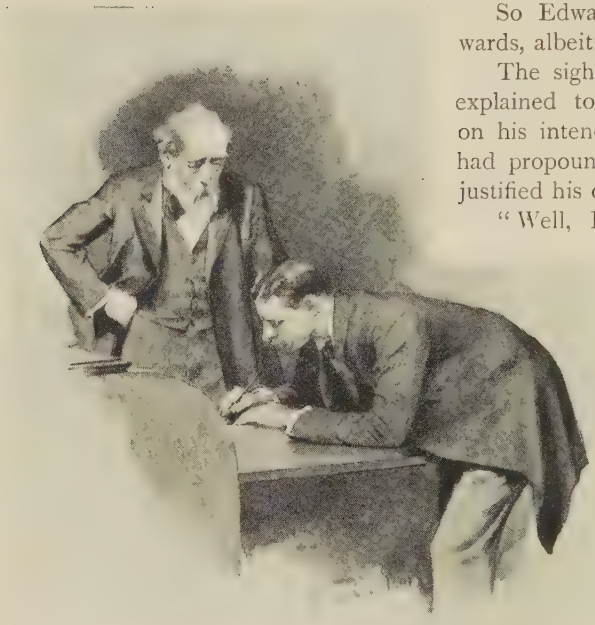
Edward had always been a little afraid of Sir Reginald, whose stately and distant courtesy oppressed him, and this fear or respect stood the older man in good stead on the present occasion. It enabled him even to explain that Ellen would inherit little with as much dignity as though he were announcing that she had ten thousand a year in her own right, and, striking while the iron was hot, to extract a statement as to settlements.

Edward mentioned a sum that was liberal enough, but by a happy inspiration Sir Reginald hummed and hawed before making any answer—whereupon, fearing opposition to his suit, his would-be son-in-law corrected himself, adding to the amount he proposed to put into settlement a very handsome rentcharge on his real property in the event of his predeceasing Ellen.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Reginald. "I think your amended proposal proper and even generous. But I am no business man—if I had been, things would be very different with me now—and my head for figures is so shockingly bad that perhaps you will not mind jotting down what you suggest on a piece of paper, so that I can think it over at my leisure and submit it to my lawyers. And then, will it be too much trouble to ask you to find Ellen, as I should like to congratulate her?"

"Shall I go at once? I can do the writing afterwards," suggested Edward, with an instinctive shrinking from the cold record of pen and ink.

"No, no," answered the old gentleman testily; "these money matters always worry me,"—which was true enough,—"and I want to be done with them."



"So Edward wrote first and went afterwards."

So Edward wrote first and went afterwards, albeit not without qualms.

The sight of his lawyer's face when he explained to him the terms of settlement on his intended marriage, that he himself had propounded in black and white, amply justified his doubts.

"Well, I never!" said the man of law: "they must know their way about at Rosham Hall. However, as you have put it in writing, you cannot get out of it now. But perhaps, Mr. Milward, next time you wish to make proposals of settlement on an almost penniless lady, you will consult me first."

That night there was more outward show of conviviality in the cold Hall dining-room than there had been for many a day. Everybody drank champagne, and all the gentlemen made speeches with the exception of Henry, who contented himself with wishing health and happiness to Edward and his sister.

"You see," Mr. Levinger whispered to him in the drawing-room, "I did well to caution you to be patient with the foibles of your future brother-in-law, and I was not far out in a surmise that at the time you may have thought impertinent."

Henry shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

After dinner Lady Graves, who always retired early, vanished to her room, Sir Reginald and Mr. Levinger went to the library, and Henry, after wandering disconsolately for a while about the great drawing-room, in a distant corner of which the engaged couple were carrying on a *tête-à-tête*, betook himself to the conservatory. Here he chanced upon Emma.

To-night she was dressed in white, wearing pearls upon her slender neck; and seated alone upon a bench in the moonlight, for the conservatory was not otherwise illuminated, she looked more like a spirit than a woman. Indeed, to Henry, who came upon her unobserved, this appearance was much heightened by a curious and accidental contrast. Immediately behind Emma was a life sized marble replica of one of the most beautiful of the statues known to ancient art. There, above this pale and spiritual maiden, with outstretched arms and alluring lips stood the image of Aphrodite, triumphing in her perfect nakedness.

"He chanced upon Emma."

Henry looked from one to the other, speculating as to which was the more lovely of these types of the spirit and the flesh. "Supposing," he thought to himself, "that a man were obliged to take his choice between them, I wonder which he would choose, and which would bring him the greater happiness. For the matter of that, I wonder which I should choose myself. To make a perfect woman the two should be merged."

Then he came forward, smiling at his speculation, and little knowing that before all was done this very choice would be forced upon him.

"I hope that I am not disturbing you, Miss Levinger," he said; "but to tell you the truth I fled here for refuge, the drawing-room being engaged."

Emma started, and, seeing who it was, said, "Yes, I thought so too; that is why I came away. I suppose that you are very much pleased, Captain Graves?"

"What pleases others pleases me," he answered grimly. "*I* am not going to marry Mr. Milward."

"Why don't you like him?" she asked.

"I never said I did not like him. I have no doubt that he is very well, but he is not quite the sort of man with whom I have been accustomed to associate—that is all."

"Well, I suppose that I ought not to say it, but I do not admire him either; not because he was rude to me last night, but because he seems so coarse. I dislike what is coarse."

"Do you? Life itself is coarse, and I fancy that a certain amount of that quality is necessary to happiness in the world. After all, the flesh rules here and not the spirit,"—and again he looked first at the marble Aphrodite, then at the girl beneath it. "We are born of the flesh, we are flesh, and all our affections and instincts partake of it."

"I do not agree with you at all," Emma answered, with some warmth. "We are born of the spirit: that is the reality; the flesh is only an accident, if a necessary accident. When we allow it to master us, then our troubles begin."

"Perhaps; but it is rather a pervading accident for many of us. In short, it makes up our world, and we cannot escape it. While we are of it the most refined among us must follow its routine—more or less. A day may come when that routine will be different, and our desires, aims and objects will vary with it, but it is not here or now. Everything has its season, Miss Levinger, and it is useless to try to escape from the facts of life, for at last in one shape or another they overtake us, who, strive as we may, can very rarely defy our natures."

Emma made no answer, though she did not look convinced, and for a while they remained silent.

"My father tells me that you are coming to see us," she said at last.

"Yes; he kindly asked me. Do you wish me to come?"

"Of course I do," she answered, colouring faintly. "It will be a great change to see a stranger staying at Monk's Lodge. But I am afraid that you will find it very dull; we are quite alone, and at this time of year there is nothing on earth to do, unless you like birdnesting. There are plenty of wild fowl about, and I have rather a good collection of eggs."

"Oh, I have no doubt that I shall amuse myself," he answered. "Don't you think that we had better be going back? They must have had enough of each other by this time."

Making no answer, Emma rose and walked across the conservatory, Henry following her. At the door, acting on a sudden impulse, she stopped suddenly and said, "You do really mean to come to Monk's Lodge, do you not, Captain Graves?" And she looked up into his face.

"If you wish it," he answered in a low voice.

"I have said that I do wish it," she replied, and turning led the way into the drawing-room.

Meanwhile another conversation had taken place in the library, where Sir Reginald and Mr. Levinger were seated.

"I think that you are to be very much congratulated on this engagement, Graves," said his companion. "Of course the young man is not perfect: he has faults, and obvious ones; but your daughter knows what she is about, and understands him, and altogether in the present state of affairs it is a great thing for you."

"Not for me—not for me," answered Sir Reginald sadly; "I seem to have neither interests nor energies left, and so far as I am concerned literally I care for nothing. I have lived my life, Levinger, and I am fading away. That last blow of poor Reginald's death has killed me, although I do not die at once. The only earthly desire which remains to me is to provide, if possible, for the welfare of my family. In furtherance of that end this afternoon I condescended even to get the best possible terms of settlement out of young Milward. Twenty years ago I should have been ashamed to do such a thing, but age and poverty have hardened me. Besides, I know my man. He blows hot to-day, a month hence he may blow cold; and as it is quite on the cards that he and Ellen will not pull together very well in married life, and I have nothing to leave her, I am anxious that she should be properly provided for. By the way, have you spoken to Henry about these mortgages?"

"'I have lived my life, Levinger, and I am fading away.'"

"Yes, I explained the position to him on Saturday night. It seemed to upset him a good deal."

"I don't wonder at it, I am sure. You have behaved very kindly in this matter, Levinger. Had it been in anybody else's hands I suppose that we should all have been in the workhouse by now. But, frankly, I don't see the end of it. The money is not yours—it is your daughter's fortune, or the greater part of it—and you can't go on being generous with other people's fortunes. As it is, she stands to lose heavily on the investment, and the property is sinking in value every day. It is very well to talk of our old friendship and of your gratitude to me. Perhaps you should be grateful, and no doubt I have pulled you out of some nasty scrapes in bygone days, when you were the Honourable——"

"Don't mention the name, Graves!" said Levinger, striking his stick fiercely on the floor: "that man is dead; never mention his name again to me or to anybody else."

"As you like," answered Sir Reginald, smiling. "I was only going to repeat that you cannot continue to be grateful on your daughter's money, and if you take your remedy Rosham must go to the hammer after all these generations. I shall be dead

first, but it breaks my heart to think of it." And the old man covered his face with his thin hand and groaned aloud.

"Don't distress yourself, Graves," said Levinger gently; "I have hinted to you before that there is a possible way of escape."

"You mean if Henry were to take a fancy to your daughter, and she were to reciprocate it?"

"Yes, that is what I mean; and why shouldn't they? So far as Emma is concerned the matter is already done. I am convinced of it. She was much struck with your son when she was here nearly two years ago, and has often spoken of him since. Emma has no secrets from me, and her mind is clear as a glass. It is easy to read what is passing there. I do not say that she has thought of marrying Henry, but she is attached to him, and admires him and his character—which shows her sense, for he is a fine fellow, a far finer fellow than any of you give him credit for. And on his side, why shouldn't he take to her? It is true that her mother's origin was humble, though she was a much more refined woman than people guessed, and that I, her father, am a man under a cloud, and deservedly. But what of that? The mother is dead, and alas! my life is not a good one, so that very soon her forbears will be forgotten. For the rest, she is a considerable, if not a large, heiress; there should be a matter of at least fifteen thousand pounds to come to her besides the mortgages on this place and real property as well. In her own way—to my mind at any rate—she is beautiful, and there never lived a sweeter, purer or more holy-minded woman. If your son were married to her, within a year he would worship the ground she trod on. Why shouldn't it come about, then?"

"I don't know, except that things which are very suitable and very much arranged have a way of falling through. Your daughter Emma is all you say, though perhaps a little too unearthly. She strikes me as rather ghost-like—that is, compared with the girls of my young days, though I understand this sort of thing has become the fashion. The chief obstacle that I fear, however, is Henry himself. He is a very queer-grained man, and as likely as not the knowledge that this marriage is necessary to our salvation will cause him to refuse to have anything to do with it."

"For his own sake I hope that it may not be so," answered Levinger, with some approach to passion, "for if it is I tell you fairly that I shall let matters take their course. Emma will either come into possession of this property as the future Lady Graves or as Miss Levinger, and it is for your son to choose which he prefers."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that. What I do not understand, Levinger, is why you should be so desperately anxious for this particular marriage. There are plenty of better matches for Emma than my son Henry. We are such old friends, I do not mind telling you I have not the slightest doubt but that you have some secret reason. It seems to me—I know you won't mind my saying it—that you carry the curious double-sidedness of your nature into every detail of life. You cannot be anything wholly,—there is always a reservation about you: thus, when you seemed to be thoroughly bad, there was a reservation of good in you; and now, when you appear to be the most righteous man in the county, I sometimes think that there is still a considerable leaven of the other thing."

Mr. Levinger smiled and shrugged his shoulders, but he did not take offence at these remarks. That he refrained from doing so showed the peculiar terms on which the two men were—terms born of intimate knowledge and long association.

"Most people have more reasons for desiring a thing than they choose to publish on the housetops, Graves; but I don't see why you should seek for secret motives here when there are so many that are obvious. You happen to be the only friend I have in the world; it is therefore natural that I should wish to see my daughter

married to your son, and for this same reason I desire that your family, which has been part and parcel of the country-side for hundreds of years, should be saved from ruin. Further, I have taken a greater liking to Henry than to any man I have met for many a long day, and I know that Emma would love him and be happy with him, whereas did she marry elsewhere, with her unusual temperament, she might be very unhappy.

"Also, the match would be a good one for her, which weighs with me a great deal. Your son may never be rich, but he has done well in his profession, he is the inheritor of an ancient name, and he will be a baronet. As you know, my career has been a failure, and more than a failure. Very probably my child will never even know who I really am, but that she is the granddaughter of a Bradmouth smack owner is patent to everybody. I am anxious that all this should be forgotten and covered up by an honourable marriage; I am anxious, after being slighted and neglected, that she should start afresh in a position in which she can hold her head as high as any lady in the county, and I do not think that in my case this is an unnatural or an exorbitant ambition. Finally, it is my desire, the most earnest desire of my life, and I mean to live to see it accomplished. Now have I given you reasons enough?"

"Plenty, and very good ones too. But I still think that you have another and a better in the background. Well, for my part I shall only be too thankful if this can be brought about. It would be a fair marriage also, for such disadvantages as there are seem to be very equally divided; and I like your daughter, Levinger,—she is a sweet girl and interesting, even if she is old Will Johnson's grandchild. Now I must be off and say something civil to my future son-in-law before he goes,"—and, rising with something of an effort, Sir Reginald left the room.

"'Pity that you made up your mind to go, Captain Graves.'"

"Graves is breaking up, but he is still shrewd," said Mr. Levinger to himself, gazing after him with his piercing eyes. "As usual, he put his finger on the weak spot. Now, if he knew my last and best reason for wishing to see Emma married to his son, I wonder what he would do? Shrug his shoulders and say nothing, I expect. Beggars cannot be choosers, and bankrupts are not likely to be very particular. Poor old friend! I am sorry for him. Well, he shall spend his last days in peace if I can manage it—that is, unless Henry proves himself an obstinate fool, as it is possible he may."

Next morning Mr. Levinger and his daughter returned to Monk's Lodge; but before they went it was settled that Henry was to visit them some three weeks later, on the tenth of June, that date being convenient to all concerned.

On the following day Henry went to London for a week to arrange about a little pension to which he was entitled, and other matters. This visit did not improve his spirits, for in the course of his final attendances at the Admiralty he discovered for

the first time how well he was thought of there, and that he had been looked on as a man destined to rise in the Service.

"Pity that you made up your mind to go, Captain Graves—great pity!" said one of the head officials to him. "I always thought that I should see you an admiral one day, if I lived long enough. We had several good marks against your name here, I can tell you. However, it is too late to talk of all this now, and I dare say that you will be better off as a baronet with a big estate than banging about the world in an ironclad, with the chance of being shot or drowned. You are too good a man to be lost, if you will allow me to say so, and now that you are off the active list you must go into Parliament and try to help us there."

"By Heavens, sir," answered Henry with warmth, "I'd rather be captain of an ironclad in the Channel Fleet than a baronet with twenty thousand a year, though now I have no chance of either. But we can't always please ourselves in this world. Good-bye." And, turning abruptly, he left the room.

"I wonder why that fellow went," mused the official as the door closed. "For a young man he was as good a sailor as there is in the Service, and he really might have got on. Private affairs, I suppose. Well, it can't be helped, and there are plenty ready to step into his shoes."

Henry returned to Rosham very much depressed, nor did he find the atmosphere of that establishment conducive to lightness of heart. Putting aside his personal regrets at leaving the Navy, there was much to sadden him. First and foremost came financial trouble, which by now had reached an acute stage, for it was difficult to find ready money wherewith to carry on the ordinary expenses of the house. Then his mother's woeful face oppressed him as she went about mourning for the dead, mourning also for their fallen fortunes, and his father's failing health gave great reason for anxiety.

Furthermore, though here he knew that he had no just cause of complaint, the constant presence of Edward Milward irritated him to a degree that he could not conceal. In vain did he try to like this young man, or even to make it appear that he liked him; his efforts were a failure, and he felt that Ellen, with whom otherwise he remained on good, though not on cordial terms, resented this fact, as he on his part resented the continual false pretences, or rather the subterfuges and suppressions of the truth, in which she indulged in order to keep from her *fiancé* a knowledge of the real state of the Rosham affairs. These arts exasperated Henry's pride to an extent almost unbearable, and Ellen knew that it was so, but not on this account would she desist from them. For she knew also the vulgar nature of her lover, and feared, perhaps not without reason, lest he should learn how great were their distresses, and how complete was the ruin which overshadowed them, and break off an engagement that was to connect him with a bankrupt and discredited family.

In the midst of these and other worries the time passed heavily enough, till at length that day arrived on which Henry was engaged to visit Monk's Lodge. Already he had received a note from Emma Levinger, writing on behalf of her father, to remind him of his promise. It was a prettily expressed note, written in a delicate and beautiful hand; and he answered it saying that he proposed to send his portmanteau by train and to ride over to Monk's Lodge, arriving there in time for dinner.

Henry had not thought much of Emma during the last week or two; or, if he had thought of her, it was in an impersonal way, as part of a sordid problem with which he found himself called upon to cope. At no time was he much given to allow his mind to run upon the fascinations of any woman; and, charming and

original as this lady might be, he was not in a mood just now to contemplate her from the standpoint of romance. None the less, however, was he glad of the opportunity which this visit gave him to escape for a while from Rosham, even if he could not leave his anxieties behind him.

He had no further conversation with Ellen upon the subject of Emma. The terms upon which they stood implied a mutual truce from interference in each other's affairs. His father, however, did say a word to him when he went to bid him good-bye. He found the old man in bed, for now he did not rise till lunch-time.

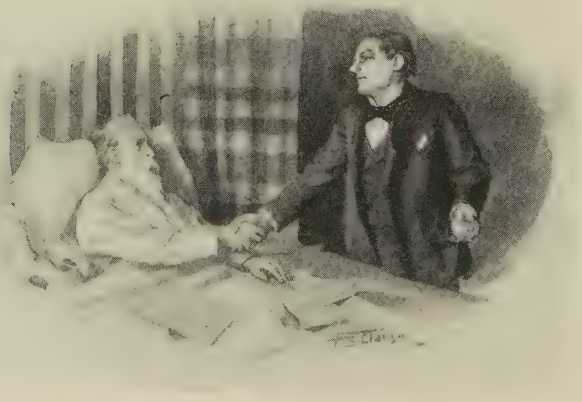
"Good-bye, my boy," he said. "So you are going to Monk's Lodge? Well, it will be a pleasant change for you. Old Levinger is a queer fish, and in some ways not altogether to be trusted, as I have known for many a year, but he has lots of good in him; and to my mind his daughter is charming. Ah, Henry! I wish, without doing violence to your own feelings, that you could manage to take a fancy to this girl. There, I will say no more; you know what I mean."

"I know, father," answered Henry, "and I will do my best to fall in with your views. But, all the same, however charming she may be, it is a little hard on me that I should be brought down to this necessity."

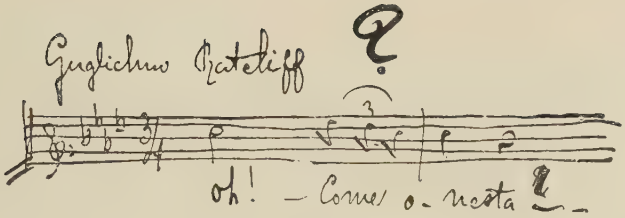
Then he rode away, and in due course reached the ruins of Ramborough Abbey.

H. Rider Haggard.

(To be continued.)



"'I will say no more; you know what I mean.'"



IMPRESSION.

IN these restrained and careful times
Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes.
Ah! for that reckless fire men had
When it was witty to be mad:

When wild conceits were piled in scores,
And lit by flaring metaphors,
When all was crazed and out of tune,—
Yet held the music of the moon.

If we could dare to write as ill
As some whose voices haunt us still,
Perhaps even we might call our own
Their deep enchanting undertone.

We are too diffident and nice,
Too learnèd and too over-wise,
Too much afraid of faults, to be
The flutes of bold sincerity.

For, as this sweet life passes by,
We blink and nod with critic eye;
We've no words rude enough to give
Its charm, so frank and fugitive.

The green and scarlet of the Park,
The undulating streets at dark,
The brown smoke blown across the blue,
This crowded city we walk through,

The pallid faces full of pain,
The field-smell of the passing wain,
The laughter, longing, perfume, strife,
The daily spectacle of life:

Ah! how shall this be given in rhyme,
By rhymesters of a knowing time?
Ah! for the age when verse was glad,
Being godlike, to be bad and mad.

EDMUND GOSSE.

AN IMPERIAL *CORPS D'ÉLITE.*

A SUGGESTION.

ONE of the problems of our time is to find work for the "unemployed" of the middle and the upper class. There is hardly a family of any position in which the difficulty of providing suitably for younger sons is not sooner or later felt. The learned professions have long been overstocked, farming is out of the question, the well-paid commercial situations are already occupied by young men specially educated to enable them to enter on a business career at an early age. There are only commissions enough in the army and navy for a small proportion of the "unemployed" gentlemen. The results of this state of things are, that the more energetic emigrate, and the less enterprising languish in provincial curacies, struggle for "soup" at the Old Bailey, compete for scanty medical practice, or slave with their pens for a porter's wage.

I would propose to utilise this valuable section of the rising generation by absorbing it in a *corps d'élite*, or force of picked soldiers, with special pay and precedence.

Every vocation is overmanned, from poetry down to dock labour. We have more clergymen and ministers than our depravity, great as it is, calls for; we should have to be ailing, one and all, day and night, to find occupation for the bloodthirsty swarms of would-be medical advisers that wait, like Bob Sawyer, lancet in hand, for a summons; and if we gave ourselves over entirely, soul, body and estate, to reckless litigiousness, we could not support the terrible array of hungry juniors and famished attorneys that gnash their idle teeth around the Courts of Justice in the Strand. So it is with less conspicuous employments. There are fifty applications for each vacant clerkship; every trade is disturbed and impoverished by the fierce competition of outside labour to get inside. Even the sandwich men have to take their chance of selection for the function of carrying advertisements of luxuries and entertainments up and down the streets. And in the female world the competition is more acute and desperate than most men dream of.

As I have already said, however, there is one class of the great unemployed which, for the good of the State, should no longer be left idle, but provided with a place and duty in life: I mean the large but scattered body of young men of

good birth and education, who, from no fault of their own, are without occupation. They are to be found in every direction, but chiefly in the learned professions and in the colonies. Every man of any position is sooner or later confronted with the question, "What shall we do with our sons?" Tom cannot loaf for ever about the Hall, shooting, drinking, and making love to the tenants' daughters. Will is known to be earning on the average but half a crown a week at the Old Bailey. Robert finds his curacy in the Fens "frightfully slow"; but he is no pulpit orator, he has no sympathy with rheumatic, snuffy old parishioners, and the chief hope for him is that his handsome person may captivate some well-dowered local beauty. The clerical career has so many small prizes, and a few of such dazzling value, that it will always attract any young fellow with the slightest spirit of enterprise—the venturesome love of chance. It is in this respect like one of those "emporiums" which give a small article to every purchaser, with the chance of a grand silver teapot or porcelain service.

My suggestion, I repeat, is to gather all these young idlers under one standard into the army, forming them into a *corps d'élite*, on the principles to be presently indicated.

For reasons which will be explained, it would be advisable to have our young friends mounted, and to teach them to act primarily as dragoons. No recruit should be admitted unless of good—I do not say gentle—birth, with the education and deportment of a gentleman, an intimate acquaintance with at least one foreign language, a sound constitution, a vigorous frame, and a fair reputation. The corps should have precedence next after the Household Cavalry, and should enjoy special pay and privileges. Every member should in return be expected to aim at becoming a model of military excellence. He should be habitually abstemious, courteous and attentive, not only to his regimental duties, but to all those unwritten obligations and conventions which are incumbent on every gentleman, whether a soldier or a civilian. That politic, if fanatical Prince, Oliver Cromwell, by insisting on these qualifications, transformed a mob of drunken, swearing tapsters and bravoes into a superbly drilled brigade of the finest cavalry in Europe. His troopers first conquered themselves—their own weaknesses and vices—and then became the far-famed, invincible Ironsides, whose terrible shock no valour, no science, no numbers, no devotion could withstand for an instant.

Of course the days of cavalry charges are over, and a single company of well-trained infantry is safe against any number of lances and sabres. Again, no one would desire to have anything like hypocritical piety, or conformity to this or that body of dogma, required from our *corps d'élite*. Yet, although the prime function and the prime qualification of the Ironsides are unsuited to our times, their essential excellence, as a body of sober, well conducted, perfectly trained, eminently strong and active horsemen, is still worthy of imitation. They mirrored the Puritanic chivalry of the age. But chivalry remains the same in all ages. It is a whole-hearted devotion to arms, in some high and noble cause. The ideal that inspired the Crusaders was religious; the ideal of the Lancastrian knights was devotion to a beautiful and high-spirited lady; the ideal of the Cavaliers was loyalty to an unfortunate Sovereign. Our modern ideals are different, and more practical. We fight for rights and advantages which, with more or less reason, we judge to be worth fighting for. Yet the figure of Gordon may stand with undiminished lustre beside that of Bayard.

But how, it will be asked, can this *corps d'élite* be made practically useful? In several ways.

First, they should be specially trained in reconnoitring. It is impossible to read

the accounts of recent campaigns without being struck by the priceless value to a general of the reports brought in from the surrounding country. A German army on the march, or encamped, is surrounded by a cloud of cavalry scouts, extending so as to touch every hostile force within striking distance. These scouts act as tentacles to the main body, reporting from hour to hour everything that passes within their ken; while they also constitute an impenetrable screen about their own army. It is invariably found that it is by officers, or private soldiers of exceptional intelligence, that this duty is most efficiently performed. And there can be no doubt that a carefully trained troop of educated horsemen, speaking the language of the country, or of the enemy, would be of inestimable value to a general; one of them being in command of each party of scouts. What would Wellington have given, in his immortal Peninsular campaigns, for two such troops, one speaking French and Portuguese, the other French and Spanish! Napoleon all through his career was at the mercy of interpreters and guides.

Again, our young friends should be encouraged to acquire before joining, and to keep up afterwards, a perfect knowledge of the geography and physical features and resources, not only of their own country, but of some one foreign country, or section of a country. Such knowledge would double their usefulness in certain events.

Finally, the members of our corps should set themselves earnestly and resolutely to acquire the utmost attainable skill as marksmen. Given sound vision, firm nerves, unaffected by excess, and sufficient practice, and there is nothing to prevent any man from becoming a dead shot. Let us suppose, then, that a British general wishes to seize and hold a position—say a bridge, a defile or a farmhouse—until he can occupy it in force. He might send forward some cavalry. But he is not likely to have too many squadrons for the protection of his line of march; and, moreover, cavalrymen are awkward when dismounted, and are only accustomed to fire at short ranges with carbines. Our dragoons, however, under the control of the Intelligence Staff, are the best possible mounted infantry. They gallop forward, seize the position, make their horses lie down behind cover, and direct their deadly magazine rifles to the points where the foe must debouch.

Conflicts are constantly arising with the savage tribes that border our African and Indian possessions; and a bold dash of picked men, unencumbered with baggage, often saves a six months' campaign. The recent conquest of Matabeleland is a case in point. That feat of arms, as brilliant as the famous march which ended at Plassey, was accomplished by the individual fighting excellence of the members of the force—many of them "unemployed gentlemen." It is no disparagement of our regular troops to assert that their deliberate, cast-iron, mathematically calculated movements would have protracted the struggle indefinitely, or at least until the rainy season, and involved the British taxpayers in heavy expenditure.

Take the case of the attempt to relieve Gordon at Khartoum. The late General Stewart had wondrous faith in the effect of rapid and unexpected movements of mounted men in disconcerting and terrifying the enemy. Hardly had the firing ceased on the field of Tel-el-Kebir when he darted off for the gates of Cairo, with a handful of daring horsemen, halted within range of the Egyptian cannon, summoned the garrison, and captured the town. It reminds one of Napoleon's admiring message to Murat, when news was brought that some light cavalry, sent forward under General Lassalle, after the Prussian rout at Jena, had intimidated the governor of Stettin into capitulating: "Since your chasseurs," he said, "are capable of taking places of strength, I have nothing to do but to set at liberty my main body, and melt down my heavy artillery."

Now compare what happened a year or two after the surrender of Cairo. It was essential to lose no time in reaching Khartoum, for an innumerable host of fanatical dervishes closely invested the place, and only the indomitable spirit of the hero in command of the garrison kept them out. Stewart was anxious to push with a body of picked cavalry across the desert from Suakim to Berber, where communication could be opened with Gordon by means of the latter's river steamers. Lord Wolseley thought the risk too great: he had to adopt the old cast-iron "slow and sure" methods of advance, and was just too late. We may be absolutely certain that if Lord Wolseley had had at his disposal five hundred of our proposed dragoons, he would have reached Berber, he would have reached Khartoum; his five hundred would have leavened the garrison with British pluck and resolution, and one of the noblest characters in our history would not have been worried to death by the hyænas of the Soudan.

There is no reason why the *corps d'élite* should not have a depôt, or "linked" body of comrades in every large British dependency. The classes supplying suitable recruits are as plentiful in a populous colonial city as in London or Dublin. All that would be necessary would be to preserve uniformity of organisation, including regulations about acquaintance with one other European tongue, and with British and Continental topography. For in the event of a threatened invasion of our shores, such as Hoche designed a hundred years ago, or in the event of our sending an expeditionary force against European soldiers, these young colonial sharpshooters would throng to the standard unfurled, and help to constitute the eyes and ears of our armies. It might be as well to order each of these colonial regiments to spend a year in the Old Country, not in mounting guard at the Tower, or even the Bank of England, but in marching through the districts primarily open to attack, and making themselves familiar with every feature of those districts. Nobody who has made the tour of the Empire, and lived in the chief centres of population, can have failed to remark the large and increasing class of well-to-do young men, sons of wealthy settlers or merchants, who promenade the streets in faultless attire, yawn in the clubs, and experience the difficulty of killing time without an object in life to animate their efforts. Give them a chance of wearing the Queen's uniform, of forming an integral portion of the famous army which has conquered Her Majesty's world-wide dominion, and is still extending it, of meeting fatigue and danger on behalf of home and country; give them such a chance, I say, and they will accept it as one man. I propose to call the new force the "Imperial" *Corps d'Élite*, because, knowing the Colonies well, I believe that at least two hundred and fifty respectable and well-to-do families in Australia and New Zealand would contribute each a son, and pay something towards his maintenance; while Canada, South Africa, and our forty remaining colonies would yield recruits in equal proportion. In this way we should bind our Colonies to us much more effectively than by means of conferences, laws and treaties.

There would be no difficulty in raising the required body of troops. We have first the unemployed gentlemen with a show of occupation, especially in the professional classes—with the exception of the brawny young curates, who cannot be even temporarily disfrocked, like their brethren in France. Then we have the class of small "landed proprietors," not old enough to have settled down into justices of the quorum. And lastly we have the very numerous body of thoroughly educated and physically "fit" young fellows who have failed to secure commissions.

How numerous this last class is may be gathered from the fact that some two thousand candidates compete every year for about two hundred admissions to Woolwich and Sandhurst. That is to say, eighteen hundred of the finest of our

youth, sound in wind and limb, skilled in every manly exercise, carefully educated during several years for the military profession, are left without a career.

Before going farther, it is necessary to correct a possible misconception. It must not be supposed that these rejected candidates are inferior to the successful ones: physically they are probably on the whole superior to the winners. The examiners, however, take no cognisance of excellence in athletic exercises, such as riding, fencing, running and shooting, and test the would-be soldier exactly as they might the would-be priest, doctor or advocate. They set questions in the classical languages, in the higher mathematics, in physics, chemistry and other branches of learning. Let us suppose all the two thousand candidates to be of about equal intellectual calibre. Nevertheless, it will happen that some few will have accidentally paid greater attention than the rest to the very points embodied in the questions, or may have a greater faculty of literary expression. There are, be it remembered, only vacancies enough for 10 per cent. of the competitors, and the section just referred to will take them. But the last man on the successful list may be no more than a dozen marks ahead of the first on the unsuccessful list; and the difference between the intellectual status of the ten highest and the ten lowest of the two thousand competitors may be very small. I do not deny the superiority of the winners in school learning, but I unhesitatingly deny that school learning is any test of military capacity; and, in any case, I assert that the costly training of the eighteen hundred unsuccessful candidates, which has not only educated every mental faculty, but every nerve and sinew and muscle, with the single aim of producing a good soldier, should not be lost to the country. It is an abuse of words and intelligence to call them "failures." Only some thirty seats can be gained on the Judicial Bench; but we do not regard the thousands of barristers who miss that giddy elevation as failures, or as men of inferior intellect.

Having, then, this large body of young athletes, specially trained in our great public schools for military service, let us make room for them in the army. It cannot be pretended, by the maddest of Quakers, that our army is already strong enough to do without them. Not even the General Staff of one of the vast Continental hosts could afford to neglect the chance of obtaining such an accession of strength. And it is notorious that not only is our army so small that the despatch of an army corps abroad would seriously prejudice our home defences, but that our recruits consist largely (not exclusively) of the refuse of the industrial market, of idle ne'er-do-weels, of simpletons who are ready to sell their future, their birthright as British citizens and free men, to the first strutting sergeant who dangles the bounty before their eyes. Thanks to the enlightened supervision which is kindly yet firmly exercised, we see these unpromising materials converted into brave, intelligent soldiers, as superior, man for man, to the German privates as these are to the warriors of every other Continental Power. A certain proportion of them profit considerably by the instruction and discipline which they undergo; and Sir Henry Walter's corps of Commissionaires is the best possible proof of the educational influence of military life. (I should like to see, by the way, a larger number of small public appointments reserved for old soldiers, as in Germany.) But, after all, the men in the ranks remain, in the mass, mere fighting machines, never rising in point of culture, intelligence or deportment, when off duty, far above the class from which they have been taken. It is out of the question to expect our unemployed gentlemen to enlist in the ranks, and associate with the brothers of their grooms and the young men who make love to their mothers' kitchenmaids. I know this blunt declaration may offend, not merely demagogic levellers—for whose opinion I care not a straw—but the respectably connected and fairly educated minority of privates who have joined with the object of becoming non-commissioned officers. But when the men composing

that minority remember what they have themselves suffered before being admitted into the haven of the sergeants' mess, they will readily forgive me, and concede my point.

What, then, remains but to form the unemployed gentlemen into a special corps? This course has been taken in several countries. The attractions of the career of arms brought crowds of high-spirited *noblesse* to the standard of the French King. Commissions could not be found for all; but the Sovereign and Cardinal Richelieu each employed a body of Guards recruited from among them. How splendidly these gentlemen were attired, armed and mounted, how magnificently they lived, how handsomely they were treated by the highest in the land, we have all gathered from the fascinating pages of the elder Dumas. How superbly they could fight, with the eyes of the whole army upon them, was proved at the furious battle of Steinkirk; when, says Macaulay, "The Marshal gave the word; and the Household, headed by the princes of the blood, came on, flinging back their muskets on their shoulders. 'Sword in hand!' was the cry through all the ranks of that terrible brigade, 'sword in hand. No firing: do it with the cold steel.'"

It will be observed that no comparison is attempted with the modern Continental system of forming a special army corps of Guards, consisting, as in Prussia and Russia, of 40,000 men, with the three arms fully represented. These are in no sense patrician corps; and moreover, we could not emulate their numbers sufficiently to form a single brigade on a war footing, while, if we could, it would be wasteful in the extreme to use our highly trained and educated gentlemen as mere food for cannon. It is to be presumed that an economical general would reserve his best material for a supreme effort at a critical moment; and doubtless our ambitious and fiery young friends would sometimes be allowed to charge as well as to scout and reconnoitre. The uses here proposed for them are, it is conceived, such as would secure the utmost obtainable benefit from their special qualifications for Her Majesty's service. As to the principle of an aristocratic corps of the kind, let us hear the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, writing from Paris in the autumn of 1815:—

"The guards upon the King's person and palace are intrusted to the Gardes de Corps, or Household troops, fine-looking men, very handsomely though not gaudily dressed. They are said with few exceptions to have behaved with great loyalty in the late trying crisis; but as they are an expensive corps, holding the rank of gentlemen, and being paid accordingly, it is supposed their numbers will be much limited in future. They are very civil in their deportment, and in the discharge of their duty, particularly to English strangers. And indeed there was a kind of chivalrous feeling in most of these gentlemen, a modesty of demeanour, a gentleness of conduct towards the crowd, and a deference to the claims of hospitality, etc. . . . A stranger is an indifferent judge of such matters, but I am so old-fashioned as to think that a body of real men-at-arms, chosen from the younger sons of the nobility and gentry, is not only a graceful institution as a defence and ornament to the throne, but may in France be the means of retrieving the real military character, so dishonoured and disgraced of late years."

These wise words have a direct bearing on the subject here under discussion. The great man who wrote them thought that such a corps might not only be "a defence and ornament to the throne," but that its shining example of good behaviour, discipline and courtesy, might reclaim even the ruffianly soldiers whose excesses had evoked the execrations of Europe. British troops never dishonour their flag by committing excesses. But it is incontestable that the blameless conduct, the chivalrous bearing, the devotion to duty and honour of our *corps d'élite* would exercise a subtle, yet irresistible influence throughout the army. So much importance

attaches to this last consideration that it would seem advisable for the corps to have the collective power of vetoing the admission of undesirable recruits. It would never do for a crack regiment or brigade of this kind to be regarded as the last refuge of wealthy young scapegraces, debauchees and gamesters, however talented and highly connected. For this reason it might be well, imitating the procedure of first-class clubs, to require that the names of candidates who had passed the prescribed examinations should be posted up at the headquarters in London, and in the provincial headquarters of the district in which application had been made for membership. The veto might be exercised either by ballot or by the action of the commanding officer taken on representations signed by the captains on behalf of their men; as might be determined by the commander-in-chief.

There is another direction in which the gentlemen might be of great service. In case of invasion, or of our joining in a European conflict, we should at once feel the want of officers. The volunteer regiments are notoriously under-officered, and as a rule the officers are far from efficient. The reserve of officers is insufficient, made up as it is largely of veterans who have seen their best days. Could not the members of the proposed corps make themselves familiar with the duties of a subaltern, discharging these duties in turn among their colleagues? If so, we should have here a valuable supplementary reserve of officers. But this hint is thrown out for the consideration of competent military critics. It must be remembered that our present able body of non-commissioned officers could not be drawn upon for this purpose; for an efficient sergeant is wanted as much as an efficient lieutenant.

The pay accorded to our gallant friends should be calculated on a liberal scale. Macaulay tells us that "the daily pay of a private in the Life Guards was four shillings." This corps was formed by Charles the Second, in all probability, partly to keep the London malcontents in check, partly to find employment for the numerous young scions of loyal Cavalier houses, ruined in the Civil War. "The Life Guards," adds Macaulay, "who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three troops, each of which consisted of two hundred carabineers, exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the King and royal family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as gentlemen of the Guard. Many of them were of good families, and had held commissions in the Civil War. Their pay was far higher than that of the most favoured regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country squire."

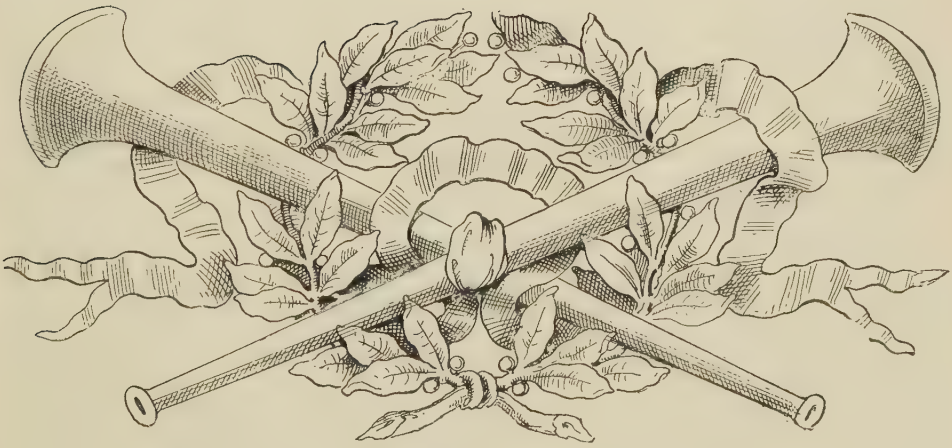
As the gentlemen would perform higher duties than the privates of the line, they would have a fair claim to superior remuneration. Each of them would probably have spent or cost his friends from one to two thousand pounds in acquiring such knowledge and training as would best enable him to serve the Queen. In many cases no doubt a member of the corps would be supplied by his friends with a small addition to his pay, but many of the young fellows would have no such resource to fall back upon. The country would never grudge the expenditure required for maintaining a crack corps of the character outlined in this article, any more than the cost of a new ironclad, or of fortifications at the mouth of a port. It may seem romantic to say so, but I am inclined to think that more than one of our great nobles and millionaires would be ready to do something towards keeping up such a corps. In the days of old a powerful Baron was bound to provide the King in time of war with a force of knights and men-at-arms, according to his means and position in the State. In our degenerate days the nobility are not required to do more than make punctual payment of income-tax, like the rest of us. Surely there must be more than one descendant of the illustrious Baronage which won for us so many of our

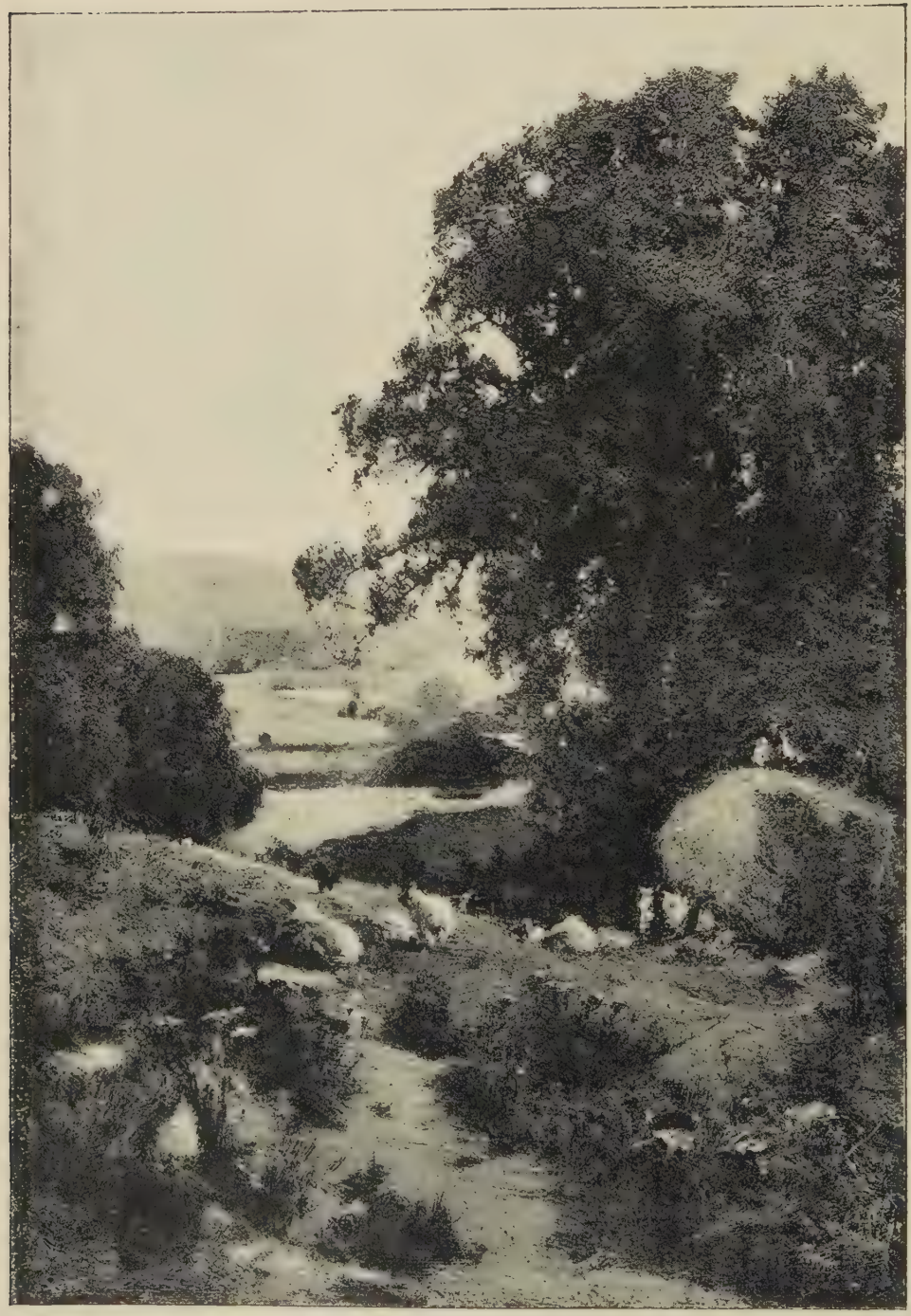
dearest privileges, who would gladly take up the ancient obligation of his order, and defray the cost of one of the proposed squadrons or regiments. A millionaire who has made his money in trade is, according to Mr. Carnegie, even more bound than titled and long-descended landowners to return some portion of the wealth which he has acquired from the people to the people.

I advocate the appropriation for the military service of a large quantity of valuable talent and ability, expressly prepared and fitted for such service, but now lost and wasted. This is a serious proposition, deserving serious consideration, quite apart from the further suggestions which I have appended respecting the precise uses to be made of such talent and ability when once secured, or of the means of supporting the new addition to our military establishment.

I trust that, in order to give practical effect to this suggestion, our military authorities will hold a council of experienced military commanders, and frame the necessary regulations, including those prescribing a convenient and handsome uniform, with serviceable appointments worthy of a crack corps.

J. Henniker Heaton.





"In Time of Harvest."
[*After a Painting by G. L. Seymour.*]

WALTER PATER—THE HIGHER PODSNAPPERY—MOLIÈRE'S MISTAKEN MOT—THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING POESIE—IS THERE ANY REAL LINE 'TWIXT POETRY AND PROSE?—WANTED, THE PROSODY OF PROSE—THE AGE OF THE AMATEUR—HALL CAINE'S NEW ROMANCE—MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND HER "MARCELLA"—"A MODERN WOMAN"—AN ENGLISH MASQUE AT PARIS.

IT seems only yesterday—and it is only yesteryear—since Walter Pater sat by my side in a Club garden, and listened eloquently to my after-lunch *causerie*, and now he is gone

> "To where, beyond the Voices, there is Peace."

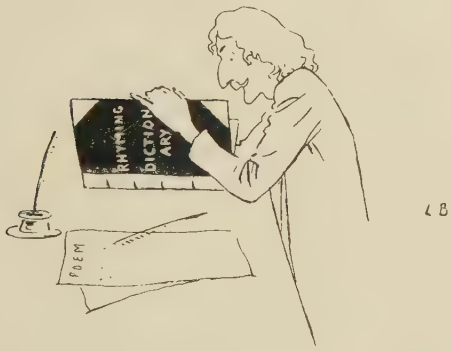
You grasp that his eloquence was oracular, silent. He had an air. There was in him—as in his work—a suggestion of aloofness from the homespun world. I suspect he had never heard Chevalier. I should not wonder if he had never even heard of him. He was wrapped in the atmosphere of Oxford, and though "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages" in no wise threw their glamour over his thought, there was a cloistral distinction in his attitude. He reminded me of my friend the Cambridge professor, who, when the O'Shea business was filling eight columns daily of the papers that deprecate honest art, innocently asked me if there was anything new about Parnell. Pater did not probably carry detachment from the contemporary so far as that, but he was in harmony with his hedonistic creed in permitting only a select fraction of the cosmos to have the entry to his consciousness. A delightful, elegantly furnished consciousness

it was, with the latest improvements, and with every justification for exclusiveness. But there is in men of Mr. Pater's stamp something of what might be termed the higher Podsnappery. They put things aside with the wave of a white-gloved hand: this and that do not exist, Mr. Podsnap himself—O the irony of it!—among them. Like Mr. Podsnap, though on so different a plane, they take themselves and their view of life too seriously. When I told Mr. Pater that there was a pun in his "Plato and Platonism," he asked anxiously for its precise locality, so that he might remove it. This I could not remember, but I told

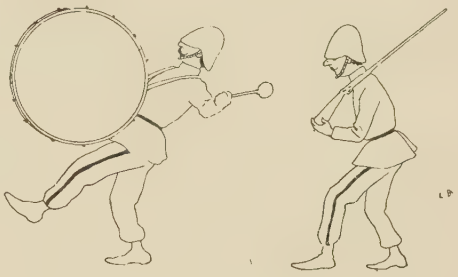
him I did not see why he should remove one of the best things in the book. But my assurances that the pun was excellent did not seem to tranquillise him. Now, why should not a philosopher make a pun? Shakespeare was an incorrigible punster. Why should a man's life be divided into little artificial sections, like the labelled heads in the phrenologist's window? I do not want to see a man put on his Sunday clothes to talk about religion. But a congenital inelasticity is fostered in the atmosphere of common-rooms, there where solemn-footed serving-men present the port with sacerdotal ceremonies, and where, if the dons are no longer (in the classic phrase of Gibbon) "sunk in port and superstition," the port is still a superstition. This absence of humour, this superhuman seriousness bred of heavy traditions peculiarly English, this sobriety nourished by sacerdotal port, give the victim quite a wrong sense of values and proportions. He mistakes University for Universe. His tastes become the measure of a creation of which he is the centre. Hence an abiding gravity that is ever on the brink of dulness. The Englishman cannot afford to be grave, the bore is so close at hand.

AND yet, if one did not take oneself seriously, I suppose nothing would ever be done. A kindly illusion about their importance in the scheme of things is Nature's instrument for getting work out of men. "Don't you think Flaubert took himself too seriously?" I heard a lady novelist ask a gentleman practitioner. Certainly his correspondence with George Sand reveals an anchorite of letters, who tortured the phrase and sacrificed sleep to the adjective, and the brothers De Goncourt—themselves very serious gentlemen—have recorded how he considered his book as good as finished because he had invented the "dying falls" of the music of his periods. But if Flaubert had sufficiently contemplated the infinities, the immense indifference of things, if, like the astronomer in search of a creed, he had concentrated his vision on the point to which the whole solar system is drifting, French prose would have lost some of its most wonderful pages; and had the late Mr. Pater been less troubled by the rose-leaf of style and more by the thorns of the time, English prose would have been the poorer by harmonies and felicities unsurpassed and unsurpassable. This is to ignore Pater the Philosopher and Pater the Critic. Of these persons there will be varying estimates. But Pater the literary artist one is more driven to praise than to appraise. This exquisite care for words has something of moral purity as well as physical daintiness in it. There is indeed something priestly in this consecration of language, in this reverent ablution of the counters of thought, those poor counters so overcrusted with the dirt of travel, so loosely interchangeable among the vulgar; the figure of the stooping devotee shows sublime in a garrulous world. What a heap of mischief M. Jourdain has done by his discovery that he was talking prose all his life! Prose, indeed! Molière has much to answer for. The rough, shuffling, slipshod, down-at-heel, clipped, frayed talk of every-day life bears as much relation to prose as a music-hall ditty to poetry. The name "prose" must be reserved for the

fine art of language—that fine art whose other branch is poetry. 'Tis a grammarians' term, "prose," and belongs not to the herd. They do not need it, and it would never have come into M. Jourdain's head or out of his mouth, had he not taken a tutor. And yet the delusion is common enough—even with those to whom Molière is Greek—that prose is anything which is not poetry. As well say that poetry is anything which is not prose. Of the two branches of the art of language, prose is the more difficult. This is not the opinion of those who know nothing about it. They fancy a difficulty about rhymes and metres. 'Tis all the other way. Rhymes are the rudders of thought; they steer the poet's bark. He cannot get to Heaven itself without striking "seven," or mixing up his meaning with foreign "leaven." His shifts to avoid these shifts are pathetic to a degree. He flounders



about 'twixt "given" and "levin," and has been known to snatch desperately at "reaven." Of all fraudulent crafts commend me to the poet's. He is a paragon of deceit and quackery, a jingling knave. 'Tis a game of *bouts rimés*, and he calls it "inspiration." No wonder Plato would have none of him in his Republic, even though Plato's poets were guiltless of rhyme and slaves only to metre. But the metre of verse is also a friend to thought, and its enemy. It is like wheels to a cart; not unsagaciously is Pegasus figured with wings. He flies away with you, and you are lulled by the regular flap, flap of his pinions, and his goal concerns you little. The swing and the rush of the verse compensate for reason, and it is wonderful how far a little sense will fly when tricked out with fine feathers. Even in stately, rhymeless decasyllabics the march and music of the verse help a limping thought along like a sore-footed soldier striding to the band.



But the prose-writer has none of these advantages. He is like an actor without properties. His thoughts do not go along with a flutter of flags and a blare of trombones. Nor do they glide upon castors. They must needs lumber on after a fashion of their own, and if there is a music to their ambulation it must be individual, neither in common nor in three-eight time, but winding and quickening at will, with no strait symmetry of antiphonal bars. There is nothing to tell you that the writer has written "prose"—as the spacing and the capital letters invite you to look for poetry. He has to depend only upon himself. This is why blank verse—which approaches prose most nearly—is so much more difficult to write than rhymed verse, though it looks so much easier and more tempting to the amateur. Are we not justified, then, in taking the logical step further, and saying that prose, which strips itself of the last rags of adventitious ornament, and which tempts the amateur most of all, is the highest of all literary forms, the most difficult of all to handle triumphantly. May we not compare the music of it—that music which we get in Ruskin and in Pater—to the larger rhythms to which the savage drum-beat has developed? Rhythm is undoubtedly an instinct, but civilisation brings complexity. From the tom-tom to the tune, from the tune to the symphony. In the vaster reaches and sweeps of the rhythm of prose there is a massive music as of Wagnerian orchestras. Anybody can enjoy the castanet-play of rhymes; half your popular proverbs clash at the ends; "the jigging of our rhyming mother-wits" is on everybody's lips. But for the blank verse of "Paradise Lost" there is only "audience fit, though few"; and as for the music of prose

so little is it understood that critics vaguely aware of it had to invent the term "prose-poet" when they found the stress of passion and imagination effervescing into resonant utterance. On the other hand, there are those who do not acknowledge Pope as a poet. The essence of the long-standing quarrel is a confusion. From the point of view of form there is only one kind of writer to be recognised—the artist in words. Of him there are two varieties: the artist who uses rhyme and metre, and the artist who—wilfully or through impotence—dispenses with them. From the point of view of matter there is the artist with "soul" and the artist without "soul." "Soul" is shorthand for that mysterious something the absence of which rightly urges people wrongfully to deny Pope the title of poet. They feel the intangible something is not there, "the consecration and the poet's gleam." But with the conventional distinctions, there is no name left for Pope, if he is not a poet. The truth is that he was an artist in words—as masterly as the Mantuan himself, though without that golden cadence and charm which keeps Virgil a poet by any classification. On the other hand, Carlyle, who had such scorn of the rhyming crew, was himself a poet to the popular imagination, though to us he will be an artist in prose *plus* soul. There are, thus, really two classes of writers:

I. Prose-Artists,
II. Verse-Artists.

Each of these splits up into two kinds, according as the writer has or lacks "soul." Or, if you think "soul" the more important differentia, we will say there are artists with "soul" and artists without "soul," and that some of each sort work in prose and some in verse. But the classification is a cross one, and the English language unfortunately does not possess words to express the distinctions, while the ambiguous associations of the word "prose" increase the difficulty of inventing them. We do not even possess any equivalent of the French "prosateur," though I see no reason why "prosator" should not be used. Without neologisms, and avoiding the ambiguous adjective "prosaic," and using "poetic" to express "soulfulness" and not the handling of metres, we get

1. Poetic Verse-Artists. (Poets.)
2. Non-Poetic Verse-Artists. (Verse Writers.)
3. Poetic Prose-Artists. (Prose Poets.)
4. Non-Poetic Prose-Artists. (Prose Writers.)

Tennyson is a verse poet, Pope a verse writer, Ruskin a prose poet, and Hallam a prose writer.

The two great writers of our day who have sinned most against the laws of writing are Browning and Meredith, the one in verse, the other in prose. I speak not merely of obscurities, to perpetrate which is in every sense to stand in one's own light, but of sheer fatuities, tweakings-of-the-nose to our revered mother-tongue, as either might have expressed it. But what I am most concerned to suggest here is that the distinction between prose and poetry (using prose to mean artistically wrought language) will not survive investigation. The popular instinct has long ago seen that the vital thing was the *matter*; that it was profanity to call that "poetry" which was only verse; it remains to be recognised that even the distinction of form only rests on the non-recognition of the rhythm of "prose,"—a rhythm that is not metre in so far as metre has the sense of regular measure, but may for all that have laws of its own, which await the discoverer and the systematiser.

The affinity of prose-rhythms is, I have hinted, with the higher developments of music, which, compared with the simple tunes of the street, are as apparently lawless and

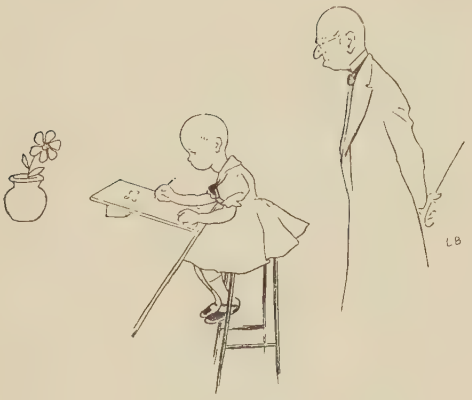
unlicensed as is prose compared to verse. And as it is not poets who follow laws, but precede them—as trochee and iambic, alcaic and

hexameter, are the inventions of grammarians following on the trail of genius—so it behoves the Aristotle who would discover the laws of the rhythm of prose to study the masters of the art, masters by instinct and a faultless ear and the grace of God, and endeavour by patient induction to wrest from their sentences the secrets of their harmonies. Who will write the prosody of prose?

IT is sad to have to declare that the bulk of contemporary writers lie outside all these classifications. They are artists neither in prose nor verse, and though they may have "soul," they cannot make it visible. For "soul" may be expressed equally through painting and sculpture and music and acting, and its dimly discerned presence can scarcely convert slipshod writing into literature. No one would accept as art a picture in which a gleam of imagination struggled against the draughtsmanship of the schoolboy to whom arms are toasting-forks, or applaud an actor

who might be brimming over with sensibility but could command neither his voice nor his face. No one has any business to come before the public who has not studied the medium through which he proposes to exhibit his "soul": unfortunately this is the age and England is the country of the amateur, and in every department we are deluged with the crude. The fault lies less with the amateur than with the public before which he presents himself, and which, incompetent to distinguish art from amateurishness, is as likely to bless the one as the other. Of all forms of art literature suffers most; for the pity is, and pity 'tis 'tis true, everybody learns to talk and write at an early age. This makes the transition to literature so fatally easy. *Facilis descensus Averni!* To paint, one must at least know how to mix colours and handle a brush; to compose, one must be

familiar with the meaning of strayed spiders' legs on curious parallel bars, and there are strange disconcerting rumours of "orchestration." But to produce literature you have simply to dip pen in ink or open your mouth and see what God will give you. Hence particularly the flood of novels, hence the low position of the novel; although, as Theodore Watts has pointed out, it is practically the modern Epic. I have met distinguished students of Greek texts who have never conceived of the novel as a work of art, or as anything beyond the amusement of an idle hour—something for the women and the children. One such told me he would not read *The Mill on the Floss* because it ended unhappily. I must conclude he has only read Æschylus for his examinations. Acting stands next to literature in its seductiveness. The actor's instrument is his body, and everybody has a body. If, in addition to a "body," the creature conceives himself to possess a "soul," the odds are there will be laughter for the "gods." I tremble for the time when the popular educationist shall have had his way and every child be seised of the rudiments of drawing. We shall see sights then. At present, despite the horrors of the galleries and the widespread ignorance of art, paint-



ing cannot compete with literature as a misunderstood art. For the public—which is the only critic that counts in the long run—does not demand grammar, much less style; and the novel of the season may bristle with passages that could be set for correction at examinations in English. It is a little thing, but it seems to me significant, that the announcement of terms of the local branch of Mudie's, in the little town at which I am writing these lines, runs thus:

"The subscription for one set entitles the subscriber to one complete work at a time, whether in one, two, or three volumes, and can be exchanged as often as desired."

Not that I have yielded to the ungrammatical seduction of this prospectus, for I am without books of any kind, even the books I am about to criticise, and my learning is at home on my bookshelves, so if you find any mistakes of spelling or allusion you will please remember how ignorant printers are.

MR. STEVENSON has been partitioning "Treasure Island" among his predecessors, and showing how unconscious cerebration stole a parrot from Robinson Crusoe and a skeleton from Defoe, a stockade from "Masterman Ready" and a job lot of scenes and characters from "Washington Irving." But really these plagiarised portions are nothing but the common stock of fiction. They are kept in the property-room, and any author may have them for the asking. But it needs genius to suffuse them with originality, to throw the limelight upon them so as to enchant the audience afresh. The same old tale may be told in as many different ways as Loie Fuller's serpentine skirt is illuminated, and, like it, be always charming. If one were to dissect *The Manxman* (or rather vivisect it, for the book is alive), one would probably find Mr. Hall Caine under unconscious obligations to Hawthorne, to Franzos, to Ibsen, to Maarten Maartens, to Maxwell Gray, and most of all to Hall Caine himself, but drawing very consciously from the great stream of romantic lore which flows through all ages and all countries. There are only seven—or is it thirteen?—stories in the world, and *The Manxman* is one of the best of them. But this is, I take it, just the feather Mr. Caine would have in his cap. It is his ambition to tell the great old stories—the simple, sublime stories the world is never weary of, the sagas of primitive human beings and primal passions that will live when the psychological novels that deal with the complex and the morbid are dead with the social phases that begot them. *The Manxman* is the eternal story of two men's love for one woman, these two men's love for each other being "greater than the love of woman." Here already are the seeds of great tragedy; add that the woman is to surrender herself to the one she loves and then marry the other whom she does not, and you have a theme which cries for the pen of genius. Hall Caine has not failed to rise "to the height of this great argument"; and he has given the story a new and brave turn by making the woman the active agent in her fall. Thus he has plucked complexity out of the heart of

simplicity, and given us the pitiful complex tragedy of character and circumstance, that high tragedy whereof George Meredith sings :

> "There needs, God wot, no villain in the plot."

And even as he has managed to graft a subtle psychology upon a primal theme, so, curiously enough, has he contrived to combine realism with romance by the novel setting of his story, which is tantamount to a careful study of Manx life. He has dealt with the little island before, but always imaginatively, and it is only in this book that he has realised the full force of the double-faced motto he should surely adopt hence-forwards :

> "The proper study of mankind is Man."

There are who consider some of the dialogues that lie outside the story proper superfluous, but to me they are among the best things in the book. Take away the romance, and the residue is a series of idyllic pictures that can rank with almost anything that has been done by purely realistic hands. I will go so far as to confess that I like them better than the romance of the climax, with its inevitable train of memories. Wherever the book approaches romance, wherever I hear the creak of melodramatic machinery, with its ironies of coincidence and its rally of characters, there the illusion relaxes its hold, and I remember with a start that I am at the play. Still I suppose each *genre* has its own conventions, and the stage-curtains and dramatic dovetailings of events must be accepted as part of the game. And if *The Manxman* as a whole approaches melodrama, it is the melodrama of a man of genius, the melodrama to which Ibsen succumbed in *The Pillars of Society*. Beyond this, melodrama cannot go, and if Wilson Barrett succeeds in preserving the literary flavour, the stage he treads so ringingly should receive no common enrichment. This is not the first time, though, that Hall Caine has tried to filch the advantages of two *genres*, though to my thinking he nearly fell between two schools in *The Scapegoat*, when Naomi, the blind deaf-mute, recovered her senses one at a time at special crises, and her creator was indiscreet enough to attempt a little scientific psychology. *The Manxman* inclines me to think that Hall Caine, if he can forget Mr. Gladstone's opinions (they irritate me, those opinions perpetually blazoned on Hall Caine's books—I wish Mr. Gladstone's opinions would retire with him), will do even greater work as a student of real life than as a recounter of heroic sagas. Is there anything in English literature more natural, more charged with homely pathos, than the domestic scenes of which Pete is the central figure? Granted that there is little new creation of character, and that the humour, though abundant, is rather external and patchy than internal and pervasive, yet surely this reproduction and transfiguration of the commonplace is as good as anything in Euripides. And there is one scene in the book—that in which Kate seduces Philip (for it is virtually that)—which is simply Shakespearean. Rosalind herself is no finer—no more compact of witchery and freakishness

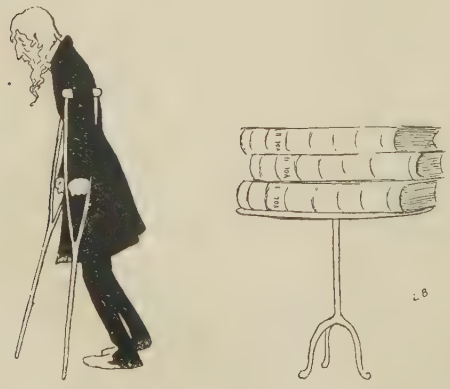
and passion—than Kate at this moment, and the conception is even bolder than that of her who suited herself at all points like a man. The scene will take its place in the literature of love side by side with the Thames idyll in *Richard Feverel.*

I RATHER plume myself on the fact that, with all its original contortions, *The Manxman* has not been able to escape from the formula which I have in these columns shown to be that of the British novel. It is, in mathematical parlance, a general symbol of which every novel is a function. As for *Marcella*—the only other

novel of first-class pretensions since I last undertook the analysis—it comes to the formula as obediently as a lamb to the slaughter. As witness :

Name of Novel.	Description of Hero.	Description of Heroine.	How they First Met.	Why they did not Marry till last chapter.
"Marcella" (Mrs. Humphry Ward).	Aldous Raeburn, a noble nobleman and perfect English gentleman (see remarks on the English bore, *supra*).	Marcella Boyce, a Quixotic girl with a fatal gift of beauty, who does not believe in Providence, and wishes to take its place.	In connection with Church decorations (see *Family Herald*, passim), Marcella being a Socialist and an Atheist, and Aldous a lover of Blue Books.	Because Mrs. Humphry Ward had to write an elaborate apologia for building herself a country-house.
"The Manxman" (Hall Caine).	Philip Christian, an irresolute young gentleman who is no better than he should be.	Kate Cregeen, an irresolute young person who, desiring to become a Christian, behaves like a heathen.	Philip, a young gentleman from school, in an Alpine hat, sees Kate, with one arm akimbo, dancing a breakdown in her father's public-house, with Pete, his friend and her lover, looking on.	Because Philip, having abducted Kate, has to wait till he is elected Governor of the Isle of Man so as to confess his crime on the greatest day of his life.

You see I have not been able to avoid *Marcella*, though I have put off reading it as frequently as I could. *David Grieve* I have hitherto escaped, though my intentions, I vow, have always been strictly honourable. But, after all, Mrs. Ward is so voluminous, her petticoats have such a sweep ! She terrifies me—she and her big cheques and her big country-house and her big books. I shrink, I dwindle. One rises from a novel of hers distinctly older. In the middle of the second volume one wonders vaguely how many æons ago one was reading the first, and what infinities are to traverse before one will emerge from the third. One sees "The End" as Dante saw the stars ; and then, looking in the glass, one is astounded, unlike Rip Van Winkle, to find one's hair still black. Heavens, what a cosmic panorama !—the town, the country, the mansion, the cottage, Belgravia, country-house balls, village politics, afternoon teas, artisans' dwellings, the Fabian Society, the Houses of Parliament, hospitals, the Church, the Game Laws, the slums—all the national institutions ! Prodigious ! "The England of To-day set down for the England of To-morrow," you say ? Alas ! To-morrow is notoriously ungrateful. But it is monstrous clever, this book, or most of it, though, as with *Robert Elsmere*, the best things in it are not those the writer intended for such, nor those that thrill the well-known great heart of the public. *Robert Elsmere* owed its success to Mrs. Humphry Ward's tardy acquaintance with German criticism. You must have sometimes jogged along in a slow train with a faster train on the next line of rails. You look at the rival train and you see yourself going backwards ; you look out of the other window and you see yourself going forwards. That was Mrs. Humphry Ward's position. Compared with the real train of thought she was going backwards, but she looked out of the



wrong window and fancied herself going forwards. But she played her part. There were many who did not know that there was a train at all, or that it had started, till they saw her gesticulating and speechifying from the wrong window. And those of us who were already "saved" before *Robert Elsmere* appeared, were grateful for the dramatic scenes between husband and wife, and for the figure of Rose ; and, for my part, I thought to read genius in the hand that created Langham. Even now I seem to see sparkles of the *feu sacré* in the drawing of Marcella's parents and the scenes with the poacher's wife. For the rest *Marcella* is a monument of talent and industry. It ought to have been written by a syndicate. I should like to have written it myself, if only for the pleasure of finishing the last page and feeling what a good boy was I. But it is a painful truth that not with labour nor beating of the breast is the heaven of literature won. It comes by grace. "The best things—the things that touch—are given us," as Mr. Kipling told his fellow-authors. And in the marvellous elaboration of Mrs. Ward's method, in her trying to see all round her subject with that comprehensive vision, that impartial insight, which is so high a gift and so rare a feminine one, I fear she leaves too little room for the play of inspiration. "That is genius," cried Thackeray, when Rawdon Crawley struck Becky's paramour. Thackeray did not know that this would happen—till he came to write it. I am inclined to fancy that this *is* the test of genius—that the writer finishes a chapter wiser than he began it. Mrs. Ward gives me the impression of never astonishing herself, of always knowing all about it. *Elle raisonne trop.* The result is that she never astonishes *us.* She is always at the same high level. If she is dull, it is conscientiously. Like the late Mr. Pater, she is another example of the danger of living among University sets. She has breathed the atmosphere of culture too long, and sadly needs a change of air. If she would go out Bank-Holidaying, it would do her good. George Eliot, who began so well, grew dull and heavy through posing as a drawing-room deity. As for Marcella, I like her best when she is most like Maggie Tulliver, and I do not like her at all when her *Wanderjahr* is over. I have no interest in these soulful, virtuous people, superlatively beautiful and colossally rich. They are monstrosities—too rare to bother about. Like Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Ward is unable to dispense with melodrama, and the rescue of Marcella in the slums by her lover, the Cabinet minister, would gratify the amateurs of the penny novelette. *Aber doch* —it is a wonderful book ! When all is said and done,—Prodigious !

AFTER "the big bow-wow" of *Marcella* it was a relief to read the bright and unpretentious story of *A Modern Woman*, by which Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon has won a notable position among the modern woman-novelists. The "Modern Woman" is not so fortunate as Marcella : hers is the tragedy of the "odd woman," the woman who gets left. She is no heroine—she is not wildly beautiful, and she is only clever enough to write for the ladies' papers, and to give up art when she sees it is not for her hand. A more human creature than Marcella this, and the more likeable in that her end is not church bells and artful village children strewing reverential wreaths. She has a chance of happiness, but it would mean another woman's unhappiness, "and we modern women are going to stand by one another." The social sketches are perhaps a trifle too spiteful—Miss Dixon is too young for tolerance and restraint—and there is the inevitable touch of melodrama. But much may be forgiven her in consideration of her humour, her engaging style and her courage.

NOT having the acquaintance of *David Grieve*, I am unaware whether it sketches the American Art Association in the Latin Quarter of Paris. It is a pleasant little institution, with humours of its own ; and it was at its annual dinner this year that Whistler told the French painters that they knew which end of the brush to put into their mouths, whereas in England it was "still a matter of taste." The Club boasts of a real live poet, who writes neither in French nor in American, but in English "of the most literary." This young gentleman, whose name is William Theodore Peters, wrote a Pastoral Masque in one act entitled "The Tournament of Love," and

the same was well and duly played by the students and their girl-friends (with Loie Fuller, as Primavera, the dancer) for the

benefit of the Club, at the Théâtre d'Application at a *matinée*, which was one of the events of the Parisian season. Mr. Peters, who has made some success in England in a Pierrot part, played the *rôle* of a love-stricken poet, which should come naturally to him; and on the strength of having seen him die at rehearsal, I can testify that he did himself justice. The idea of the little piece, which has now been published in a pretty cover designed by Alfred Jones, another member, is really quite an inspiration. The heroine is Clémence Isaure, and to her court, "an almond orchard on the outskirts of Toulouse," a court given over to the cult of Oscar Wilde, there comes "on the afternoon of the third of May, 1498" (Peters is none of your indefinite bards), Bertrand de Roaix, a Troubadour, all simplicity and love of nature. To the little nest of cynical and *blasés* poets ensconced in the orchard of Clémence, the simple blossoms of which are scorned in favour of artificial flowers of metal, his ingenuousness is a new sensation. They consider his simplicity a new pose, "the last refuge of the complex," and applaud him as the greatest of them all. But he—poor Troubadour—is earnest and genuine, and he falls violently in love with Clémence Isaure, who dare not avow to a jaded world that she is capable of such a simple emotion as love, or even of inspiring it in the minstrel's breast. And so the Troubadour, being, like the slave in Heine, of the race of those who die when they love, stabs himself, crying,

> "Though doubting every one, yet still believe
> Me frank and loyal."

And poor Clémence, like the father in Campbell's ballad, is "left lamenting." There: is not this a prettier idea than we get in our English *levers de rideau*? There are little lyrics scattered about (which I cannot quote from memory, but which prove Mr. Peters has the gift of simple song). The only pity is that he has treated the idea more daintily than dramatically.

I. ZANGWILL.

"A STUDY IN COLOUR."

From an original painting by B. M. HEWETT.

CONQUISTADOR.

MON cœur est gros comme la mer
Pour avoir quitté l'être cher,—
Gros comme elle et plus qu'elle amer.

La mer, il faut que je la prenne,
Le cœur brave et l'âme sereine,
Bien que m'exilant de ma reine!

M'exilant, mais pour revenir
Plus heureux, me dit l'avenir,
Encore que le souvenir.

Mais mon cœur est gros comme l'onde
Soulevée en masse profonde,
Sein immense où s'endort le monde.

Or sans frayeur que d'être loin
De l'être si cher, et sans soin
Autre que son moindre besoin,

Je m'embarque par la tempête
Dans cette espérance inquiète
Du trésor dont je suis en quête
Pour le lui rapporter gaîment,
Or, argent, perle, diamant,
Avec mon cœur en supplément. . .
L'eau fait rage, la mer est grosse,
Terrible, et s'abaisse
et se hausse,
Tantôt basse comme
une fosse,
MACKENNAL

Tantôt s'érigeant en tombeau,
Tandis que, courageux et beau,
Le marin lutte contre l'eau,

Moi, pendant l'ouragan sans trêve,
Bercé comme un enfant qui rêve,
Que la mer se creuse ou se lève,

Voyant en songe des tas d'ors
Emplir d'infinis corridors
Pour ma souveraine, je dors.

PAUL VERLAINE.

LONDON, *9bre*, 1893.

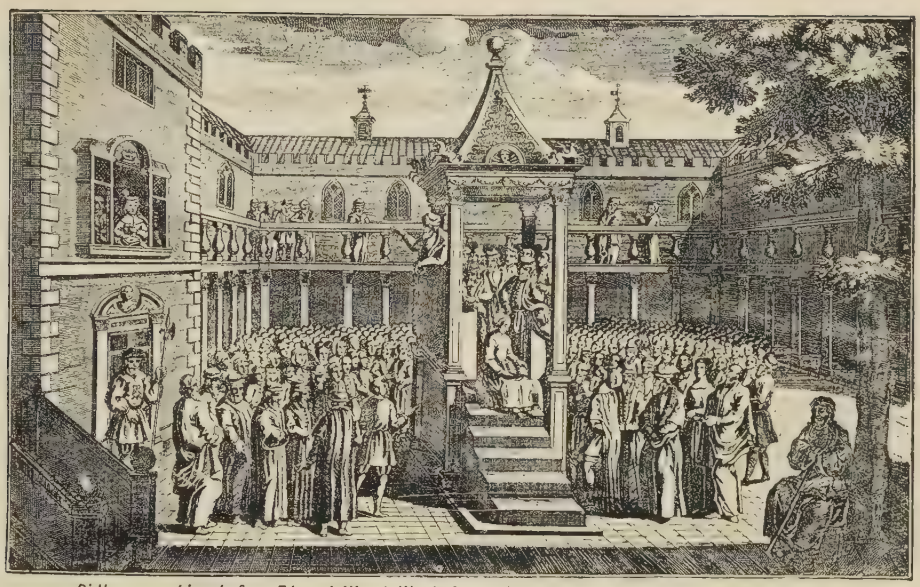
MACKENNAL

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. C. VAN NOORDEN.)

EVERY intelligent passenger along the busy thoroughfare of Newgate Street must have been impressed, at some time or other, by the curious spectacle of a large number of blue-gowned and yellow-hosen boys running, jumping and playing, with light hearts and active limbs, in the playground hard by the handsome dining-hall belonging to Christ's Hospital. Country people, and those who pass this way for the first time, or but rarely, never fail to display an interest in a sight so unexpected in the heart of the busy city of London. It is quite clear that Londoners hold the school in no small veneration. Something of the distinction of being a royal foundation, perhaps, still clings to it, and something is doubtless due to the antiquity and magnitude of the institution; but the chief cause, we conceive, is to be found in the general appreciation of the permanent and widely extended good wrought by this great educational charity, and in the fact that within its walls, for the last three hundred years, a large number of children have been sheltered, educated, and in other ways cared for, without expense to their parents. It is generally recognised that the course of education imparted to the scholars of Christ's Hospital is of a sound and useful character, and well calculated to fit a boy for a successful commercial or professional career.

A portion of what is now the site of Christ's Hospital was occupied in former times by a priory of the Grey Friars or Franciscans—a house of great celebrity for the sanctity of its members and the beauty and magnificence of its buildings. The choir of a church for this brotherhood was commenced in 1306, and the mission rapidly grew in popularity. Gifts and legacies came in from various sources, and those who were about to die requested to be laid within the sacred precincts of this spiritual oasis. Weever relates that in this church (such was the notion of its superior sanctity) were interred the bodies of four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, one duke, two earls, eight barons, thirty-five knights, and many others, amounting in all to six hundred and sixty-three persons of rank and quality. In the choir there were nine tombs of alabaster and marble, and one hundred and forty marble gravestones in divers places. After the dissolution of the monasteries all



Ridley preaching before Edward VI. at Westminster in 1552. From Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

these memorials were taken down, removed, and sold by Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor of London, in 1545, for the sum of fifty pounds.

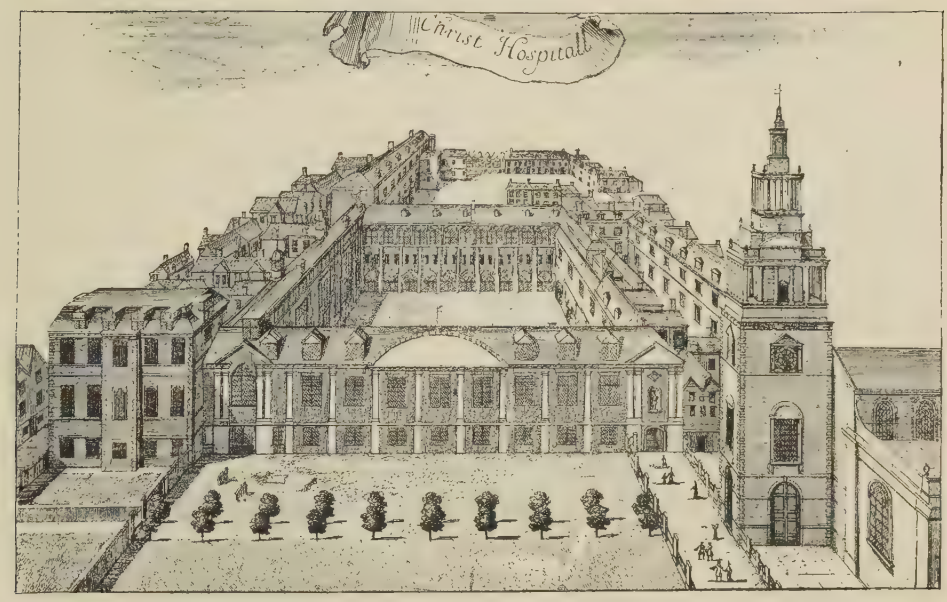
After its suppression, the conventual buildings were utilised as a storehouse for plunder taken from the French; and, towards the end of his reign, Henry VIII. gave the old priory to the City of London, to be devoted to the use of the poor. Edward VI. therefore merely confirmed the gift of his father when, in response to the eloquent sermon by Ridley at Westminster in 1552, wherein was "made a fruitful and godly exhortation to the rich to be merciful unto the poor, and also to move such as were in authority to travail by some charitable ways and means to comfort and relieve them," he devoted the disused house of the Grey Friars to the use of poor children.

It will be remembered, however, that the institution of Christ's Hospital was only a portion of a scheme devised for the relief of the three classes into which the poor of London were grouped by the Bishop, the Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen

Edward VI. presenting the Charter to Christ's Hospital. After the Painting by Holbein.

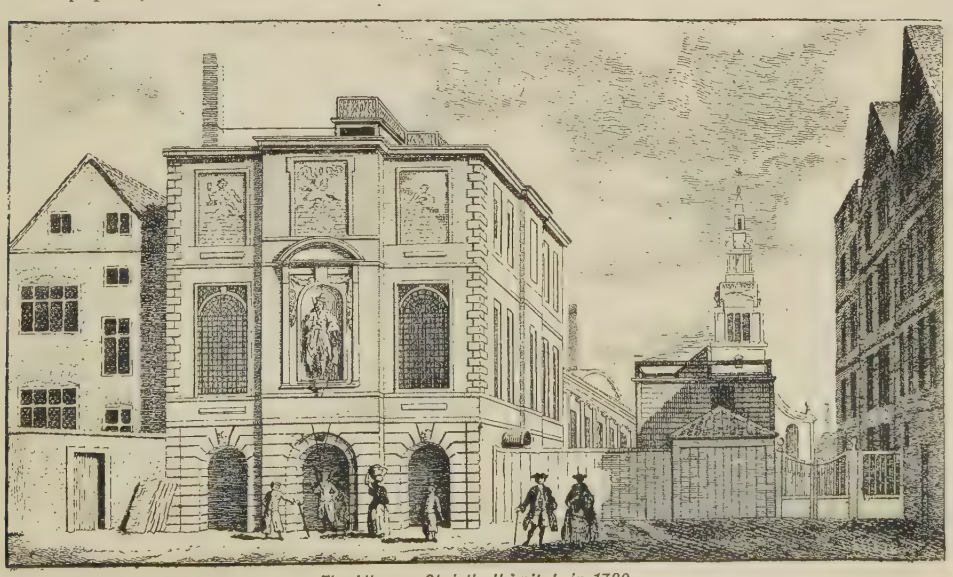
and Commoners who sat in committee upon the question, and the initiation of that great scheme doubtless was the work of the youthful King.

The parishes of St. Ewin, St. Nicholas Shambles, and a part of St. Sepulchre's, were united in one, and called Christ Church. The citizens hastened to carry out the plans of the King, and in six months' time they had proceeded so far in patching up the old conventual buildings as to allow of the admission of three hundred and



Christ's Hospital as it appeared in 1720.

forty children. They were clad in a livery of russet cotton, and on the next Christmas Day they were allowed to take a minor part in the procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to St. Paul's Cathedral. In June 1553 they were permitted to share in a far more important ceremony. The young King, ill, and with the hand of death almost upon him, received the Corporation at his palace, and presented them with the charter. The children were also present, and Holbein has painted a fine picture illustrative of the subject, showing the children kneeling in the foreground—a worthy memento of a great event. The charter bears the date of June 26th, 1553. On July 6th the King died, praying God to receive his spirit, and to defend this realm from papistry.



The Library, Christ's Hospital, in 1780.

R. White sculp.
William CAMDEN Clarenceux
Obijt Aº D. 1623 Ætatis suæ LXXIII

Christ's Hospital from the Cloisters in 1804.

On the Easter of 1553 the children were present at St. Mary Spital to hear the "Spital Sermon," and it was upon that occasion that they first wore blue garments. The attempt which has been made by some to identify the quaint but not unpleasing dress of the "Blue Coat Boys" with the monastic garb of pre-Reformation days has arisen probably from the natural association which may be supposed to exist between

Playground and Grammar School in 1818.

Rev. Arthur Trollope, D.D., Head Master in 1799.

the present institution of Christ's Hospital and the Franciscan Priory which once occupied the same site. The cloister-surrounded area of the playground and the Gothic dining-hall also gave a suggestion of the abode of a religious or conventual community. The belt worn around the waist has been regarded by some as a modernised form of the old-fashioned girdle of the monks; but there is no reason to doubt that it is actually a survival of the leathern belt which was generally worn by the civilians of olden times; and, indeed, it may be safely assumed that the entire costume is a fairly accurate example of the dress of boys during the Tudor period.

The dress, as at present worn, consists of a long blue coat or gown, with ample skirts, secured around the waist by the belt just mentioned, which is of dark red colour. A vest is worn under the coat in the winter. Small-clothes of moleskin, worsted yellow stockings, shoes (the little black worsted cap is now invariably discarded), and a pair of white bands about the neck, complete the costume. The last-mentioned article is all that remains of the original ruff or collar, once a part of the dress of all ranks. A curious tradition lingers among the boys to the effect that the original dress was of black velvet, fastened with silver buttons, and an exact facsimile of the ordinary dress of their royal founder It is not improbable that this idea may have arisen from some confused traditions relative to Edward VI., whose personal appearance would naturally be regarded by the boys with peculiar veneration, and as the type of the highest order of costume.

Charles Lamb.

S. T. Coleridge.

The Great Fire of London proved very disastrous to Christ's Hospital. Not only was a large portion of the building destroyed by the devouring flames, but other houses, the property of the charity, were also injured or demolished. The damage to the Hospital itself had not been wholly repaired in 1675, when, by the generosity of Sir Robert Clayton, the fallen structure was rebuilt under the

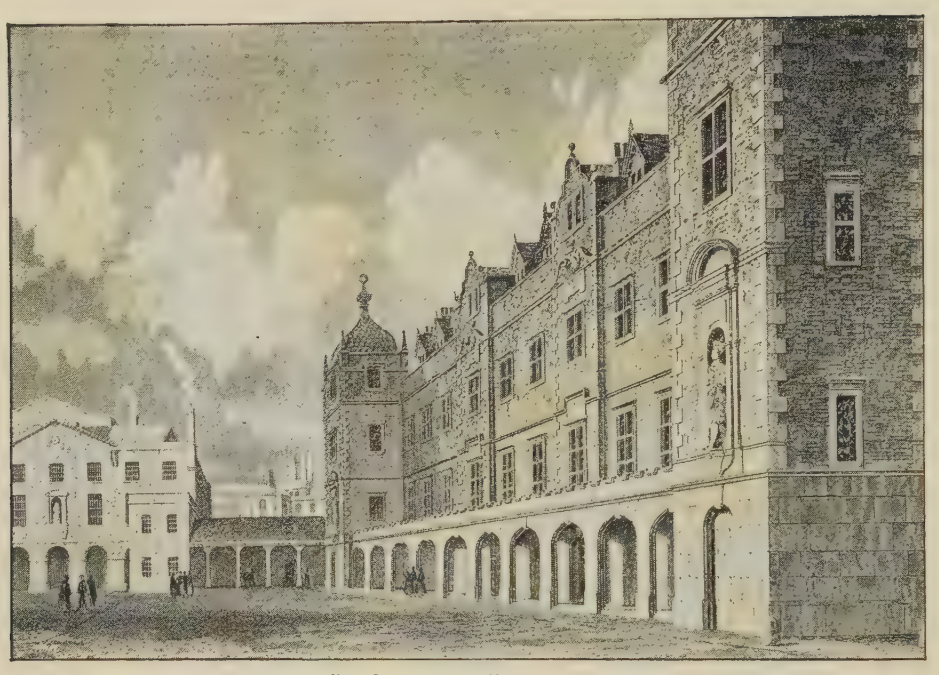
The Grammar School in 1827.

direction of Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Morrice, the partner of Sir Robert, both governors of the Hospital, undertook to bear half the expense, which was estimated at £5000. During the progress of the work of repair, however, various improvements were introduced into the plan, with the effect of doubling the amount of the anticipated cost; and, owing to Mr. Morrice's death, the whole of this burden fell upon Sir Robert Clayton. The identity of this generous benefactor remained for a time a secret, but eventually the truth was made public. The real name was recorded in an inscription upon a stone tablet placed near the founder's statue at the south entrance, bearing the date of 1682.

The next important improvement was the rebuilding of the great hall, of which Sir John Frederick, Knt., president of the Hospital, bore the entire cost—about £5000. It was a fine apartment, a hundred and thirty feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and forty-five in height. Therein was placed the fine organ which had been presented in 1672 by Edward Skelton, one of the governors. This old hall, so full of interesting reminiscences, was removed in the autumn of 1827, being superseded by the handsome Gothic dining-hall which now exists.

Another important addition to the structure of Christ's Hospital was the Writing School, which was commenced in 1694 and opened in the following year. It was built under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren; and its cost, which in the end considerably exceeded £4000, was entirely covered by the generosity of Sir John Moore, Knt., the president of the Hospital at that time.

A curious old custom, which we believe is still kept up, is associated with the great Christian festival of Easter. On Easter Tuesday the boys pay a visit to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and receive from his hands some coins fresh from the Mint. Before leaving they are each regaled with buns and a glass of wine or lemonade. The whole party then returns to Christ Church, adjoining the Hospital, where they, in company with the Lord Mayor and the other civic



New Grammar and Mathematical Schools

authorities, attend the service. Upon this occasion the boys wore until recent years, pinned on the left breast, a paper bearing the words "He is risen." This was evidently a survival of the fashion of mediæval times, when at the season of Easter these words were generally used instead of the regular form of salutation.

Speech day, formerly held upon the feast of St. Matthew (September 21st), is now held on the last day of the summer term. Upon that occasion the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend Christ Church in state, and, after the service, they adjourn to the court room, where light refreshments are served. The names of the governors of the Royal Hospitals are then handed to the Lord Mayor for preservation among the City archives, and the boys make speeches in Latin and English in commemoration of their benefactors. Thereupon the Lord Mayor presents a guinea each to the young orators. A sort of formal inquiry was formerly held as to the conduct of the several beadles of the establishment. During the inquiry these officials laid down their staves on the middle of the floor, and retired to the bottom of the hall. This was done in token of their submission to the chief magistrate, and as an acknowledgment that they held their places at his will, although elected by the governors.

November 17th, the accession day of Queen Elizabeth, was for a long period observed as a Protestant festival. The Pope in effigy, in a chair of state, attended by a real person dressed up to represent the devil, was paraded in the streets, and afterwards burnt in a bonfire. In Queen Anne's time the Pretender's effigy was added to that of the Pope, and both shared the same fate. In the school itself grudges and spites were settled summarily on this day by bumping the offending boy on the ground. The culprit was regarded by the other boys as the Pope was regarded by Protestants, and was punished without mercy.

Of the various festivals of this great school, however, none were more generally interesting than the "Public Suppings," which were once held on the Sunday

evenings during Lent, but have since been held on the Thursday evenings of the same season. Upon these occasions the great chandeliers are lighted. The five rows of tables down the centre of the hall are covered with snow-white cloths, and upon them are arranged sixty or seventy candlesticks, with tall candles, and the supper for about eight hundred boys. Each ration consists of a stout hunch of bread on a blue-and-white plate, a pat of butter, and an earthenware basin of milk. (In the olden times the tables used to be occupied by wooden trenchers and mugs, and black jacks containing beer, which was the beverage formerly in use.) At seven o'clock the governors and distinguished visitors enter, and seat themselves on seats of honour at one end of the hall. Upon a given signal one of the "Grecians," as the senior boys are called, mounts a reading-desk and gives out the Hundredth Psalm, which is sung by all the boys to the accompaniment of the organ. A chapter in the Bible is then read, prayers and further singing follow, after which the boys seat themselves to supper. Visitors are allowed to walk about the hall and converse with the boys. When supper is over the visitors return to their seats, and a number of boys proceed to remove the tea-things. The plates, basins and knives are carried away in baskets, the table-cloths are rolled up, and all the boys walk up to the end of the hall where are the people in the seats of honour. They walk two and two, each ward headed by its matron, and make an obeisance, and pass on and out of the hall to their dormitories.

The boys are compelled to be early risers. The regular time for the calling-up bell is six in the summer and seven in the winter. They all partake of breakfast in the great hall at eight o'clock. School begins at nine, and at noon it is adjourned for two hours and a half. All go out for half an hour's play, and fifteen minutes before dinner the "prep.," or preparation bell, is rung, when every boy is expected to wash and prepare for dinner. School duties are resumed at half-past two, and are continued

Exterior of the New Hall.

Interior of Christ Church in 1816.

until half-past four, when play follows. The supper-hour is six o'clock, after which the remaining space before bed-time is spent in recreation, ablution and prayers.

Of course no boy is permitted to pass the bounds of the Hospital without permission; and on Saturdays, when no leave of absence was granted, there is a tradition that a bell, called the "absence bell," was rung at an unfixed hour, for the purpose of calling the several wards together to be counted. Another tradition still lingers, to the effect that at a quarter before ten at night a bell summoned the monitors and other privileged boys to bed, and that shortly afterwards each nurse went round her ward to see that the children were properly covered. This was called the "monitors' bell," and has been by some supposed to be a remnant of the ancient curfew.

A list of celebrated men who have received their training within the walls of this time-honoured school would occupy considerable space, and would include the names of Camden the antiquary, Bishops Stillingfleet and Middleton, the novelist Richardson, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb.

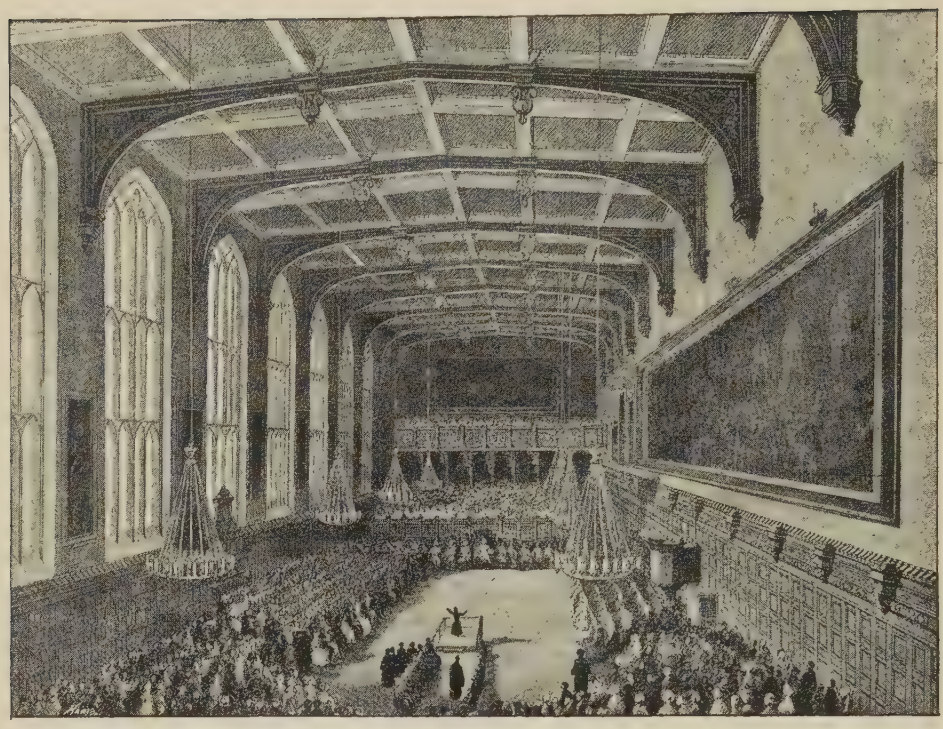
Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," puts it upon record that this school, towards the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, sent out more living writers, in its proportion, than any other school. Leigh Hunt dearly loved Christ's Hospital, or, as he prefers to call it, "Christ Hospital," and he has given us some extremely interesting details of the institution as it existed in his day. He says: "I love and honour the school on private accounts; and I feel a public interest in its welfare, inasmuch as it is one of those judicious links with all classes, the importance of which, especially at a time like the present, cannot be too highly estimated. . . . Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean: something solid,

unpretending, of good character, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it, who issue from a greater variety of ranks, than in any other school in the kingdom; and as it is the most various, so it is the largest of all the free schools."

One of the brilliant names closely associated with Christ's Hospital is that of Charles Lamb, who in 1782 obtained a presentation through the influence of Mr. Salt. At that time Lamb was just over seven years old, terribly shy and painfully sensitive. A slight impediment of speech, which sometimes amounted almost to a stutter, partly the cause and partly the result of this timidity, brought him some indulgence from his masters and playmates; but the gentleness and amiability of the boy's nature, and the pleasant face, "the pensive, brown, handsome and kingly face," which has been described by Leigh Hunt, must have made him a real favourite at school. The severity of school discipline was relaxed in his favour, and his complaints received unusual consideration. Among others who took an interest in Lamb's creature comforts was an old aunt, who used to bring him good things for his dinner. He himself tells us that he used to be ashamed to see this good old soul come and sit herself down on the coal-hole steps near where they went into the grammar school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin, with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for him. The school fare at that time was not too delicate or liberal in quantity, and these kind attentions from his old aunt must have been by no means unwelcome to the lad, but his keen sensitiveness to ridicule was the only cause of the scanty thanks which he appears to have manifested.

Lamb himself has recorded an anecdote which throws an interesting, not to say amusing, side light upon the dietary system at Christ's Hospital during the latter part of the last century. In spite of the limited amount of food allowed, much of what was provided could not be eaten; and there would appear to have been

Interior of Grammar School in 1816.



Speech Day in the Great Hall, St. Matthew's Day, 1842.

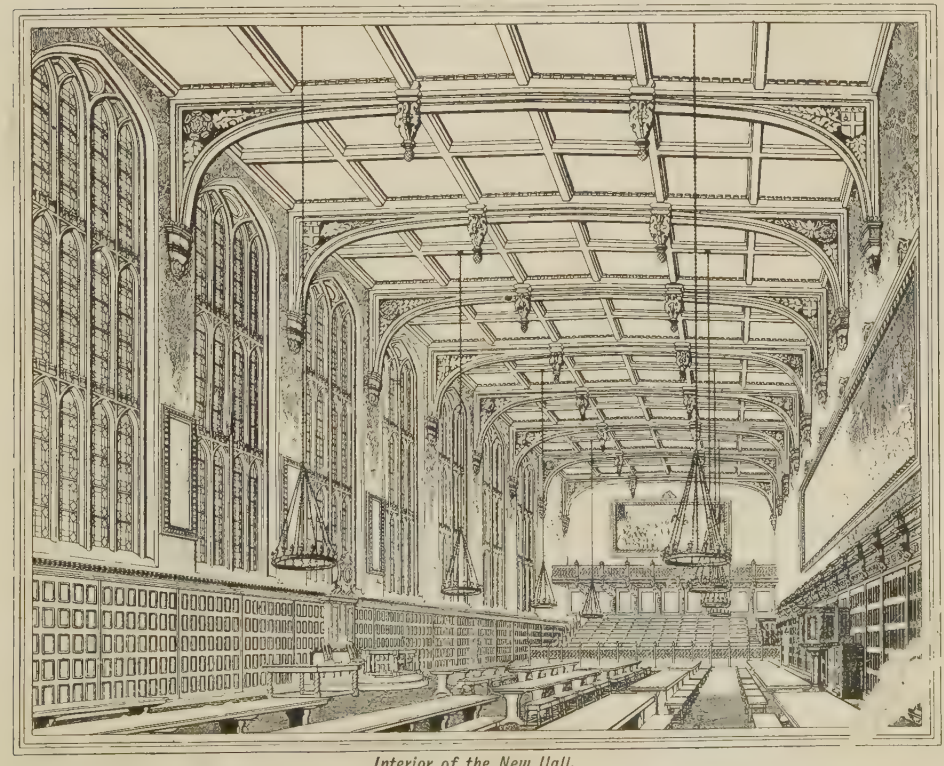
a particular aversion among the boys to the fat of fresh boiled beef, which the youngsters, for some forgotten reason, called "gag." A gag-eater was looked upon with the same feelings of horror and detestation as a ghoul; but, notwithstanding this, one boy was observed to gather up any fragments which might remain after a meal, and in an especial manner these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. "None saw that he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched; but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that on leaving he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This, then, must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spoke to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more 'grievous than many stripes.'" A watch was kept over the movements of the boy, who was traced to the humble abode of his parents,—an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; "and this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family, and presented him with a silver medal."

From the account of this ancient and honourable institution which Leigh Hunt has given us in his "Autobiography" we learn much about the inadequacy of the food supply during his time there. "Our breakfast," says he, "was bread and water, for the beer was too bad to drink. The bread consisted of the half of a three-halfpenny

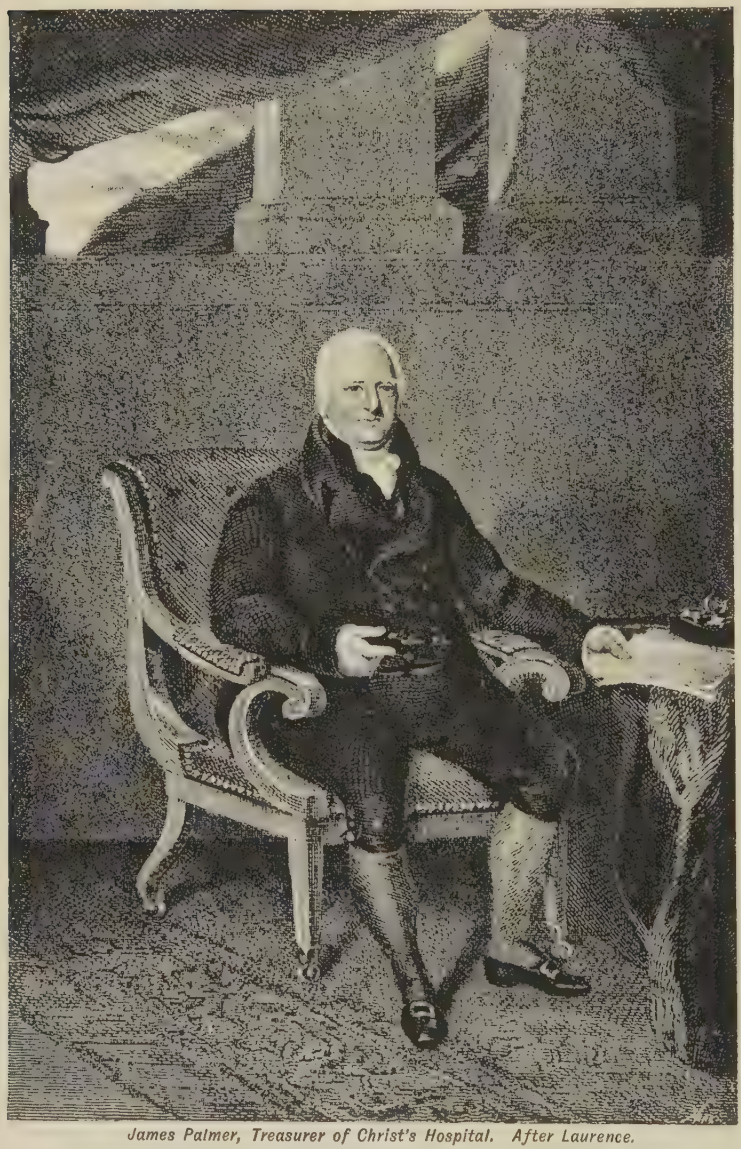
loaf, according to the prices then current. I suppose it would now be a good twopenny one; certainly not a threepenny. This was not much for growing boys, who had had nothing to eat from six or seven o'clock the preceding evening. For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day, and that consisting of a small slice, such as would be given to an infant three or four years old. Yet even that, with all our hunger, we very often left half-eaten; the meat was so tough. On the other days we had a milk porridge, ludicrously thin; or rice-milk, which was better. There were no vegetables or puddings. Once a month we had roast beef; and twice a year (I blush to think of the eagerness with which it was looked for!) a dinner of pork. One was roast, and the other was boiled; and on the latter occasion we had our only pudding, which was of peas." A modest supper of bread completed the meals of the day.

At a somewhat later date the dietary consisted of bread and beer (or water) for breakfast, bread and cheese (or on Sundays bread and butter) for supper, and dinners in the following order: Roast beef on Sunday; bread and butter, with milk porridge, on Monday; roast mutton on Tuesday; bread and butter, with rice-milk, on Wednesday; boiled beef on Thursday; boiled mutton on Friday; and bread and butter, with pea-soup, on Saturday. This variation of viands was commemorated by the boys in the following feeble attempt at rhyme:—

"Sunday, All Saints,
Monday, All Souls,
Tuesday, All Trenchers,
Wednesday, All Bowls,
Thursday, Tough Jack,
Friday, No better,
Saturday, Pea-soup with Bread and Butter."



Interior of the New Hall.



James Palmer, Treasurer of Christ's Hospital. After Laurence.

The epithet of "All Saints" applied to Sunday serves to remind one of the severity of the religious exercises once imposed upon the scholars on that day. One who was himself an old "Blue" tells us that the service in the adjacent Christ Church on Sunday morning was a severe ordeal for knees and backs. Every boy was bound to kneel upon the hard wooden floor of the church without any support to lean against, either before or behind, holding in the hand a heavy Bible and Prayer Book bound in one volume. The natural result was that occasionally a delicate boy would faint, topple over, and have to be carried outside into the fresh air. When the service was ended all returned to the school, where dinner was served at one o'clock. The afternoon of Sunday was employed in reciting the catechism and psalms until the time arrived for afternoon service. After the service came supper, and then a sermon in the dining-hall from the head master.

Coleridge entered Christ's Hospital the same year as Lamb. His shy, sensitive, affectionate nature found very uncongenial surroundings in the atmosphere of this vast institution. Even the periodical leave-days were not unmixed blessings; for poor Coleridge was homeless and friendless in the great city of London, and when the weather was unsuited to his favourite pastime of swimming in the New River, the lonely lad would prowl about Newgate and the adjacent quarters, or wait outside the iron gates shivering in the cold until the doors were opened. The

boy's nature was lovable and sociable to those who understood him, but it is to be feared few of his school companions were able to do so. His pronounced love of solitude and meditation proved a fatal obstacle to anything like close friendship with boys full of life, of fun, and of sanguine spirits. For a period of between eight and nine years Coleridge remained a "Blue Coat Boy," and during that time he formed a few close friendships. Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, some years his senior, was one of the chosen few; and Charles Lamb, three years Coleridge's junior, was another. But the yearning for a home of some sort was so strong as to lead Coleridge to form the idea of quitting Christ's Hospital and apprenticing himself to shoemaking. Coleridge had made the acquaintance, during one of his solitary rambles, of a certain shoemaker and his wife, and here was one opportunity, he thought, of putting his project into execution. He brought the tradesman to see the school authorities, but all to no purpose. His request was refused. The master lost his temper, and sent the shoemaker about his business. When it was suggested that Coleridge should go to the University with an ultimate view of taking holy orders, the lad boldly stated that he held infidel opinions. "So, sirrah," cried the master, "you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you!" And the threat was carried out with unnecessary severity. This sagacious master endeavoured also to ridicule the young poet out of false taste in poetry. "Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian springs? Oh, ay, the cloister pump, I suppose." Coleridge remained at Christ's Hospital altogether for a period of about nine years, and left it, when almost nineteen years old, in the autumn of 1791.

An amusing story is told of the steward whose duty it was to watch over the behaviour of the children in church, and to administer punishment to such as created a disturbance. Naturally he was not a very popular personage among the boys. "He sat aloof," says Leigh Hunt, "in a place where he could view the whole of his flock. There was a ludicrous kind of revenge we had of him, whenever a particular part of the Bible was read. This was the parable of the Unjust Steward. The boys waited anxiously till the passage commenced; and then, as if by a general conspiracy, at the words 'thou unjust steward,' the whole school turned their eyes on this unfortunate officer."

The branch of Christ's Hospital at Hertford, for the reception of girls and junior boys, was one result of the flourishing financial condition of this charity during the seventeenth century. In 1683 the foundation of a handsome building was laid on the eastern side of that town, and after a lapse of twelve years it was brought to completion.

Until 1891, sixty of the smallest boys at Christ's Hospital attended All Hallows Church to take part in the musical exercises of the service, after which they were each presented with a penny and a paper of raisins,

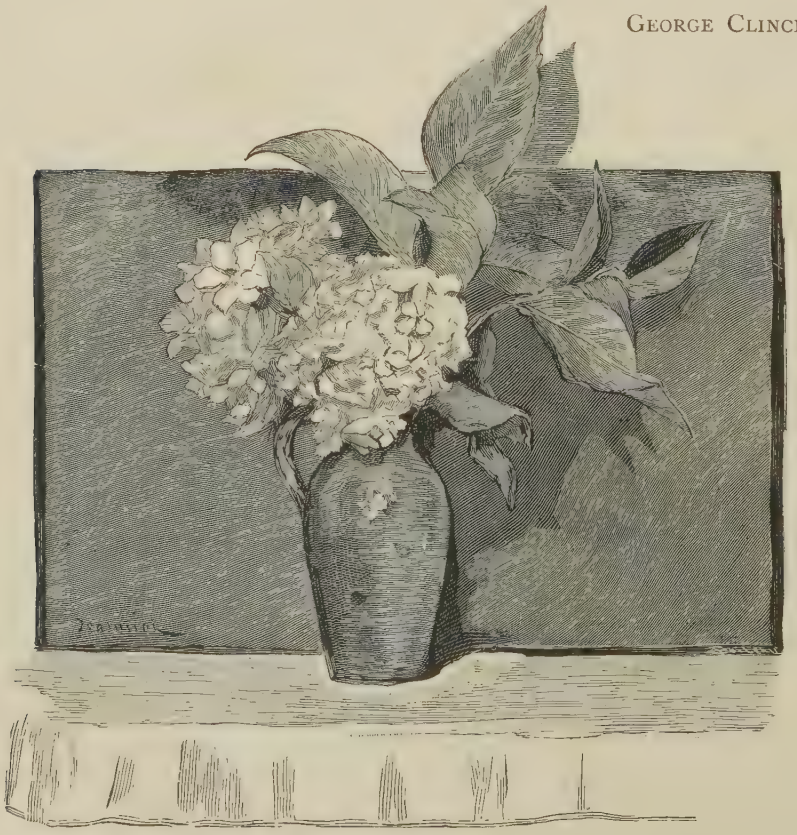
Entrance to Junior School at Hertford in 1834

in accordance with the will of a benefactor. Upon their return their schoolfellows greeted them with derisive shouts and the following song:—

"Come, little blue-coat boy,
Come, come, come,
Sing for a penny, and
Chant for a plum."

And so, as the years have come and gone, and as generation has succeeded generation, a chain of interesting associations has become entwined with the history of Christ's Hospital, binding it closely to the history of London and the kingdom generally. Its noble buildings, its prosperity, and above all its widespread influence for good as a training and educational agency for all classes, have distinguished it above every similar institution. Londoners especially have learned to feel a just pride in this ancient school, and to look upon it with feelings of reverential regard, and affection so intimate, that if the impending changes result in an early severance they will be regarded with no inconsiderable feelings of regret. Recent events, which have led to the closing of the school, seem to point to an early removal to the proposed new site at Horsham, Sussex; but memories and traditions will linger around the spot long after every vestige of the familiar walls is removed, and whatever be the ultimate fate of the Newgate Street site the spot will ever be sacred as the former home of a foundation which has been well called "the noblest institution in the world."

GEORGE CLINCH.



LOVE'S APOSTATE.

MR. CARLINGFORD was the holder of a great deal of Argentine stock, and until the day on which that most irresponsible republic remarked that it was not going to pay any of its debts he was a rich man. He was, in fact, so rich, and held money in such supreme contempt, that he did not put the slightest opposition in the way of his only son taking up the profession of a sculptor. But, contrary to his or any one else's expectation, with the single exception of Tom himself, who remarked, with much reason, that no one would ever believe in you unless you had the utmost belief in yourself, the budding artist soon made for himself a name, and—what surprised his father, who was a finished old cynic, much more—a market.

Tom turned out charming little figures of crouching nymphs and Arcadio-Parisian shepherdesses, which looked admirable as clock ornaments, while the larger sizes were the very things to stand in the corners of rooms in front of artistically disposed red velvet.

In fact, he got on so well that, on the strength of his growing success and his substantial expectations, he permitted himself to fall in love. May Winterson, who was a charming girl, also fell in love with him. In a word, Fortune seemed disposed to bestow one of her broadest smiles on the pair.

Tom Carlingford then took a ruinous step. Six months before his marriage an artist friend asked him to come and spend a few weeks with him in Rome, where they would walk the Vatican together; and Tom went. From a purely artistic point of view, it was very likely the making of him; financially, it was his ruin. The two results are by no means incompatible.

The first day that Tom was there he went off alone to the galleries, for his friend, whose name was Manvers, was unable to go with him; and when he came to the

torso of the Belvedere Hercules he stopped quite short. Then he said "By Gad!" and looked at it for half an hour without speaking.

There was some excuse, or at any rate some precedent, for Tom, since Michael Angelo, in his sightless old age, used to run his fingers over this statue for hours together. But the mischief was done.

Manvers was a sculptor of the more advanced French school, who had got past mere prettiness, and sculptured sheer ugliness with amazing skill. He preferred cripples. But he was still capable of appreciating prettiness, and Tom had left with him that morning a few photographs of his exhibits in London that year. Manvers had turned them over for half an hour or more with much respect, for they were exceedingly pretty and quite modern. When Tom came in he was still looking at them.

"My dear fellow," he said as he entered, "do you know, these are devilish pretty?"

Tom did not answer him, but strode across the room to see what he was looking at. When he saw, he flushed deeply.

"Give me those horrors," he said; and he flung them into the wood fire.

The fire thrust out a greedy tongue and licked them in, and in a few moments all that was left of them was a scrawl of crinkly grey ash, over which little red sparks ran about like fiery beetles.

"I have seen the Belvedere torso," said Tom, and dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"'It makes it a blasphemy,' said Tom."

"That doesn't make your 'Bather' any the less pretty," remarked Manvers.

"It makes it a blasphemy," said Tom.

Manvers had seen this sort of thing before, and he was not much alarmed for Tom's career. Indeed, he had himself spent five weeks in earlier days wrestling with a gigantic Apollo that was going to make the Golden Age return; but being a person of great good sense, immense talent and no genius at all, he had returned at the end of his forty days in the desert to his "meditating ladies" and "tattered beggars" with a wholesome conviction that not having wings it was no earthly use attempting to fly, and that it was folly, not being able to fly, to refuse for that reason to walk.

He lay back in his chair and laughed.

"I wish you hadn't torn those things up," he said; "they were very pretty. And now you will go home, and set up a life-size Apollo, just as I did, in a three-pair back

in some grimy London street, and gnash your teeth at it for a month, or perhaps six; then you will go back to the shepherdesses with a sense of unutterable relief. I'm not denying that the Hercules is magnificent, but it won't do nowadays. All the same, it is a good thing to go through that stage. It gives one ideas about drapery, not that the Hercules has much drapery, but some antiques have. But why didn't the divine madness seize you when you first saw the Elgin Marbles? They are what gave it me."

"It did," said Tom; "but it frightened me. I simply turned tail and ran. I saw how tremendously good they were, but I was frightened. I put them out of my head as quickly as I could."

The madness lasted all that month, as Manvers fully expected it would. Tom sat gazing in front of headless gods and goddesses all day, and returned home at night in a sort of artistic intoxication. His friend regarded it merely as a sort of vaccination: it had taken well; he would be free for at least seven years from any fear of the disease.

At Easter Tom went home to England, and a fortnight afterwards his father lay on his deathbed, and the Argentine Republic had gracefully declined to have anything to say to its bondholders.

The old man had a certain grim sense of humour which even the King of Terrors was unable to scare away.

"I'm stone-broke, Tom," he whispered, "and there will be nothing left for you but to break stones."

And he went out into the Valley of the Silence chuckling.

Tom felt in a heroic mood, and he said fine things to the effect that he would sooner be poor than rich, and that he would make his way in the world attended, not by Parisian shepherdesses and boys bathing, but by gods and goddesses of an elder day, and he predicted that the Golden Age would shortly return.

When May endorsed all that he said, and further added that Camberwell was remarkably healthy, Tom felt that the Golden Age was already returning. She was not at all artistic, but she had a great belief in Tom, and she happened to be head over ears in love with him.

There was great opposition, perfectly well-founded, on the part of her mother, which made them both feel more heroic than ever; and this reached its climax when Tom counted up the utmost sum at their disposal on which to set up housekeeping, and found that it amounted to £210 12*s.* 6*d.* So they spent a blissful day in front of the Elgin Marbles, and had a very bad lunch at the British Museum.

Tom was quite mad, and wished to execute a war-dance on a figure which he had left unfinished before he went to Rome. It was an extremely pretty statuette of a boy shooting, and was about the best thing, from a technical point of view, that he had ever done. But May was not mad, although she had decided to marry Tom on £210 12*s.* 6*d.*, and she demanded it as a present. Tom frowned and said, "How on earth you can manage to look at it without being sick, I can't conceive!" But he gave it her, for he cared for her more than for all the gods and goddesses of fifty Vaticans. And May put it upon the chimneypiece, and Tom gnashed at it periodically.

He hired four rooms, not in Camberwell, but in an unattractive side street in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, paid six months' rent in advance, and ordered a mountain of clay. He and May were married at once, and were immensely happy.

Tom spent all day in his studio, and when dusk was falling they often took the 'bus as far as the Marble Arch, and walked to Hyde Park Gate, and Tom would stand in front of the Achilles and explain sonorously to May that it was all hopelessly

"They spent a blissful day in front of the Elgin Marbles."

wrong, and that the man who perpetrated it deserved to be put into the same impossible attitude, and then shot as a warning to evil-doers.

May was serenely happy, and Tom was very happy too, but not at all serene, because he was still quite mad, and had not yet learned that men can no longer fly in this nineteenth century, and that those who stand on tiptoe are not appreciably nearer to flying than those who do not. But madmen have a very pleasant time so long as they are quite unaware that they are mad.

In August Manvers came to England, and stumbled up the rickety, badly lighted stairs which led to the temple of Tom's muse, with mild disgust mingled with curiosity. Tom had been trying to induce the Golden Age to return for six months,

and it was time that he should stop. May received the old apostate in their sitting-room, which commanded an extensive view of chimney-pots and dirty slate roofs, looking like a duchess who, for some private reason of her own, had decided to live in Bloomsbury and wear out her old dresses. They went together to the studio, which commanded a view of nothing at all, because it was lit by a skylight. The classical figure which was to be the herald of the Golden Age represented Demeter mourning for Persephone. The pose was very simple and, in its way, admirable. The goddess stood with one foot drawn slightly back; the head was drooped in sorrow for her lost child, and the arms hung limply by her side. Tom had sent the model away, and was just finishing a fold of drapery. He looked up as the two entered, and welcomed Manvers. May drew her arm through his, and the three stood there a moment in silence. The room was stiflingly hot, for the August sun had been baking it all day, and the blinds over the skylight were shabby and torn. Tom had no money to waste in blinds.

Then Manvers turned to Tom.

"Yes, it is admirable," he said; "it might be Greek."

Tom drew a long breath. How he had longed that some one should say that!

"But do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, you know, it's not in my line. But I think it probably comes near your conception, and that is the greatest that can be said of anything."

"Then let's go to dinner," said Tom, for they had settled to dine together at a restaurant.

But Manvers was interested in the statue, and stopped some time longer praising, advising, suggesting; and, when they had left the studio, he spent a full ten minutes more looking at the statuette which May had saved from Tom's intended war-dance, and before that his praise was of a very different order. May had gone to put her hat on, and in her absence he could talk to Tom more freely; for he had felt rather like a traitor under her grey eyes when he had said the Demeter was not in his line.

"It's the best thing you've ever done, Tom," he said, handling the statuette respectfully. "It really is confoundedly good, from the top of the forage-cap down to the end of that bootlace tag. As for that horror in the studio—you call my things horrors, you know, so why shouldn't I call yours?—the sooner you smash it the better. Not that it isn't good; it is admirable, as I said, but it won't do. If you are to be anything nowadays you must be intelligible. People will not cudgel their brains over art to see what it means. Most art critics, in fact, haven't got any brains to cudgel—that is why they are so fond of my abortions. In any case they haven't got time. What they want is something which they can like in a moment—that boy shooting, *par exemple*. Any one can see how good it is. And somehow or other you have managed not to be vulgar. That's the easiest way of getting popularity. I've

"'It's the best thing you've ever done, Tom.'"

just done a ballet-girl dancing; it is incomparably vulgar—in fact, I think it is the most vulgar thing I ever saw—and in consequence every one raves about it. You really had much better smash the Demeter. What will you do with her? No one will buy her, you know; they may take it at the Academy—I should think they would, in fact; but in the autumn it will be returned to you—or rather you will have to go to fetch it. Pears might buy it as an advertisement for their soap, if you were only an Academician; it's a beautiful white piece of marble—'after using Pears' soap,' you know. But as you're not, no one will take the trouble to understand it."

Tom grew more and more impatient throughout the speech, and could contain himself no longer.

"Don't talk blasphemy here!" he shouted. "The only object of art, according to you, is to make fifty silly women look at the abortions you produce for five minutes while they are thinking of another bit of scandal. You are welcome to them. And if no one else cares for my Demeter, May does, and the rest of the world may go to the deuce for all that either of us care. You're a rank heretic, and when you die you will go to a place entirely peopled with the types you love so, while I shall sit at wine with gods and goddesses."

"What will happen to all your other people—the boy shooting, for instance?"

"If he shows as much as the end of his horrid gun I'll kick him downstairs, to join you and your fellows," said Tom.

"Thanks! I shall be charmed to see him."

Tom burst out laughing.

"Do you know I'm awfully charmed to see you, old fellow, heretic or no heretic? We won't talk art any more. Come on,—May will be ready by this time."

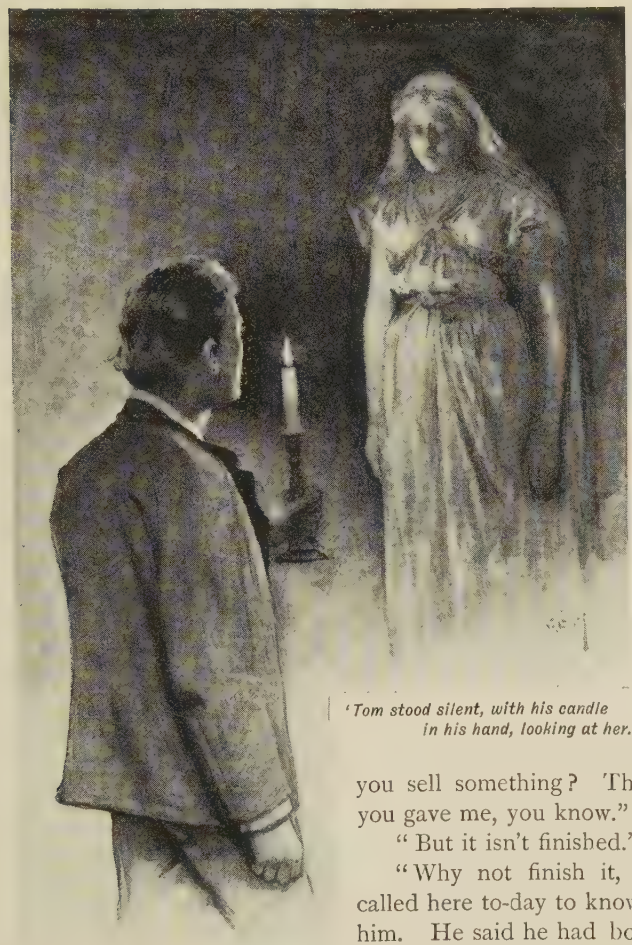
For two months more Tom wrought and wrought, and Demeter grew more and more godlike underneath his hand. Sometimes when he went into his studio his heart gave a sudden leap. Was his dream coming true after all? Was the earth to be peopled again with gods and goddesses? It was not conceit, only the true, deep consciousness of an artist, without which no man is an artist, when he sees his conception growing materialised before his eyes. For an artist's conception, when he works for his ideal, is the highest thing of which he is capable; it is his god; and when he sees his god becoming incarnate, how can he but be filled with joy and trembling?

On one snowy morning in December the cry of a newly born child was heard in the house, and on that day Demeter was finished.

Demeter was put into marble, and all Tom's friends agreed that it was very beautiful, and that the difficulty of getting it downstairs would be immense; and eventually it stood in the Royal Academy, where it made a number of realistic bronzes look vulgar and gawky; and though it was for sale, nobody seemed the least inclined to buy it. Demeters do not "go" with modern systems of art decoration.

Tom received several letters that summer from various dealers asking him if he had any statuettes for sale. They all of them admired the Demeter enormously, but not one of them offered him sixpence for it. Tom swore a little over these letters, and pitched them all into the waste-paper basket, and began on a new statue of Persephone.

July was hotter than ever that year, and the baby was not well. May, who was not naturally at all nervous, sent for the doctor one morning. Tom was out all day, and it was not till dusk had fallen that she heard his step on the stairs.



'Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her."

She met him on the landing, and they went into the sitting-room together.

"Tom dear," she began, "the doctor has been to-day about the baby. He isn't at all well."

"What's the matter with him?"

"It's the heat, the doctor says, and want of fresh air. He says he must go away."

"Where must he go to?"

"He recommends the seaside."

There was a long silence. Tom rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

"I haven't got a penny to spare."

"No, dear, I know," she said; "but couldn't you sell something? There's the boy shooting which you gave me, you know."

"But it isn't finished."

"Why not finish it, then, and sell it? A man called here to-day to know if you hadn't anything for him. He said he had bought things from you before. He looked at the statuette, and said it was the best thing you had ever done.'

Tom stopped in front of the mantelpiece.

"O ye bootlaces!" he cried. "But it's a horror!"

"Ah! but the dealers don't think so. And I think it's awfully good. Surely it's good, Tom. And the baby must go away, dear."

For several minutes Tom did not speak. Then he sat down gently by his wife.

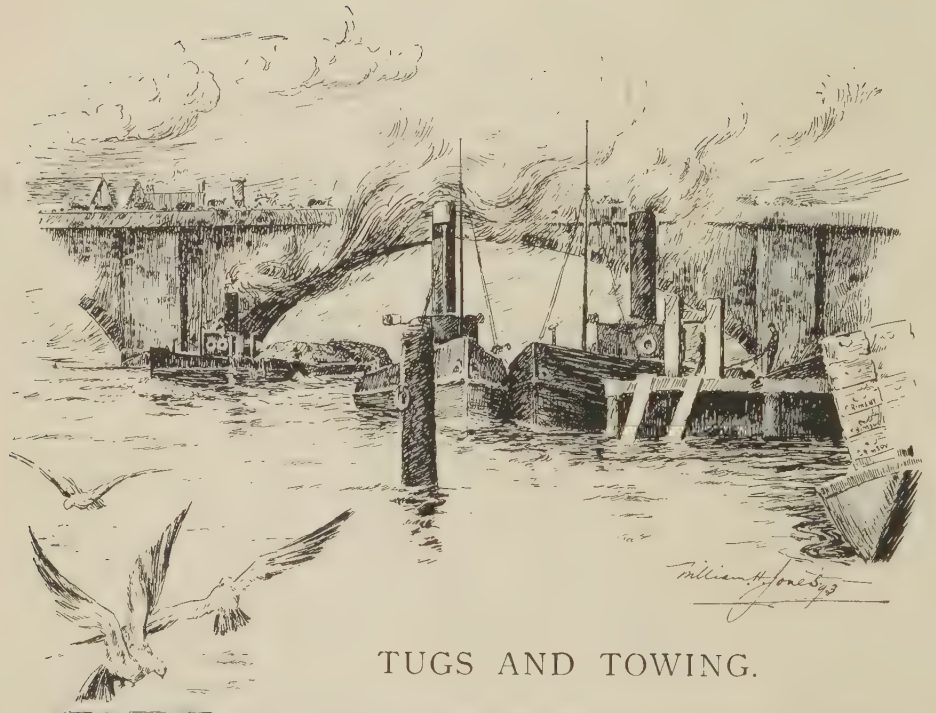
"Yes, darling, you are right. I will finish it at once."

May went to bed early that night, and when the house was still Tom went into the studio. Demeter stood shining there, with her head drooped in sorrow for the lost child, and by her the half-finished clay sketch of Persephone.

Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her. Then with his left hand he grasped the cold marble fingers of the goddess.

"Good-bye," he said, "they do not want you. And I—I have another goddess and another child."

E. F. Benson.

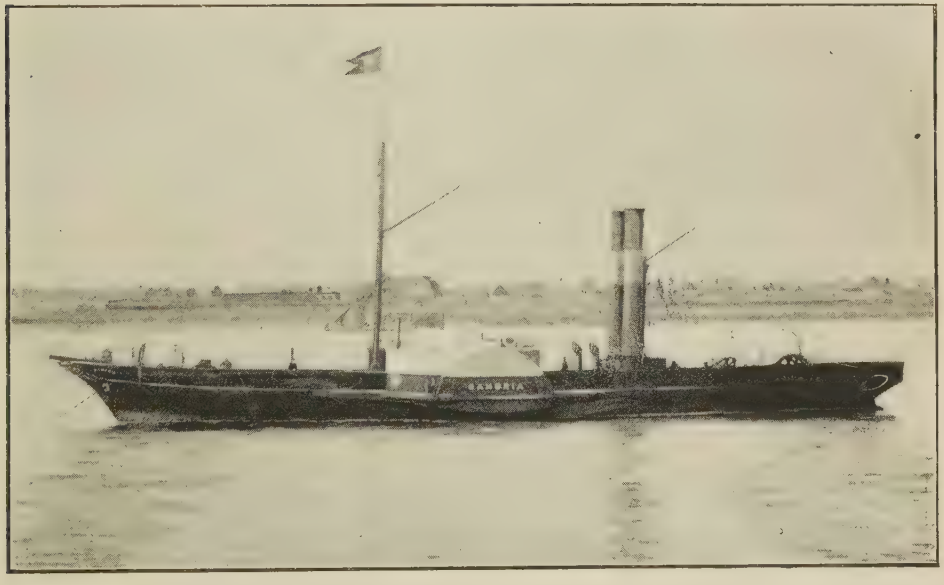


TUGS AND TOWING.

THERE is no more familiar craft to be met with anywhere in our home waters than the tug-boat. It would be difficult to say whether, on the whole, she is a more commonplace object than the barge, with her tan-coloured spritsails and trailing leeboards; but she is decidedly a more interesting one. We are all acquainted with the little steamer, and know exactly what manner of vessel she is: how she commonly has large white paddle-boxes, with her name painted upon them in gigantic yellow letters, carries a pair of gaudily coloured funnels, is furnished with a short pole mast, and is adorned aft with a stout arched piece of timber, reaching from bulwark to bulwark, termed a tow-rail; how the sheer of her bows and the spread of her forward sponsons invariably give her the appearance of being what sailors call short-nosed; and how, when she is under way, she makes an extraordinary smoke and splutter compared with other steamboats.

The tug is one of the most picturesque details of the calm summer coast scene, when the sea stretches like a sheet of glass to the hazy horizon, faithfully mirroring her motionless form as she lies brought-up inside some little bight or cove; or glides swiftly over the smooth surface, with the sound of her slapping paddle-wheels and the measured champing of her engines reaching the ear plainly enough through the silent air, though she be almost upon the horizon; shadowing the league-long furrow of her wake, sluicing away in a white torrent to the rapid revolutions of the feathering floats, with the level pouring of a dark and sooty coil from her smoke stack; with, maybe, a little lugger hanging on astern to get a "pluck-up" towards home, in return for which the tug's crew will have a fine mess of fish for dinner. Scarcely less does she belong to the wild and stormy winter picture, when the green waters of the Channel are rolling up out of the rain-shrouded horizon in tall liquid hills, crested on top with streaks of foam that glare

white against the slate of the flying scud, and the bleak wind pours in a shrill whistling song over the wide weltering surface of sea. Then round some foreland point shall heave into view the tug, dragging with might and main at a great flying-lightship, whose high sides and towering spars offer plenty of resistance to the dead on-end sweep of the gale. The brave little steamer appeals to one almost as a thing of life, struggling hard to bear her huge burthen onwards; the spray bursts in clouds over her pitching and diving hull; and through a telescope you may see the green water cascading off her decks after every downward swoop into the yawning hollows, and then watch her little shape soar to the underrun of a billow until the forefoot stands sheer out of the seething yeast, and the paddles are racing round high above the wind-whipped smother of froth and spume, whose stinging flakes are blinding the sight of the two or three drenched and oilskin-clad figures up on the bridge. But she keeps taut the hawser that connects her with the towering craft in her wake, though her efforts make one think of a sturdy pony vainly trying to mount a steep hill with an overladen cart behind it, so heavy



the strain is and so slow is the rate of progress through the green and foaming billows. The gradual trending away of the land will enable the ship, maybe, to bring the wind a trifle forward of the beam presently, and then some fore-and-aft canvas can be set, which will take a little of the weight off the load. Before that can happen, however, there are several leagues to be measured yet, and meanwhile the gale is thundering down with a deeper note of storm in its roaring; the run of the seas is gaining in volume; the dance of the little steamer grows wilder; the jerking and twanging of the hawser become more savage and ominous; and poor Jack, watching the tug ahead from the cliff-like height of the topgallant forecastle, silently prays that the wire or hempen rope may not part, knowing full well that with a lee shore, and his ship in ballast, ready to blow away like a balloon, he may stand to lose the number of his mess among the leaping breakers at the base of yonder terrace of dim white cliffs.

But although, indeed, there is no more homely and familiar craft afloat than the tug-boat, it would perhaps be difficult to conceive any vocation of which the average landsman could possibly know less than that of the class of men who form

her crew. A cruise in a Channel tug is a unique experience, and I am not likely to speedily lose recollection of a few days which I recently spent on board the little steamer *Challenger* of London. I had obtained permission from the owner to go in this vessel during one of her expeditions in search of employment, and on an afternoon late in February I went down to Gravesend, where I had been informed she was lying, in order to join her.

It was a bright, fine day, with a cold wind piping across the Essex flats out of the north and east. The tide was low when I arrived, and the tug was pointed out to me lying over upon her bilge on a bank of mud known as the Hard, with a couple of men in sea-boots lustily scrubbing at the red paint upon her bends. She was a pretty little vessel, with large white paddle-boxes, a pair of black funnels ringed with yellow bands, placed side by side just abaft the bridge. Her gross burthen, I think, fell a little short of 250 tons, and her dimensions were 139 feet long, 24 feet broad and 12 feet deep. She was engined to 120 horse-power, and was considered to be, as I was informed, a large and powerful sea-tug.

I rambled about the quaint old town of Gravesend for a while, and by the time that I was ready to go on board the *Challenger* the tide had risen considerably, and she was water-borne again. A boatman rowed me alongside; and I was received, on stepping over the side, by the skipper, a quiet, sailorly-looking man, dressed in pilot cloth and a peak cap. He told me that we should be getting under way directly, and that we were first of all to proceed up the river to the Victoria Docks, there to pick up a foreign barque which required to be towed as far as Dungeness. The first point which struck me upon getting on board, and looking round the decks, was the solidity and strength of everything that the eye rested upon. From the great iron tow-hooks, as thick as a man's arm, attached to massive standards just abaft the funnels, down to the minutest detail of deck furniture, everything suggested that the little steamer had been constructed to withstand heavy weather and severe straining. I peered down through the open hatch of the engine-room, where the polished steel of the machinery gleamed like gold to the reflection of the hidden furnaces: the deck planks were vibrating to the pressure of the pent-up steam in the boilers, and from the bunkers arose a clatter as of the shovelling of coal. The heated air and the smell of oil drove me away, and, going forward, I looked into the men's quarters through the little trap of the fore-hatch. A seaman seated upon a coil of rope just beneath called to me in a civil voice to come down if I chose, and, throwing my legs over the coamings, I descended the short iron ladder, and found myself in a plain but comfortable little marine parlour, fitted with the usual furniture of a seamen's living-room. Another man, in a blue dungaree suit, sat upon the edge of a sleeping shelf smoking a pipe, which he withdrew to flourish by way of salute on my coming below. The rest of the crew were on deck.

"How many hands do you carry, all told?" I inquired of the sailor sitting on the coil of rope.

"We carry eight, sir," he answered; "but then we've rather a bigger boat than usual. Six is the common number for a tug to go to sea with. Our crew consists of the skipper, the mate, two seamen and a boy, the engineer, and a couple of firemen, or trimmers."

"How long do your cruises last on an average?"

"Seldom above a week, although I've been away down Channel for nearly a month, looking out for ships. But we only carry enough coal and provisions to last us for seven days, so that if we're away longer we have to put into some convenient port to fill up afresh."

"I suppose the owners find you in food?" said I.

"No, sir. Each man of us puts seven shillings—a shilling a day apiece—and we all take it in turn to be messman, barring the captain. Seeing that our rations mainly consist of beef and biscuit, and that we never ship any drink except fresh water, we manage to live pretty comfortably for a shilling a day each."

"Are you paid regular wages?"

"No. We take a share of the vessel's earnings in proportion to our rank."

"Then your livelihood is a precarious one?"

"Why, yes, sir, in a sense it is. But there's a good deal of money to be made at tugging, especially in winter-time, when salvage jobs are to be now and then fallen in with."

"What will a vessel pay you now for towing her, let us say, from the Thames to Dungeness?" I inquired.

"That depends upon her size and other conditions," he answered. "I've known as much as a hundred pounds to be paid for a tow from London to abreast of Beachy Head. But such jobs are like angels' visits, few and far between. I should reckon fifty pounds pretty good pay, as times go, for pulling a ship round from the river to the Ness. You see, sir, there's a lot of competition, and very often we're obliged to take what we can get, provided the offer is at all within reasonable limits."

"The life of a tugsman must be rather a hard one, taking it all round?"

He reflected a little, and then answered, "Well, yes, so it is. It's not only hard, it's full of risks. Our boats see a lot of heavy weather during the winter-time, and disasters are pretty common among them."

"Yet I should think, taking the average of the men who form the crews of tugs, they must be good seamen. There is a deal of dexterity needful in manœuvring when there's a great ship in your wake, ready to run over you if you're not lively, or in getting hold of a vessel's tow-rope in a gale of wind."

"Oh, I think most of us know our business," he answered. "The most dangerous part of our calling is handling the hawser when we're turning a big ship in close quarters. The great rope keeps slipping from side to side of the tow-rail with a tearing rush that would strike a man's head off if he wasn't smart enough in ducking clear of it, and yet a couple of hands are obliged to stand by all the while to see that it doesn't foul anything."

"Which is the best to tow with, a hawser or a steel wire rope?"

"A hawser, sir, undoubtedly. There's a play in hemp which you'll never get out of wire. It'll yield to a strain, but a wire rope tears things to pieces when your ship is labouring much in a seaway."

"Which do you find easier to tow, a ship in ballast or one deep laden?"

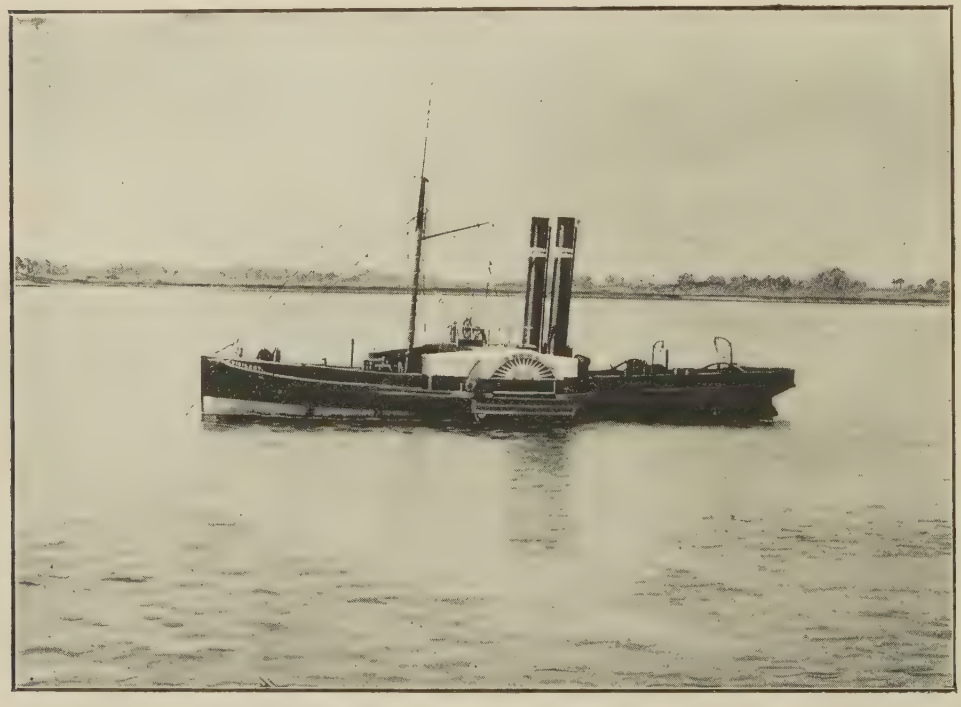
"One deep laden. A light ship is like a balloon; she seems to have no grip of the water, and when it comes on to blow dead ahead it takes some mighty hard pulling to drag her along at all."

"Suppose you are towing a vessel, and the weather grows so bad that you cannot manage her at all—what are you going to do then?"

"Why, shift our helm, and take her round into some sheltered spot where we can both bring-up until it moderates."

The pulsation of the engines, vibrating in a measured throbbing through the planks, now gave me to know that the tug was under way, and, thanking my intelligent companion for the information he had given me, I quitted the forecastle, and stepped on deck again. We were gliding in a leisurely manner over the broad, shining surface of the river, towards the looming thickness of London. The scene

was full of animation and colour, with the crowds of ships of every description threading their way along the great busy waterway, from the ponderous, stately P. & O. liner, fresh from the scorching clime of the Indies, to the bothersome dumb-barge, with her abusive occupants, for ever getting in everybody's way. The captain stood upon the bridge directing the man at the wheel. On spying me he beckoned me to his side, and I ascended to the little railed-in platform. He inquired whether I was a good sailor, "because," said he, "we're likely to find a lumpish sea running off the Forelands." I replied that the movements of the tug would have to be uncommonly heavy in order to make me feel squeamish, and then said, "Will you tell me something about your manner of cruising in the Channel? People who live by the seaside frequently see tugs passing in the offing; sometimes paddling slowly along, at other times racing at full speed, and not unfrequently lying motionless close in under the land. Now what are these boats doing?"



"Those that you see lying brought-up are usually tugs that have been despatched to meet a ship which is expected," he replied. "But those steamers which you see driving about you may put down as being on the look-out for a job. Let me give you a fancy case. We will suppose ourselves to be lying at anchor just inside of Dover Wick,—a very convenient point for intercepting homeward-bound ships,—having put in there for shelter from a fresh south-westerly breeze. Presently we sight the topmast canvas of a big vessel coming up Channel, shining like a star upon the horizon. We heave up our anchor, and get under steam. By the time that the ship has come abreast, we are out alongside of her, trying to induce the captain to accept our services. As a rule, he will not listen to us at first; but we know that it is all right; the curve of the land will be bringing the wind dead ahead before he has passed Margate, and he will then either have to bring up or to tow. So we cling to the vessel like a street beggar to a parson, knowing that the chances are

ninety-nine in a hundred in favour of our having her hawser aboard before very long."

"Suppose two tugs start in chase of the same vessel, what happens?" I asked.

"We call that ranking," he answered, "and no respectable tug-master would stoop to it; although sometimes it may happen that a couple of boats will start together without either seeing the other until both are foaming through it in hot pursuit. Then it becomes a question of speed; and if the skipper of the ship they're after intends employing steam at all, he's most likely to give the preference to the first tug that sheers alongside."

Thus chatting we passed the time whilst the *Challenger* was paddling up the river, and presently the lock of the Victoria Docks was abreast, with a perfect forest of spars rising beyond the line of tall warehouses in the foreground. It chanced that the barque we were to take in tow was hauling-out at the very moment of our arrival; the engines were stopped and reversed, and the tug floated sternwards until the long jibbooms of the ship were forking over her quarter. I watched with interest the process of getting the hawser on board. A man standing right aft upon our deck with a coil of small line in his hand uttered a cry, and sent the fakes spinning through the air; the end fell across the forecastle of the barque and was picked up by one of a group of sailors assembled there. After a short pause the mate, as I guessed him to be, perched upon the heel of the bowsprit, signalled to haul in; three of the tug's crew began dragging upon the line, and brought the slack of a great brown Manilla rope aboard, the fellows on the barque paying out as fast as our men hauled in. A large eye was spliced in the end of this massive cable; this was carried to the tow-hook and passed over it, and a pin inserted to prevent it from slipping off. The engines again began their rhythmic pounding; the white water raced in a torrent from under the sponsons; the little steamer forged ahead; the hawser stretched taut with a mighty twang, and the vessel in our wake came gliding after us out through the dock entrance on to the broad breast of the river.

"With what length of rope do you commonly tow?" I asked the captain, observing that the big barque was rather dangerously close to us.

"Various lengths," he replied. "For instance, we are towing at about thirty fathoms now, so as to have good control of the vessel astern in rounding the Reaches; but when we get out into the open sea we shall increase the scope to fifty fathoms. In heavy weather, on what we term a long tow, I have seen as much as a hundred fathoms of rope paid out."

Until we were abreast of the Nore lightship the water remained smooth enough, although the noise of the wind shearing through the sky gave me to suspect that, as the skipper had predicted, there would be a lumpish sea running off the Forelands. By the time that we had opened the land about Sheerness away to starboard, it had fallen dusk; the side-lights were lit and placed in their screens, and three lamps, showing white flames, were arranged in a triangle and run up to half the height of the foremast. I inquired the meaning of this little galaxy, and the captain answered that it was a signal which the Board of Trade regulations required to be shown by every steam-tug towing a ship. The night came down very dark, though clear. The tide was running seawards with us, so that, despite the head wind, we made good progress. Presently the little steamer began heaving; the motions increased rapidly, accompanied by loud straining and creaking sounds; and before very long she was curtseying with swift staggering plunges, in the course of which she would regularly be brought up by the drag of the tautened hawser. The revolving paddles smote the water with rapid hollow thuds, churning up a perfect cataract of foam on either quarter, which steamed away into the frothing race of the backwash; the

engines pounded on with their ceaseless metallic rhythm, to whose burthen the ear presently fitted articulate sentences; the smoke poured in thick black coils from the rims of the funnels, rendered flashful by the occasional leaping of a shower of sparks, and streaked with jets of stream from the blow pipe, like white ghastly shapes flitting through the dark mass; the big ship astern loomed up in huge proportions through the gloom, black and silent, save for the weird song of the salt wind sweeping through her lofty spars, plainly to be heard on board the tug; the skipper, with his chin buried in his upturned coat collar, paced to and fro the short platform of the bridge, occasionally pausing to stare ahead and around; and the man at the wheel stood, a motionless figure, gripping the spokes, with his face tinged ruddy by the sheen flowing out of the binnacle lamp. It was as quaint and wild a sea picture in its way as ever I had beheld, with something of the desolation and bleakness of distant lonely ocean reaches coming into it, too, out of the dreary wailing of the night wind, and the hissing and washing sounds of the billows, rolling up in an endless procession of shadowy ridges, defined by the pale flickering of their foaming crests.

We should not be off Dungeness until about nine o'clock on the following morning, for the tide would shortly be turning, and then our progress would be slow. Beginning presently to feel chilly (for the wind blew with a touch of frost in it) I descended into the little cabin—a narrow box of a place, but cosy enough after the bleakness of the bridge. Here I sat for a while smoking, and listening to the ceaseless twanging and girding of the hawser upon the tow-rail overhead; I then turned into the tiny sea bedroom that had been given up to me by the mate, and, lying down in the bunk, was soon asleep. When I came on deck next morning shortly after daybreak I found a fresh windy day, the tug steaming along before the tall green surges of a following sea, the sky covered with large yellow clouds, the barque astern clothed in canvas to her top-gallantsails, and sailing nearly as fast as we were going, to judge by the slackness in the bight of the hawser. The land was in sight, a couple of leagues away; and, gazing at the glimmering outline of chalk, I made out the familiar shape of the towering Shakespeare Cliff. I stepped up on to the bridge, where stood the skipper, who afterwards told me that he had not quitted the deck all night. It was impossible not to appreciate the responsibilities and anxieties of a tug-master when one thought of this man having stood upon the little raised platform throughout the long hours of cold and windy darkness, ceaselessly vigilant, whilst the steamer he commanded slowly dragged the great fabric in her wake through the channels threading the network of shoals betwixt the Nore and the Goodwins.

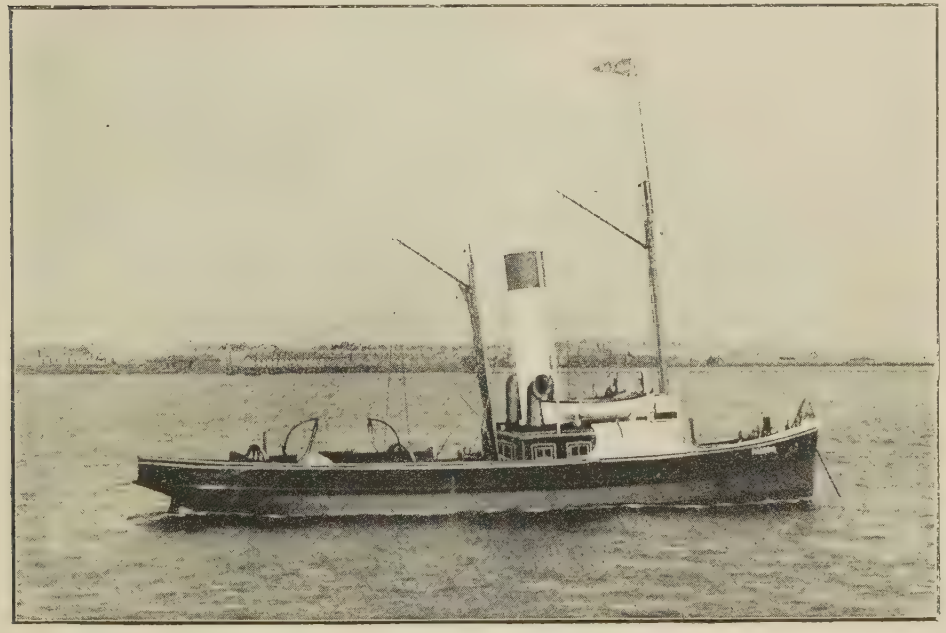
"Yonder barque will have a fine down-Channel breeze," said he, indicating the ship astern by a backward jerk of his head. "We shall be letting go of her directly; indeed, if she were to show any more canvas than she's already got set, she would be running away with us."

"I do not see that we are doing any good by keeping hold of her now," said I, watching the rolling foam heaped into glistening hillocks by the thrust of her keen cutwater. "Mark you how slack the hawser hangs?"

"You would not believe how pig-headed those foreign shipmasters are," exclaimed the captain. "The skipper of yonder craft has paid for towage as far as Dungeness, and he will have his money's worth, though it should come to his losing time by shortening sail, so that his vessel might not go more quickly than we could drag her."

It took us a couple of hours more of this rapid steaming to bring the long low shingle spit of Dungeness point abeam; and then a man upon the forecastle head of the barque roared out for the hawser to be let go. One of the tug's crew, standing by with a hammer, struck the pin out of the tow-hook, and in a breath the end of

the released rope flashed over the rail and vanished in the seething water. The little steamer, freed from the strain of the heavy hawser, shot ahead, with the helmsman sweeping the wheel round to steer her wide of the oncoming ship. When we were well out of the track the engines were eased, and we lay waiting for her to pass us. She made a brave and noble show as she rushed by, with the fresh breeze booming in a low note of thunder out of the hollows of her swelling sails; rising and sinking with long, graceful, floating movements to the underrun of the following surges; the crew busy upon the forecastle in hauling in the streaming length of the tow-rope, and the figure of a man aft flourishing a salute in return to the "Good voyage" which our skipper shouted to him. She forged rapidly past, giving us her square stern, with the white circles of a couple of life-buoys suspended above the gilt lettering of her name—"*Vincenzo*—Genoa." Ten minutes later she was a mile away, and dwindling into the proportions of a mere toy upon the wide and tumbling expanse of green waters.



I inquired of the skipper whither he was now bound, and he replied that he should steam leisurely down Channel, on the chance of falling in with some homeward-bound ship beating up against the head wind. He left the bridge to go below, and was replaced by the mate, who proved to be the intelligent seaman with whom I had previously had some conversation in the forecastle on first coming aboard. We fell a-chatting together again, and he told me a very great deal about tugs, in which class of vessel he had served for above ten years.

"I suppose," said I, "that there are no finer tug-boats afloat than those belonging to London?"

"The Liverpool boats beat them, sir," he answered. "There is nothing out of the Thames to touch some of the Mersey tugs, either for size or power. For example, there are those two famous tow-boats, the *Gamecock* and the *Stormcock*, said to be the finest tugs in the world. I remember once seeing the *Stormcock* towing a big full-rigged ship round from Liverpool to London. It was off the Lizard, where there was a choppy head-swell running, and so fierce was the drag of the steamer that

more than once I observed the vessel plunge her bows right under water. The *Stormcock* is a schooner-rigged craft of over 370 tons; she is 160 feet long, and is fitted with screw engines of 300 horse-power. They say that for pulling a screw boat has twice the strength of a paddle steamer of the same engine power, particularly in a seaway; which is easily to be understood, for her screw gives her a grip of the water by being deeply buried, whereas when a paddle-boat begins tumbling about her wheels are out of the sea half the while."

He broke off to scrutinise a distant sail through the telescope, which rested in brackets close at hand; then, shaking his head and exclaiming, "No good," he returned to my side.

"I will tell you an amusing little yarn about this same *Stormcock*," said he. "You know the difference between gross and registered tonnage? Well, it's just this: gross tonnage means a vessel's actual burthen; but registered tonnage is her burthen when the capacity of all the space in which cargo is not carried has been deducted. For instance, our real tonnage is 244; but, what with allowance for engine space, store-rooms, and so forth, our registered tonnage works out at only 93 tons. A ship only pays harbour-dues upon her registered tonnage; and, though she should be as big as the *Great Eastern*, yet if her registered burthen is only 10 tons, she would merely pay upon that. Well, the *Stormcock* is a lump of a boat, over 370 tons gross burthen; but when the learned folks that understand such matters had measured up the capacity which was to be allowed for in the difference betwixt the gross and the registered, they found that the steamer was several tons less than nothing at all. This, to be sure, was lucky for her owner; for if a craft has no tonnage, she cannot be charged harbour-dues; and whatever port the *Stormcock* may put into, she is free from all charges."

Meanwhile we were gliding slowly, with long cradling movements, over the tall flashing ridges which came rolling up in chase of us. Once or twice the mate gave directions to the helmsman to slightly shift the wheel, so as to head towards some far-off vessel for a nearer inspection of her; but the morning passed away without any ship likely to yield a job heaving into view; and when, at about two o'clock, the looming promontory of Beachy Head was in sight upon the starboard beam, the captain gave orders for the engines to be stopped, saying that he had no mind to seek farther down Channel. The tug fell off into the hollows of the sea, and in that posture lay, rising and falling with the regularity of a pendulum's swing, and drifting to leeward at about a couple of knots an hour. We remained thus until it came on dusk; when the skipper, not wishing to be blown too far to the westward, brought the little steamer head-on to the wind, with her paddles languidly revolving, so as to enable her to maintain her station.

When I came on deck next morning the picture I beheld was one of the grandest, most inspiriting sea-pieces it has ever been my good fortune to witness. The wind still blew in the same keen, fresh, easterly breeze, and the ocean was the wide, green, frothing expanse of yesterday. I knew by the rapid vibration of the engines and the sharp plungings of the hull that the little tug was being driven at full speed, and the moment I stepped out through the companion hatch I saw the reason why. Within musket-shot of us was a large four-masted sailing-ship, the black length of her gleaming wet side broken by a row of painted ports. She was under a prodigious spread of canvas, braced sharp up and weather-bowing the surges in grand style, flinging each arching billow back in bursting clouds of spray, which blew in crystalline showers over her forecastle. To leeward of her, as we were, I had a full view of her sloping decks, and of the swelling shape of her sails, yearning skywards. The roaring of the wind out of those white hollows was borne to my

ears in a continuous dull rolling, as of far-off thunder, mingled with the pouring sound of the parted waters, cascading along her bends into the wake astern, like the race of a cataract.

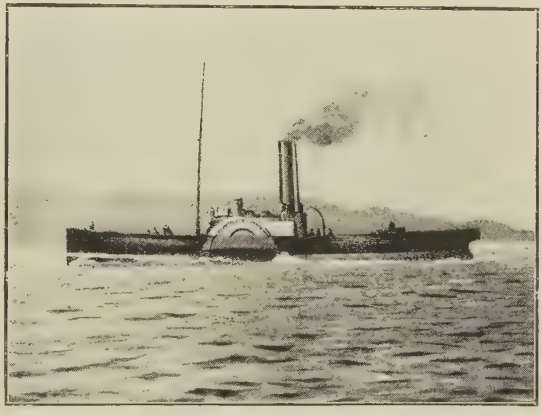
"Ship ahoy!" yelled our skipper, at the very moment that I mounted on to the bridge. "Do you want to take steam, sir?"

A little knot of men stood conversing together upon the quarter-deck. One of them came to the bulwark-rail, and, putting his hands to his mouth, roared back through them:

"What will you charge to tow us round to London?"

"Sixty pounds!" shouted back the master of the *Challenger*.

The man flung up his arms as though he had been shot, and turned his back upon us. A knot of seamen were watching us forward, eyeing us eagerly enough, and no doubt silently praying that their skipper might come to terms, so that they might be able to go aloft for the last time this voyage, and make all ready with the ground-tackle, against the time that the steady drag of the steamer should bring the familiar stretch of Bugsby's Reach into view, instead of continuing this wearisome business of beating up Channel, 'bouting ship at intervals of every hour, with the cheerful prospect of having to bring-up in the Downs until a favourable slant enabled their obstinate commander to get away round the North Foreland.



"You see, sir," said the master of the tug to me, with a little laugh, "the spirit in which ship captains receive our proposals."

"But you intend sticking to yonder vessel's skirts?"

"Oh yes; she'll prove a job right enough. It'll take her skipper some little reflection to make up his mind to employ us; but we shall be getting our way presently."

So we continued steaming along as hard as our whirling paddles could drive us, clinging within biscuit-toss of the great rushing fabric's quarter as persistently as though we had been her shadow. Presently the man who had previously hailed us came again to the side, and shouted:

"Tug ahoy! *What* did you say you'd tow us up the river for?"

"Fifty pounds, sir," answered our captain; "and that's hardly going to pay for the coal we shall burn in dragging such a lump of a ship all those miles."

"I'll give you thirty pounds!" roared back the other.

"Couldn't possibly do it," was the reply; on which the man again turned his back upon us as before.

This sort of thing went on for some little while; then the captain of the four-masted ship yelled an offer of forty-five pounds, with which the skipper of the *Challenger* closed. Upon this she at once put her helm down and came up into the wind, with the canvas volleying as though it would spring the masts out of her. We forged ahead, and, getting close under her bows, a line was flung and the tow-rope hauled aboard. It was a heavy pull against wind and tide to get that great ship through the water; but the little steamer settled down to her work with a sort of dogged resolution in her strenuous drag at the hawser; and, though our progress

was desperately slow at first, yet with the making of the flood the current began to set in our favour; so that by the time that the dusk drew down the winking lantern of the Goodwin lightship was abeam, and the skipper talked confidently of being at Gravesend by about midnight. But here he was reckoning without his host; for when we had rounded the North Foreland and opened the full run of the North Sea, the wind breezed up in a sudden fierce squall, bringing a prodigious swell along with it, upon which the tug danced in a giddy flight from peak to peak. The straining grew tremendous, and in a wilder plunge than usual the hawser snapped. It was pitch dark by this time, and the vessel astern loomed through the night in a vast vague shadow. We at once bore up in chase, rolling sponsons under as we steered within hail. But it was too black to attempt to get a fresh tow-rope aboard, and there was no remedy for it but to bring-up and wait for daylight, meanwhile praying that the weather might not grow any worse. The ship let go her anchor, and we took up our berth as near her as it was safe to venture, and rode out a night of mad tumbling; for, indeed, it blew very hard, and the seas rolled in as high as cliffs. But shortly after dawn on the following morning, by a little dexterous manœuvring, a fresh rope was got on board the tug; the ship hove up her anchor; and we started again, with the huge vessel, gaunt and naked-looking under her bare spars, wallowing in our wake. A very few hours later we had entered the smooth water of the river; and no great while after, having passed the Nore, Gravesend was once more in sight. At this place I quitted the *Challenger* and went ashore, after having got such an insight into the life of the tugsman as gave me to understand that his calling is one full of perils and hardships, but valuable to a degree which is best known to those who can appreciate the significance of a black and stormy winter night in the Channel, the horrors of a lee shore, and the plain, homely heroism of the honest fellows who, in their staunch little craft, are always on the look-out to render that help which is often so sorely needed.

HERBERT RUSSELL.

IGHT in the middle of a group of islands forming part of our West Indian possessions is situated one rather smaller than the rest, which I will call, for the purposes of this story, Johnson's Cay. Some twenty-five years ago a line of American steamboats, attracted by its central situation and convenient harbour, fixed upon it as a port of call. By degrees other lines followed suit, until in the year 1886 about half a dozen steamers, all sailing under the stars and stripes, were in the habit of calling there every week. And here, in the late autumn of that year, I found myself under the necessity of waiting for a few days till I could get a steamer to take me on to Jamaica.

As I stood leaning over the side of the vessel that had brought me to Johnson's Cay, in full view of a little town dignified by the name of Port Alfred in memory of a visit of the Duke of Edinburgh when he was a midshipman, I remarked to my Yankee captain that it "did not look a likely place for an hotel."

"Why, certainly," he replied; "but Boss Bierstümpfel will be aboard directly, and I guess he'll fix you up all right. He's agent for all the steamboats that call here. You'll find him white."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a boat came alongside, and out of it got a stout elderly gentleman, who, as he climbed up the steamer's side, emitted a sound that reminded me of the snorting of a distant steam-engine; and no sooner had he reached the deck than he dropped into a seat, puffing and blowing like an exhausted grampus.

The captain at once introduced me to Boss Bierstümpfel—for he it was—and explained my business.

"If you vas got to vait for der dampfboat to Yamaica," said he, "I guess you vas better come and shtop at mein haus mit mein leedel frau und me."

"Guess you better had," chimed in the captain.

So the matter was settled then and there, and shortly afterwards Boss Bierstümpfel and myself were being rowed ashore by two chattering darkies, in a particularly comfortable dingey belonging to my conductor.

He talked a kind of Anglo-German dialect not uncommon in certain parts of the States; but, as a rule, when he caught himself interpolating a purely German word,

"He dropped into a seat, puffing and blowing."

he would stop and endeavour to give you the English equivalent. Almost his first remark showed he was a character. I had addressed him as "Herr Bierstümpfel." Then, fancying from his manner that he was not quite pleased, I changed it into "Mr. Bierstümpfel."

"You vas pleash to *verstehen*—to undershtand, dat vas," said he, speaking with a bit of a twinkle in his eye, "dat der vasn't no Herr Bierstümpfels, and der vasn't no Mr. Bierstümpfels in Yohnson's Cay. Der folks here, dey vas all call me Boss Bierstümpfel, and you vas better do der same as dey vas, or maybe you pleash to call me Boss for short."

We landed in due course, and after a short drive alighted at the door of a cool, airy habitation, with a broad verandah all round, where we were received by two ladies, whom Boss Bierstümpfel introduced as "Mein leedel frau Missis Bierstümpfel, und mein tochter Katarina."

Mrs. Bierstümpfel, whom her husband persistently spoke of as "mein leedel frau," had no doubt in early life been a fair-haired German maiden of the Gretchen type; and, if one might judge from her daughter Katarina—who, according to the Boss, was "yust so like her mutter as nodings ever vas"—had not been without her share of good looks.

I have met with much unexpected kindness in my life, but never with any so

unexpected as under this hospitable roof. Father, mother and daughter all seemed as if they could not do enough for me; in fact, one might have thought their only business in life was to make me comfortable. Their table was so liberal that they must have been heavy losers at the extremely low rate at which I paid for my board. Not only wine, but all sorts of American drinks, were supplied me without stint; and if I ventured to suggest the propriety of my paying something for liquor, the Boss would observe, with great gravity, "Beobles vat breaks der laws vasn't no good. I vasn't haf no license to sell no liquors."

I had several days to wait, and as soon as I had got used to his peculiar jargon I found my host uncommonly good company. He was very communicative, and his yarns were decidedly interesting.

But why did he bury himself in Johnson's Island? That puzzled me more and more. He often told me he had made more money than he knew what to do with; he certainly didn't care to hoard for hoarding's sake, and he was constantly regretting the happy life he had led in New York and the friends he had left behind there, or sighing for his native town of Lübeck, in Germany.

One evening, as we sat smoking together in the verandah, I asked him why he remained in Johnson's Cay, instead of going back into the big world he seemed to regret so much.

Boss Bierstümpfel puffed at his big cigar for a minute or two in silence, and then said, rather slowly:

"You vant to know vy I vâs not go avay vrom here? Vell! it vas because I vas not like to leaf dat boy von mein—mein sohn, vat shtop here alvays."

"Your son!" I exclaimed. "Why, I have never seen him."

"One evening, as we sat smoking in the verandah."

"No," said he. "You vasn't ecshakly see him, but he shtop here alvays all der same."

"But where does he live?" I inquired.

"Vell, you see," said the Boss, more slowly than before, "he vasn't ecshakly live anyveres,—he shtop in der churchyard. Maybe you vas like to hear tell about it?"

"Indeed I should," said I.

There was another pause of a few minutes, during which we both smoked in silence. At last Boss Bierstümpfel spoke.

"Vell, you see, he vas yust fifteen years old, mein poor boy, ven he vent avay, and he vas ein fine actif boy, vat vas better at schwimming und running und yumping, und all dem oder dings, dan all der oder boys in Yohnson's Cay; and he vas goot at shooting und fishing, and he vas know how to row or to sail ein boat—yust so vell as ein sailor. And he vas yust like me, mein poor boy, yust so like as nodings ever vas! Maybe you vas not believe me; but ven I was yust about his age in mein home mit mein vater und mutter in der old city, der stadt Lübeck, vere I vas born, all dat vay off in Tchermany, I vas ein fine actif boy, mit ein vaist yust so slim as mein tochter Katarina. And I vas got ever so many prizes in dem times, und I vas got der first prize for schwimming, for, you see, all der Tcherman boys is good schwimmers.

"And he vas yust like vat I vas at his age, mein poor boy, yust so like me as nodings ever vas. Ach! Sometimes ven I vas look at myself in der *spiegel*—der looking-glass dat vas—und sees vat I vas become, und feels vat a lot I veighs, I says to myself, 'Maybe it vas ein goot ding that he vas go avay ven he vas!'

"Vell, you see ve vas both done yust about der same sort of ding ven ve vas fifteen year old, only vat he done vas a more braver ding dan vat I done.

"Maybe you vas know dat old stadt Lübeck, mit him old Rathhaus und der churches mit der tall shpires, und der old houses vere dem shtorks dey build der nests up bei der tchimneys and vere dey shtand alongside und rattle deir beaks back on deir necks so as you vas hear dem ein mile avay?

"Und maybe you vas remember Lübeck fluss—der river I vas mean? Ach! how he vas vind, dat fluss; vy, he vind und he vind und he vind, so as I denk no river ever vas vind so as he do.

"Vell, it vas ein holiday in der schule, und I vas take ein leedel valk 'longside of dat Lübeck fluss, yust outside der old stadt Lübeck. And yust as I vas shtanding dere, looking at ein boat vat vas coming round der corner, all at vonce, yust as he vas got 'longside of vere I vas, dat boat he vas go right over, and all der folks vat vas in him dey vas fall into der vasser. Vell, I vas know all der folks vat vas in dat boat, und I vas know dere vas mit dem leedel Trudchen, ein flaxen-haired leedel girl, twelf years old, vat vas die tochter von mein vater's neighbour vat keep der Gasthaus—der inn—vere ve vas go to trink our beers. Und I vas very fond von dat leedel flaxen-haired mädchen, und I vas alvays call her 'mein leedel freund.' So I vas yomp into der vasser, und I vas pull out das leedel Trudchen; und some beobles vat come along dey help der oder folks vat vas in dat boat, so as dey vasn't none of 'em drownded dat time.

"Vell, five years dey vas pass by, and mein Onkel Schinkenbein, vat vas been und vent to Amerika, he write home und say dat he vas do first-rate, und he vish some von his family come out to him to der Shtates, und dat he vas help dem, und dat dey vas do first rate, yust so as he do.

"Den mein vater he say to me: 'Yulius, I vas too old to go ober der vasser to dem Shtates, so I vas liff und die mit mein own beobles here in der old stadt Lübeck. But you, Yulius, you vas young, und you vas better go to der Onkel Schinkenbein, ober in New York!"

"So den I vas go to see leedel Trudchen, das pretty leedel girl mit der flaxen hair, mein leedel freund vat I pull out von der Lübeck fluss dat time vat she vas in der vasser. Und das leedel Trudchen she tell me I vas not go avay. So I tell her dat I vas come back again, ven I vas be ein rich man, und I vas make her mein leedel frau. Und den she vas vein—cry dat vas—und she say dat she vasn't never marry nobody only me. Und den I tell her I vas not vish her to promise me nodings. Und den she vein again, und say dat she vas shtop true to me. Und den I vas kiss her till she no more vein.

"Und so I vas go avay to der Shtates.

"Und as I vas got to New York dat vas yust dem times ven der folks dey vas all begin to go to California to der gold-diggings. Und so I vas go mit der rest, und I vas shtop dere for ein leedel bit, und I vas make ein leedel pile von dollars, und den I vas come back to mein Onkel Schinkenbein in New York.

"Und mein Onkel Schinkenbein he tell me dat I shtop mit him und vas to be his bardner. But I tell him no—dat I vas take mein leedel pile von dollars, und go back to mein vater und mutter und see if maybe dey vant me. Und I vasn't tell der Onkel Schinkenbein; but it vas das leedel Trudchen, das leedel mädchen mit der flaxen hair vat I vas pull out von der vasser—mein leedel freund —dat I vas vant to see der most.

"Und den mein freund, der Captain Yansen, he say he take me over to Copenhagen mit him schiff, der barque *Hans Christian Andersen*. Und ve vasn't got to Copenhagen sooner as six veeks, und, as soon as ve get bei der land, I vas take der railway to Corsöer, und dat nacht I vas go on board der dampf-boat vat vas go to Lübeck. Vell, you bet I vasn't shleep much dat nacht, und der next morning I vas vent on deck as soon as it vas light, und ve vas yust going into der Lübeck fluss.

"Ach! How he vind, dat fluss! Ven you first go into him, you see der old stadt Lübeck yust in front of you, so as you vas denk dat you can touch him; but he vind, und he vind, und he vind, so as you vas better as two hours before you vas got up to der landing. Ach! dem two hours. You bet dey vas seem to me dat time like as dey vas two years.

"Vell, so I vas come home to mein vater's house, und it vasn't long after I vas kiss mein vater und meine mutter, dat I vas go to see das leedel Trudchen—mein leedel freund vat I vas pull out von der vasser.

"Und das leedel Trudchen she is now mein leedel frau vat you know, vat is Katarina's mutter.

"Vell, mein leedel frau und me ve vas shtop by mein vater und mutter for some years, und I vas help mein vater mit him business. Und mein poor boy Hans Heinrich und mein tochter Katarina, dey vas geborn.

"Und bime-bye mein vater und mutter dey go und die, und ve vas bury dem in der old stadt Lübeck; und den I say to mein leedel frau dat ve vas sell everydings, und go back to der Onkel Schinkenbein in New York. Und so ve vas vent back to der Shtates.

"Und den der Onkel Schinkenbein he say vuns more I vas be bardner mit him, und after ein few years dey vas vant an agent here for der dampf-boats, und mein Onkel Schinkenbein he say der vas von fein opening for trade mit Yohnson's Cay, und so I vas go.

"Und after ve vas settled here for ein leedel bit, mein poor Hans—ach! but he vas ein fein lad, mein poor boy!—he vas go avay to der schule in New York, und, ach! vat a lot von prizes he vas got! Und he vas got ein prize for der schwimming, und he vas got ein prize for der rowing, und he vas got ever so many oder prizes, und ven he vas come home for der holidays, he vas haf fein times.

"Vell, it vas yust in der August monat, in der hurricane season von der year

"'Ve talk mit each oder vat vas der best ding ve do.'"

1875, dat ve vas haf ein bad hurricane vat last yust two days. Und our schooners von here dey vas shtop at home, all but ein von dem, der *Lively*, vat vas gone trading over bei 'Key West.' Und der hurricane he vas yust over, only der sea und der vind dey vas bad shtill.

"Ach! dey vas vild dat day und no mishtake, und ve vas see yust abeam von der flagshtaff, vat shtands right in front von mein shtore, und yust about two miles beyond der bar, ein vessel vat try to make der harbour und vat make signals von dishtresh.

"Vell, ve vas all go und fetch our glasses, und ven ve look ve see it vas der schooner *Lively* von Yohnson's Cay. Ach! she vas in ein fein mess, dat poor schooner! She vasn't got no boats; dey vas all vash right avay. She vasn't got no mainmast, und all she vas got left vas yust ein leedel bit von foremast mit yust ein leedel bit von sail; und mit him, und just von jib, she vas try to make der harbour.

"Ach, Gott! But ve vas all haf our hearts in our mouts dat time! Der vas ein rage on der bar, und it vas not likely as she get over him; but it vas yust so likely as nodings ever vas, as she vas got carried on to der rocks und broke to pieces.

"Und der vas ten von dem on board dat schooner, und dey vas all von Yohnson Islanders, und dey vas most all married men. Vell, on board dis schooner dere vas ein boy vat vas call Tchack, und he vas yust der same age as mein poor Hans, und he vas der only sohn von ein vidow, und he keep her mit his labours. Und der Tchack und mein Hans dey vas freunds, und der Tchack he vas follow mein Hans yust so as ein dog! Und ven mein Hans he vas go to der shooting, or der fishing, or der boating, der Tchack he vas shure to come around und go mit him.

"Und den ve vas all shtand round und vas talk mit each oder vat vas der best ding as ve do. Und der most part von our coloured sailors dey say as it vasn't possible to get der lifeboat over der bar, und dat dey vasn't go und rishk der lives for nodings.

"Und den dere vas ein big cry for volunteers to man der lifeboat. Und our parson, und our magistrate, und our schulmaster, dem drei Englishmen, dey say as dey vas go. Und den four or five von dem Yankee shtorekeepers dey say as dey vas go; und mein poor Hans he say as he vas go too! Und, Himmel, I vas vant to go too; but I vas already almost as sthout as I am now, und I vasn't no use in no boats.

Und der sea, how he vas rage on der bar! Ach! You never denk, ven you see der bar vat look so gentle und so calm—yust so as der blau Himmel ven dere vasn't no clouds in him—vat he vas be mit ein rage on him! It vas seem yust so as if der *Sturmgeist* he vas take und say to der vaves: 'I vas your master und your king, und I vas take you, und I vas lash you, und beat you mit mein vip, und I vas make you yomp yust so high as der tops von der houses.'

"Und den I tell mein poor Hans dat he vas not go; for dat shupposing he vas not come back, vat vas die mutter und me und die leedel Katarina go for to do mitout him?

"Und den he vas take hold von mein two hands, und he vas look in mein face mit him eyes vat vas so goot und clear und treu, und he say to me:—

"'Mein vater, dey vant men for to go und help save der lifes von dem poor fellows, und der schulmaster und dem Yankee shtorekeepers vat vas not know much about der lifeboat, only dey haf strong arms und brave hearts, dey vas go. Und der clergyman und der magistrate, vat haf row in der University boat in England, dey go too, und so me vat vas got ein prize for rowing in der New York fluss, *I vas not shtay behind.*'

"Und den Trudchen, mein leedel frau, she vas tell him dat he vas shtop behind.

"But he vas put him arms round die mutter's neck, und he say to her:—

"'Meine mutter, ven mein vater vas yust der same age as I vas myself, you vas fall into der vasser. Und den mein vater he vas yomp in und save your life, for dat you vas sein leedel freund. Ach! meine mutter, denk you vat your vater und mutter vas do, if mein vater vas not yomp into der vasser dat time! Und now dere vas mein poor freund *Tchack*, vat keep him mutter die poor vidow, vat haf nobodies but him to vork for to help her! Ach! meine mutter, vas it not mein duty to do so as mein vater vas do before me? Und der goot Gott vat vas bring *you* back to your vater und your mutter dat time, maybe he vas bring *me* back to you.'

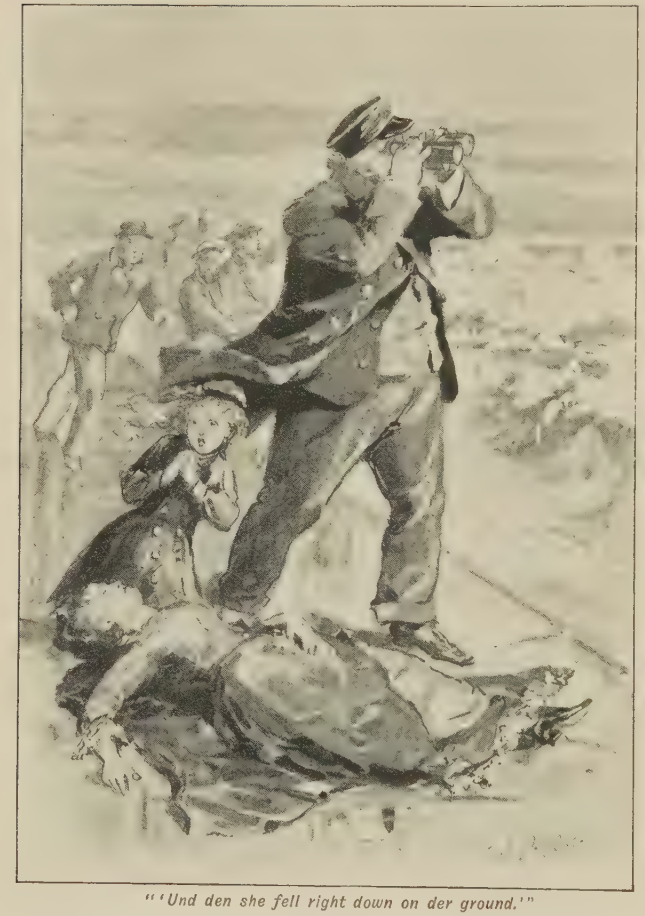
"Und den die mutter, mein leedel frau, she turn qvite so vite as ein sheet, und she vas tremble all over, but she vas say to me:—

"'Vater, der Hans hat recht; it vas his duty. Und ve vas let him go.'

"Und so he go 'long down to der lifeboat, mein poor Hans, und dere vas eight oders von dem brave fellows.

"Vell, dem eight dey vas row der lifeboat, und mein poor Hans he vas der

"'Vater, der Hans hat recht.'"



"'Und den she fell right down on der ground.'"

leedlest of der lot, und so he vas to shteer.

"Vell, dey vas launch der lifeboat, und dey vas got safe und vell ober der bar. You vas bet ve vas not talk much, ve vat shtop behind, but ve vas yust shtop qvite shtill und look mit our glasses. Und bime-bye ve vas see mit der glasses how dey vas make dat schooner, und how dey vas got dem poor fellows, ein after anoder, into der lifeboat, und at last ve vas see as dey vas turn round to come back to der land.

"Und den ve vas all look at each oder, und ve vas all say '*Gott sei dank!*'

"Und den ve vas all vonce more qvite qviet, und ve vas vatch mit our glasses how he vas coming heimvarts, dat boat!

"Vell, dat boat he vas come along all right, until he vas yust right up by der bar, und den der vas trouble! Und ve vas see dat boat mit dem eight shtrong brave men, vat vas pull mit all deir might for to get him forvarts over der bar. Und it vas seem yust so as if every time as he vas try to come forvarts, dat boat, der *Sturmgeist* drive him back furder as he vas before.

"Und den, qvite shudden like, der vaves dey vas shtood right up, yust so as ein vall, und ve vasn't see nodings at all!

"Und den die vomen dey vas shriek und cry, und der men dey vas yust shtop qvite shtill, so as ein mouse, und look mit deir glasses!

"Und ein time ve denk as he get over, dat boat, und einoder time ve denk as he vasn't get over!

"Vell, he shtruggle und fight long time mit der vaves, dat boat—only it seem much longer as it really vas—und at last ve vas begin to denk as dem brave fellows dey must soon lose all deir shtrength!

"Und den der vas come ein big vave, and ve lose dat boat, and ve vas see nodings for two or drei minutes, so as even der men dey vas all cry out—*Ach, Gott!* Und den vonce more ve vas see him, and he vas got across der bar, und so ve vas all shout "Hurrah" mit all our shtrength. Den I put down dem glasses—for mein eyes was vet—und den mein poor leedel frau she vas took der glasses und look; und den she vas cry out, so as I vasn't never forget it till I die, '*Vater im Himmel!* Vere is der Hans?'

"Und den she vas fell right down on der ground in ein schvoon, und as I vas took der glasses I see dat der vasn't no shteersman in dat boat!

"Ach! He vas vash overboard crossing der bar, mein poor Hans!

"Und dem oders dey come to land all right, und dey vas told us vat a brave boy he vas, mein poor Hans, und how vell he shteer dat boat, und as dey denk dey vasn't never able to save all dem poor fellows mitout him.

"But der gut Gott he vas goot to us, for, dat shame day mein poor Hans he vas vash right over der bar into der harbour, vere dere vasn't no sharks, so as ve can take him und lay him in der churchyard und shtay by him!

"Und so der gut Gott he vas brought him home to his vater und mutter after all."

* * * * * * *

There was a long pause, during which neither of us spoke. At last Boss Bierstümpfel said, "It vas ein fein nacht, und maybe you vas like to take ein leedel valk mit me, und see vere he vas shtop, mein poor Hans!"

So we walked silently to the churchyard, and there, under a palm-tree, he showed me an upright cross of white coral stone, standing at the head of a slab of the same material. And there, by the clear, bright light of the sweet tropical moon, fitting emblem of the land where there shall be no more night, I read these words:

"HANS HEINRICH BIERSTÜMPFEL.

"*Born March* 16, 1860.

"*Died August* 22, 1875.

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

L. D. POWLES.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

FOR ever am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside,
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain—it lies so near!
Yet nothing know we of that dim frontier
Which each must cross, whatever fate betide,
To reach the heavenly cities where abide

(Thus Sorrow whispers) those that were most dear,
Now all transfigured in celestial light!
Shall we indeed behold them, thine and mine,
Whose going hence made black the noonday sun?—
Strange is it that across the narrow night
They fling us not some token, or make sign
That all beyond is not Oblivion.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE RISE OF WELLINGTON

"In the beginning of each war England has to seek in blood the knowledge necessary to insure success, and, like the fiend's progress towards Eden, her conquering course is through chaos followed by death."—NAPIER, "Peninsular War."

PART III.

As stated in my previous article, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., left India in March 1805, and, after an absence of nine years, reached England in September. Shortly after his arrival, he was selected for the command of a brigade in an expedition to Hanover under Lord Cathcart. But the victory which Napoleon gained at Austerlitz in December broke up the European coalition against him, and the British troops had hardly landed in Germany before it was found necessary to recall them. On the return of the expedition, in February 1806, Major-General Wellesley was appointed to command an infantry brigade at Hastings, and soon afterwards was elected Member of Parliament for Rye. He took an active part in the House of Commons in defending his brother's administration as Governor-General of India, which had been impugned by a party opposed to the territorial aggrandisement of the East India Company. General Wellesley's clear exposition of the nature of our rule in India, and of the perils which had been avoided by the adoption of a resolute course of action in dealing with the Mahratta States, convinced a large majority of the House of Commons, and a vote was passed in support of his brother's policy.

In September 1806 the death of Fox led to the formation of a new Ministry, with the Duke of Portland at its head. The Duke of Richmond was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in April 1807 Major-General Wellesley accepted the office of Chief Secretary for that country. During the early part of the same year the victories of Eylau and Friedland made Napoleon absolute master on the Continent, and induced the Emperor of Russia to enter into an alliance with the French, the terms of which were ostensibly embodied in the treaty of Tilsit. In connection with this treaty, however, there were certain secret articles, one of them being that the Danish fleet should be placed at Napoleon's disposal. This arrangement seriously menaced the sea power of England, and the British Government determined to despatch a combined naval and military expedition to Copenhagen for the purpose of seizing the Danish ships, dockyard, and arsenal. The troops ordered on this service, numbering 27,000 men, were commanded by Lord Cathcart; the reserve,

consisting of four infantry battalions with some German horse, being placed under Major-General Wellesley.

The object of the expedition was kept a profound secret until the force had arrived at its destination, when Lord Cathcart called upon the Danish Government to place its fleet and maritime stores in the temporary custody of England, pending the conclusion of a general European peace. The Prince Royal of Denmark refused to accede to this summons, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to prevent its enforcement. Lord Cathcart, therefore, invested the city, and directed General Wellesley with a division about 5000 strong to attack and disperse the Danish troops operating in the field. Wellesley found the latter, to the number of about 14,000, occupying a position at Kioge, the front of which was protected by earthworks; and after a short engagement defeated them with considerable loss. Meanwhile, batteries had been constructed by the investing army; and, after being bombarded for three days by these batteries and by the guns of the British fleet, Copenhagen capitulated, and the demands of the British Government were complied with. England thus obtained possession of fifteen line-of-battle ships, several frigates, and 20,000 tons of naval stores. The action taken by the Cabinet was not only prompt and decisive, but also somewhat unusual, if judged by the ordinary rules of international comity. On this account it has been condemned by many Continental writers. Nevertheless the course adopted appears to have been justifiable, on the ground that Napoleon's secret compact with Russia threatened our maritime supremacy—and, consequently, our national existence—by handing over to the French Emperor the resources of a neutral state, which, however well disposed towards us, was too weak to preserve its neutrality. General Wellesley distinguished himself in Zealand, not only by his defeat of the Danish troops at Kioge, but by the strict discipline which he maintained among his own men, and the protection which he afforded to the inhabitants of the island.

The expedition returned to England in October, General Wellesley preceding it by a few weeks in order to resume his functions as Secretary for Ireland. In February 1808 he received the thanks of Parliament for his conduct at Copenhagen, and in the July following he was appointed to command an expedition which was being assembled at Cork for operations in Portugal or the south of Spain.

Before describing Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula, it seems desirable briefly to refer to the condition of affairs then prevailing in that part of Europe. After the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon had, for the time, disposed of all his Continental enemies, and at the instigation of Russia he resolved first to subjugate Portugal, and afterwards to expel the Bourbon dynasty from Spain, substituting his brother Joseph for Charles IV. Russia encouraged the French Emperor in his designs upon the Peninsula, first, in order to withdraw his attention from Poland, and, secondly, in the event of a general peace, to secure his assent to the incorporation in the Russian Empire of Finland, Wallachia, and Moldavia. Napoleon was anxious to completely subjugate Portugal, because that country was the traditional ally of England, and an extensive and lucrative trade was carried on between the two nations. He also regarded it as necessary to his Continental system, and conducive to the strength and permanence of his dynasty, that a member of his own family should replace the Bourbons on the Spanish throne. The Portuguese as a race were well disposed towards England, and ready to welcome British assistance in maintaining their independence. The Spaniards, on the other hand, wished to be left alone to manage their own affairs; and though they objected to French interference and greedily accepted the money and stores which the British Government so lavishly

Sir Hew Dalrymple.

supplied, they appear to have disliked the English even more than they did the French. This is shown by the speech which Castaños made to the French officers after the affair at Baylen, when he remarked: "Let not Napoleon persevere in aiming at a conquest which is unattainable. Let him not force us into the arms of the English. They are hateful to us, and up to the present moment we have rejected their proffered succours." The revolt of the Spanish colonies in America increased the ill-feeling against England. This revolt was as ruinous to Spain as it was advantageous to our own merchants, who were enabled to participate in a transatlantic trade which had previously been monopolised by the parent kingdom.

As regards the Portuguese and Spanish troops, both at first were equally useless, not on account of the inferiority of the raw material, but because the officers were bigoted, conceited, and devoid of any idea of discipline and subordination. The Portuguese, however, were wise enough to recognise their own inefficiency, and to submit themselves to the control of British officers, under whose supervision they gradually improved until, in Wellington's opinion, they became equal to the native troops of the East India Company. The Spaniards, a manly and martial race, with glorious military traditions, could neither learn nor forget. They would not tolerate for a moment the interference of any foreign agency with the discipline and organisation of their soldiers. "I am quite convinced," said Wellington, "that the Spanish officers would rather submit to France than consent to give to us the smallest authority over their troops; neither will they allow that our officers know more than their own." And yet these troops were so badly commanded as to be almost worthless. Wellington remarked of them: "They are mere children in the art of war: they know only how to advance, how to take to flight, and reassemble again, as if they were in a state of nature." One of their own generals, the Duke of Albuquerque, speaking of Cuesta's army, made the following admission: "In our marches we stopped to rest like a flock of sheep, without taking up any position. By-and-by we resumed our journey like pilgrims, without paying any attention to distances, order, or formation." Napoleon was of a similar opinion. Writing in August 1808 he said: "The whole body of insurrectionary forces is incapable of beating 25,000 French in a good position." And Berthier in a letter to Joseph Bonaparte, dated January 31st, 1810, observed: "The Emperor considers that the English alone are formidable in Spain. The rest are the merest *canaille*, which can never keep the field."

Another obstacle to the proper organisation of the national forces for the defence of the Peninsula was the violent animosity that existed between the Spaniards and Portuguese—an animosity of long standing, which had been fostered by the convention entered into by Napoleon and Charles IV. in 1807, providing for the expulsion from Portugal of the reigning house of Braganza, and the partition of that country and its colonial possessions between France and Spain.

Yet another difficulty was the state of official and popular feeling in England. The British Government had but little confidence in the capacity of its military commanders. Pitt, as Lord Rosebery points out in his Life of that statesman, "had no generals. He discovered the genius of Wellington, but did not live to profit by it." Previously, when Lord North had a list of officers submitted to him for the commands in America, he observed: "I know not what effect these names may have on the enemy, but I know they make me tremble." "It was doubted," says Lord Londonderry, "whether among our own generals there could be found any capable of opposing the experienced and skilful warriors of France. We had never been accustomed to carry on war upon a large scale except in India; and in India, it was believed, for the successful conduct of a campaign, talents of the first order were hardly required." On the other hand the British public attached undue value to the national spirit and patriotism of the Spaniards. They imagined that enthusiasm could take the place of discipline and training, and when they saw Spain overrun, and the Spanish fortresses and capital occupied by French troops, they were inclined to blame their own officers rather than the arrogance and imbecility of those responsible for the organisation of the Spanish army. From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that, in attempting to maintain the independence of the Peninsula, the British Government was undertaking a task of extraordinary difficulty, and that a successful issue could not be hoped for unless our operations against the French were directed by a commander possessing military, diplomatic, and administrative talents of quite an exceptional order. Fortunately for England and Europe, such a man was forthcoming in the person of Wellington.

In the summer of 1807 Napoleon sent a force under Junot to invade Portugal and occupy Lisbon. Shortly afterwards the principal Spanish fortresses were seized by the French, and an army under Murat's command captured Madrid in March 1808. Two months later Charles IV. ceded his throne to the French Emperor, who nominated his brother Joseph to succeed the Bourbon king. Joseph entered his capital in July, but had not been there many days before the Spanish nation rose in revolt, attacked the French troops, and forced their new sovereign to retire behind the Ebro. The British Ministry assisted the Spaniards with large supplies of money and warlike stores, and in July 1808 determined to send an expedition to the Tagus with the object of expelling the French from Portugal and inducing the inhabitants of that country to join in the insurrection against Napoleon. The expeditionary force at first numbered about 9500 men, and the command of it was given to Wellesley, who in April 1808 had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Wellesley received his instructions from Lord Castlereagh on June 30th. A fortnight later the Cabinet thought it desirable to raise the force to a strength of 30,000 men, and to appoint Sir Hew Dalrymple to the chief command, with Sir H. Burrard as second in command. Under this new arrangement Lieutenant-General Wellesley was to command one of the four divisions

Lieutenant-General the Hon. John Hope.

of the army, the other divisional commanders being Lieutenant-Generals the Hon. J. Hope, Lord Paget, and Mackenzie Fraser. General Wellesley sailed from Cork early in July, and, after touching at Coruña in order to ascertain the state of affairs in Northern Spain, resolved to disembark his troops at Mondego Bay, in preference to the mouth of the Tagus, which was defended by forts held by French soldiers and by Russian men-of-war. Major-General Spencer, who was commanding a corps about 4800 strong at Cadiz, was ordered to join General Wellesley, and fortunately arrived at Mondego Bay about the same time as the convoy from Cork. The French troops at Junot's disposal did not exceed 20,000 men, and of these not more than 17,000 were available for the defence of Lisbon. One of his divisions, under General Loison, was posted at Estremoz, on the Spanish frontier. This he recalled by the Abrantes road, and sent Laborde from Lisbon to check the British advance and effect a junction with Loison at Leiria. General Wellesley, whose force, including the reinforcement from Cadiz, numbered less than 14,000, and was especially weak in cavalry and artillery, moved rapidly southward, forestalled Laborde in the occupation of Leiria, and compelled him to retire upon Roliça, a village covering the road to Torres Vedras. Laborde was thus prevented from joining Loison, whose division had only just reached Santarem. On August 17th Wellesley attacked Laborde at Roliça, and, after a severe engagement, in which the British lost 420 killed and wounded and the French 600, drove him back towards Torres Vedras. The next day the British commander did not follow up the enemy, first, because his cavalry numbered only 470 sabres, and, secondly, because he had received news of the arrival of two additional brigades from home, and thought it advisable to take up a position near Vimeiro to cover their landing. This operation occupied two days, and during the interval Junot was able to bring up Loison's division, and to concentrate and reorganise his troops at Torres Vedras. Marching thence on the evening of August 20th, he attacked early next morning the position held by the British at Vimeiro. It had been Wellesley's intention to assume the offensive and to cut off the enemy from their base by a flank march along the sea coast, but the proposal was negatived by Sir H. Burrard, who reached Maceira Bay on the 20th, but did not disembark until the following morning. The result of the engagement at Vimeiro was entirely in favour of the British force. The French lost 1800 killed and wounded, and thirteen guns, while the casualties on the English side did not exceed 720. General Burrard appeared on the field of battle, but did not interfere with the dispositions of his predecessor in command, except to halt one of the brigades at a most inopportune moment. By noon the fate of the day was decided, and Wellesley proposed at once to push forward with five brigades with the object of forcing Junot into the Tagus valley, while three other brigades, penetrating the defiles of Torres Vedras, might occupy Mafra and cut off the French from Lisbon. Burrard hesitated, consulted his subordinates, and decided not to move. This resolve so annoyed Wellesley that he remarked to his staff: "Gentlemen, there is nothing for us to do now but to hunt red-legged partridges." Burrard's excessive caution enabled Junot to regain, on the evening of the 21st, the position at Torres Vedras which he had previously occupied, and the next day Sir Hew Dalrymple landed and assumed the chief command. He also was in doubt whether to await reinforcements or to order an immediate advance, when the question was settled for him by Junot, who proposed an armistice and subsequently opened negotiations for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army. General Wellesley was present as an assessor when the terms of the armistice were being discussed between the French General Kellermann and Sir Hew Dalrymple; and although he considered that the

conditions acceded to by the British commander were unduly favourable to the enemy, he signed the preliminary memorandum, dated August 22nd, at the request of General Dalrymple, who regarded it as derogatory to his own dignity as a commander-in-chief to treat directly with an officer of inferior rank. The final convention was negotiated by the Quartermaster-General of the force, Colonel George Murray, and signed by him and General Kellermann on August 30th.

Writing on September 6th to the Bishop of Oporto, General Wellesley remarked: "Sir Hew Dalrymple, the present commander-in-chief, landed on the morning of August 22nd; and on that evening he negotiated in person with the French General Kellermann an agreement of the suspension of hostilities. I was present during the negotiation of this agreement; and, by the desire of the Commander-in-Chief, I signed it. But I did not negotiate it, nor can I in any manner be considered responsible for its contents." A week before he had written privately to Lord Castlereagh, informing him that matters were not prospering, and that he wished to leave the army. He added: "I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course not to myself." On September 5th he again addressed Lord Castlereagh in the following terms: "It is quite impossible for me to continue any longer with this army; and I wish, therefore, that you would allow me to return home and resume the duties of my office; or if not, that I should remain upon the staff in England; or, if that should not be practicable, that I should remain without employment." Sir Hew Dalrymple was equally disinclined to retain General Wellesley's services, and proposed that he should be sent to examine the northern provinces of Spain and report on the possibility of defending them against a French invasion. Wellesley declined this mission, pointing out that he was not a topographical engineer, and could not pretend to describe in writing such a country as the Asturias. He suggested that officers of the Quartermaster-General's department might more fittingly be employed on such a duty.

General Wellesley was eventually permitted to leave the army, and he reached London on October 6th. Before his departure the general officers who had served under him while he was directing the operations presented him with a piece of plate, of the value of a thousand guineas, as a testimony of their high esteem and respect, and of their satisfaction at having had the good fortune to serve under his command.

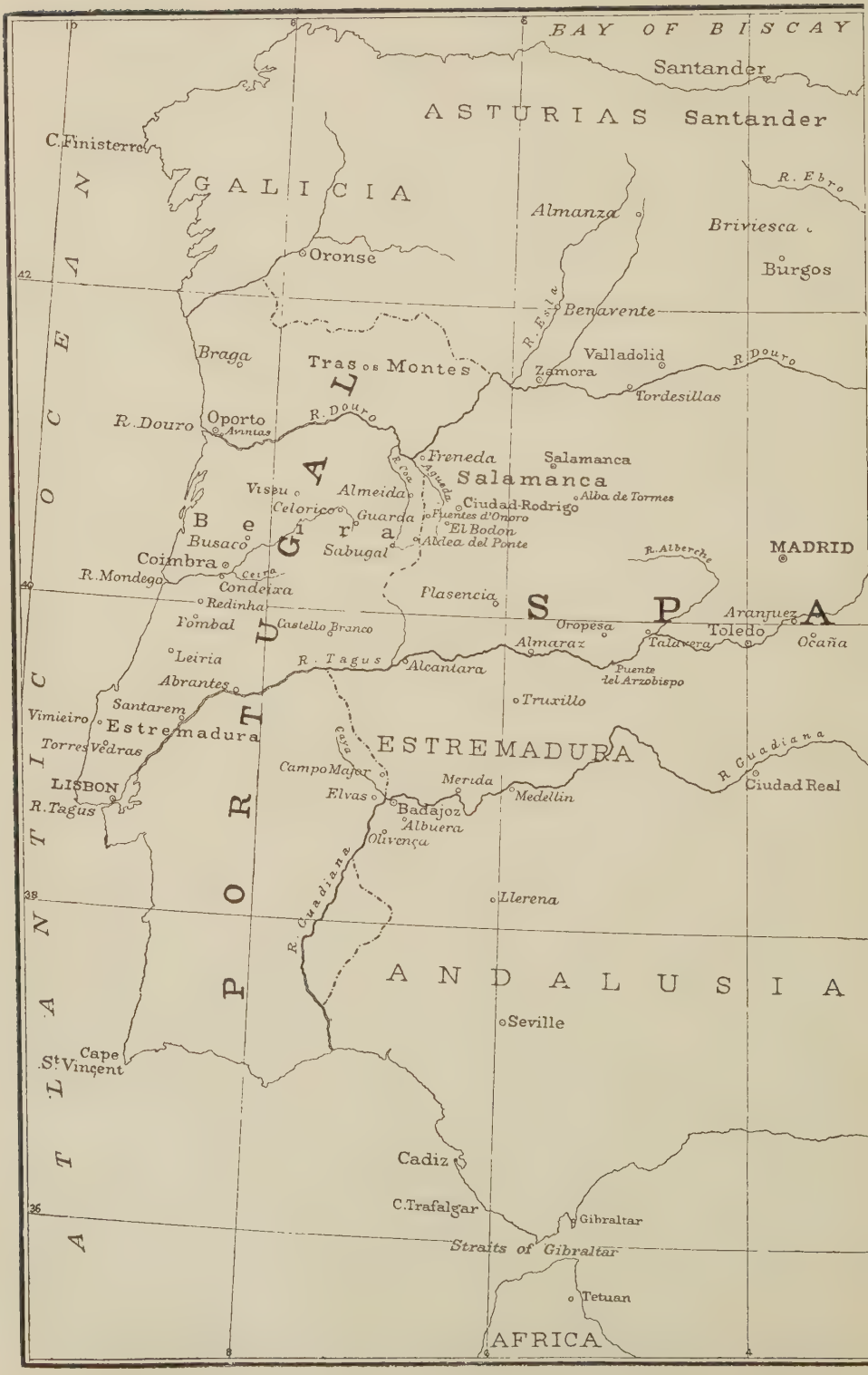
On Wellesley's return home a great outcry was raised against the convention of Cintra, and the public were inclined to throw the blame on him, rather than on Sir Hew Dalrymple who was really responsible. The Government, however, recalled Sir Hew and his second in command, and assembled a court of inquiry, which arrived at no specific conclusion on the subject of the armistice and convention, merely advising that no further proceedings should be taken, and declaring that unquestionable zeal and firmness had been displayed by Generals Dalrymple, Burrard, and Wellesley. The popular indignation having by this means been pacified, the thanks of Parliament for the victory of Vimeiro were accorded to General Wellesley in January 1809.

In the meantime the chief command of the British army in Portugal had devolved on Sir John Moore, who was feebly supported by the home authorities, and much hampered by the ill-advised interference of Mr. Frere, the British Minister at the headquarters of the provisional Spanish Government. In November 1808 Napoleon, after confirming his alliance with Russia and obtaining the Tzar's recognition of Joseph as King of Spain, proceeded to Vittoria to assume the command of the French forces in the Peninsula. He there issued a proclamation to his soldiers, promising them an easy victory over the British army, and assuring them that "le hideux léopard qui

Colonel George Murray.

souille la Péninsule de sa présence prendra honteusement la fuite à notre aspect." The French Emperor rapidly overthrew the Spanish levies, and occupied Madrid on December 4th. Here he received intelligence that Sir John Moore was advancing into the north of Spain to the relief of the capital, and at once concentrated an overwhelming force for the purpose of cutting off the British army from the Tagus and the Galician ports. Moore had reluctantly committed himself to an offensive movement in answer to the earnest appeal of the Junta and Mr. Frere, and he naturally relied on the co-operation of the Spanish troops and civil authorities. Receiving, however, no support either in men or in supplies, he found himself in an extremely perilous position, and was obliged to withdraw as rapidly as possible. In spite of innumerable difficulties, he conducted his retreat in a most masterly manner; and after reaching Coruña, on January 12th, 1809, defeated the enemy on the 16th, and died a hero's death on the field of battle. The British troops embarked the next day unmolested by the French, and Marshal Soult, who was in command of the latter, caused a monument to be erected in his opponent's honour. Moore's reputation has been unjustly assailed. He was one of the ablest and most progressive of British generals; but, in common with most of his countrymen, he made the mistake of supposing that the undisciplined Spanish forces could offer an effective resistance to the veteran soldiers of France. This belief appears to have been shared at the time by Wellington, who, in a letter to the Hon. C. Stewart, dated September 1st, 1808, referred to Sir Hew Dalrymple's inaction in the following words: "I do not know what Sir Hew Dalrymple proposes to do, or is instructed to do; but, if I were in his situation, I would have twenty thousand men at Madrid in less than a month from this time."

In the spring of 1809 the general state of affairs was as follows. The British Ministry was perplexed and the nation dispirited at Sir John Moore's retreat. The Opposition also took the opportunity of denouncing more violently than before the policy of intervention on behalf of Spain and Portugal. Napoleon, after making himself master of the whole of Spain, had started in January for Paris, where he began his preparations for another campaign against Austria. The British troops remaining in Portugal under Sir John Craddock's command were left without funds or supplies, while they were threatened on the north by Soult's occupation of Oporto and on the east by the presence of Victor's army in the Tagus valley. At one time the Cabinet had almost decided to withdraw from the Peninsula, but before issuing orders to that effect they consulted General Wellesley, who, in a convincing memorandum, urged on the Government the feasibility of defending Portugal, and of training the Portuguese troops under the superintendence of British officers, so as to render them capable of facing the French. He pointed out that a defence of this nature would be extremely useful to the Spaniards in their contest with France, and that it could be effected by the employment of a British force of about 30,000 men, provided that England was prepared to afford very extensive pecuniary


BAY OF BISCAY
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ASTURIAS
Santander
C. Finisterre
GALICIA
R. Ebro
Almanza
Briviesca
Oronse
Burgos
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Benavente
R. Esla
Braga
Tras os Montes
Valladolid
R. Douro
Zamora
Tordesillas
R. Douro
Oporto
Avintas
R. Douro
Freneda
Salamanca
Salamanca
Agueda
Viseu
Almeida
Alba de Tormes
Ciudad Rodrigo
Celorico
Guarda
Fuentes d'Onoro
El Bodon
Alxica del Ponte
Busaco
Sabugal
R. Alberche
MADRID
Coimbra
Ceira
R. Mondego
Condeixa
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Redinha
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Pombal
Castello Branco
Oropesa
Aranjuez
Toledo
Talavera
Ocaña
Leiria
R. Tagus
Almaraz
Alcantara
Puente del Arzobispo
Abrantes
Truxillo
Santarem
Vimieiro
Estremadura
ESTREMADURA
Torres Vedras
Campo Mayor
Merida
R. Guadiana
Ciudad Real
LISBON
Elvas
Medellin
R. Tagus
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ANDALUSIA
Seville
Cape St. Vincent
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C. Trafalgar
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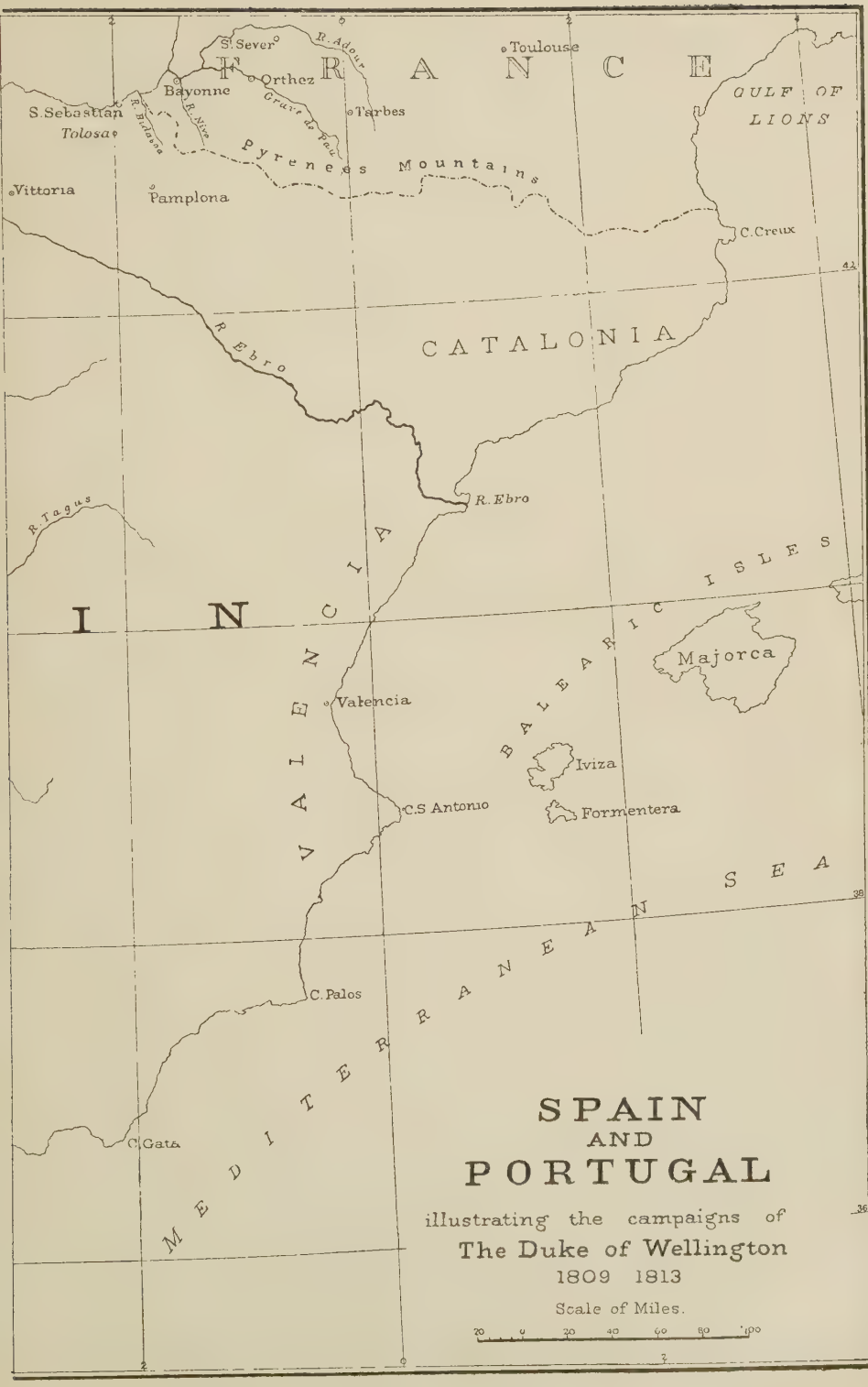
FRANCE
St. Sever
R. Adour
Toulouse
Orthez
Bayonne
Tarbes
Cruce de Tac
S. Sebastian
Tolosa
R. Bidassoa
R. Nive
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CATALONIA
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R. Ebro
R. Tagus
I N
VALENCIA
ISLES
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SPAIN
AND
PORTUGAL
illustrating the campaigns of
The Duke of Wellington
1809 1813
Scale of Miles.
20 0 20 40 60 80 100

assistance and strong political support to the Portuguese nation, and that the organisation and control of the Portuguese army was placed entirely in the hands of the British commander. These views commended themselves to Her Majesty's Ministers, the more so as the certainty of an early rupture between France and Austria encouraged them to persevere in their struggle against Napoleon; but still they were by no means confident of success, or disposed to devote all the energies and resources of the nation to the vigorous prosecution of the policy which Wellesley recommended.

In choosing an officer for the chief command in the Peninsula, a difference of opinion appears to have arisen in the Cabinet; but eventually Wellesley's high military reputation and great social and political influence carried the day, and the Government entrusted him with the duty of giving effect to his own proposals. He accordingly resigned the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland in April 1809, and at once proceeded to Lisbon, where he took over the command from Sir John Craddock. A month before, Major-General Beresford, who had been appointed to the command of the Portuguese forces with the local rank of Marshal, had arrived, and begun his reorganisation by selecting British officers for all the more important military posts. With the help of these officers and by his own tact and ability he gradually raised the Portuguese troops to a high standard of discipline and efficiency. General Wellesley had the chief command of the Portuguese as well as of the British army, and in July 1809 he was given the rank of Marshal-General in the Portuguese service.

Napoleon, on leaving Spain, had given orders to his generals to continue the operations he had begun, with the object of driving the English out of the Peninsula, and bringing the whole country into subjection. Soult was directed to occupy Oporto by February 5th, on which date he was to instruct General Lapisse, who commanded a division at Salamanca, to march upon Ciudad Rodrigo and Abrantes. Reinforced by Lapisse, Marshal Victor, who was stationed in the Tagus valley, was to threaten Lisbon from the east, while Soult was to advance upon that city from the north. As soon as Lisbon had been captured, and the British force compelled to evacuate Portugal, Soult was to place a portion of his troops at Victor's disposal, and the latter, operating through Merida, was to make himself master of Seville. This plan was ably conceived, but depended for its success on the promptitude with which it was carried out by the French commanders, and on their being able to overcome the resistance of the British army. Soult's troops had been greatly fatigued by their rapid pursuit of Sir John Moore, and consequently were unable to occupy Oporto before the end of March. Victor, however, on the 28th of that month defeated the Spanish general, Cuesta, with immense slaughter, at Medellin, east of Merida; and the following day a French division, under Sebastiani, routed another Spanish force at Ciudad Real, about a hundred miles south of Madrid. Lapisse, instead of moving towards Abrantes on the Tagus, joined Victor on the Guadiana at Merida on April 19th.

Sir John Moore.

The French, therefore, were exceedingly strong in Spanish Estremadura; but, owing to the Emperor's instructions, Victor awaited Soult's advance on Lisbon before crossing the Portuguese frontier.

When Wellesley landed on April 22nd he perceived that Soult and Victor were too far apart to afford each other mutual support, and that he had it in his power to act against either. He considered it of primary importance to expel the French from Oporto, and thus carry out his scheme of maintaining the integrity of Portugal, and using that country as a base of operations against the French in Spain. After taking the necessary steps to prevent, or at any rate to retard, any movement that Victor might attempt in the direction of Lisbon, Wellesley rapidly concentrated his force, consisting of 13,000 British, 3000 German, and 9000 Portuguese soldiers, at Coimbra, and, marching in two columns, reached the Douro on May 12th. He found Soult's army in occupation of Oporto, separated from him by a deep and rapid river, three hundred and twenty yards in width. He possessed no bridge equipment, and all the country boats had been removed to the right bank of the stream. Massing his artillery on a height which commanded a strongly walled enclosure on the opposite bank, he directed Captain Waters, a staff officer of unrivalled activity and resource, to procure some boats in which a crossing could be effected. Captain Waters was fortunate enough to discover an old boat hidden among the rushes and filled with mud. In this, aided by a few peasants, he managed to cross the river, and finding four barges with no guard over them on the enemy's side, he succeeded in bringing them away without attracting attention. Detaching a column under General John Murray to cross the river at Avintas, three miles above Oporto, and thus threaten the French line of retreat, the British commander managed to send over troops sufficient to hold the walled enclosure before the enemy realised his intention; other boats were procured from up stream; the river was crossed at several points; and eventually the French were driven out of Oporto with such rapidity and in such confusion that General Wellesley at four o'clock that afternoon dined at the table which had been prepared for Marshal Soult. General Murray failed to attack the French flank in conformity with his instructions. Had he done so, a large portion of the retreating force would have been destroyed. As it was, Oporto fell into the hands of the English, and Soult was compelled to retire through Braga on Orense in Galicia, where he arrived on May 19th with only 18,000 men, having lost 6000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, as well as his guns, ammunition, baggage, stores, and military chest.

Having thus for the time disposed of Soult, Wellesley turned his attention towards Victor's army quartered in the valley of the Upper Tagus; and this was the more necessary as General Lapisse had seized the bridge over the Tagus at Alcantara, and Soult, after reorganising and re-equipping his troops, was beginning to move in a south-easterly direction to Zamora on the Upper Douro, with the object of reinforcing Madrid. In transferring his operations to the south, Wellesley had serious difficulties to overcome. The rapid march from Lisbon to Oporto, and thence in pursuit of Soult, had sent over 4000 of his men into hospital; provisions were scarce; the soldiers' shoes and clothing were in bad order; their discipline had been impaired by success; and money was not forthcoming, either to pay the troops or to purchase supplies. Moreover, Cuesta, who was in chief command of the Spanish army, refused to act as Wellesley recommended. The result was that the British force was detained in the neighbourhood of Abrantes until the end of June. Wellesley had about 22,000 men at his disposal, while Cuesta's army, with its headquarters at Oropesa, numbered about 33,000. The French had 250,000 soldiers in the Peninsula, but out of these only

50,000 were immediately available to oppose the British advance, 33,000 being under Victor, 12,000 under Sebastiani, and 5000 under Joseph. At the end of June Soult, then at Zamora, received orders from Napoleon to take up a position north of the Tagus valley, and, as soon as Wellesley had committed himself to a forward movement, to cross the mountains and fall on his flank and rear. On July 20th the British troops joined Cuesta's army at Oropesa, and it was arranged that the combined force should advance towards Madrid, while Venegas, with another Spanish column 26,000 strong, should approach the capital from the south through Toledo and Aranjuez. Venegas failed to march at the appointed time, and the French army was able to concentrate undisturbed at and near Toledo from the 24th to the 26th July. On the 22nd Wellesley entered Talavera, and wished to attack Victor the next day, before the troops under Sebastiani and the king had come up. But Cuesta refused on the ground that July 23rd was a Sunday. On the 24th Soult received orders from Joseph to move at once from Salamanca on Plasencia, but he obeyed in such a dilatory manner that the three corps under his command were not assembled in the Tagus valley until August 5th. On July 27th Victor attacked the British and Spanish forces, which were drawn up on the right bank of the Tagus, with their right flank resting on Talavera. The Spaniards in front of that flank were defeated, and fled with their artillery many miles to the rear, only 4000 out of a corps of 10,000 returning to the field of battle. On the left flank the British troops held their own. The next day Victor renewed the combat. Sir Arthur was watching the advance of the French, when Colonel Donkin was sent by the Spanish general Albuquerque to report that Cuesta had made terms with the enemy. With inimitable coolness Wellesley read the letter, desired Colonel Donkin to return to his brigade, and continued his own reconnaissance. At two o'clock in the afternoon the battle began, Victor's object being to turn the left and break through the centre of the British line. In this he failed, owing not only to his opponent's readiness of resource and tactical skill, but also to the surpassing gallantry of the British soldiers. In this engagement the British loss exceeded 6000 killed and wounded, inclusive of five general officers, and that of the French was over 7000. "The battle of Talavera," says Jomini, "restored to the successors of Marlborough the glory which for a whole age seemed to have passed from them," and it caused Napoleon to change his opinion regarding the bravery of British troops and the capacity of their leaders. The next day the two armies remained in presence of each other, but the British were reinforced by the celebrated Light Division, 3000 strong, under General Crauford, which in twenty-six hours accomplished a march of sixty-two miles, and, although each soldier carried a load of from fifty to sixty pounds on his back, left only seventeen stragglers behind. On July 30th Joseph became anxious about the safety of Madrid, and fell back on the Alberche, and shortly afterwards Wellesley received information that Soult, with 37,000 men, had reached Plasencia with the intention of cutting him off from his base. It had been arranged with Cuesta that the mountain passes giving access to Plasencia should be guarded by Spanish troops, but these had fled on the approach of the French columns without firing a shot. Wellesley now found himself in an extremely critical position, being threatened in front and rear by forces equal or superior to his own; he could place no reliance on his Spanish allies; and his own army was almost starving, owing to the failure of the local authorities to provide the supplies and transport which they had promised. He extricated himself, however, by a rapid march, crossed the Tagus at Arzobispo, arrested Soult's advance by breaking down the bridge of boats at Almaraz, and retired through Truxillo and Merida on Badajoz and Elvas. The enemy attempted nothing further, and the several corps soon separated, their leaders being

Major-General Beresford.

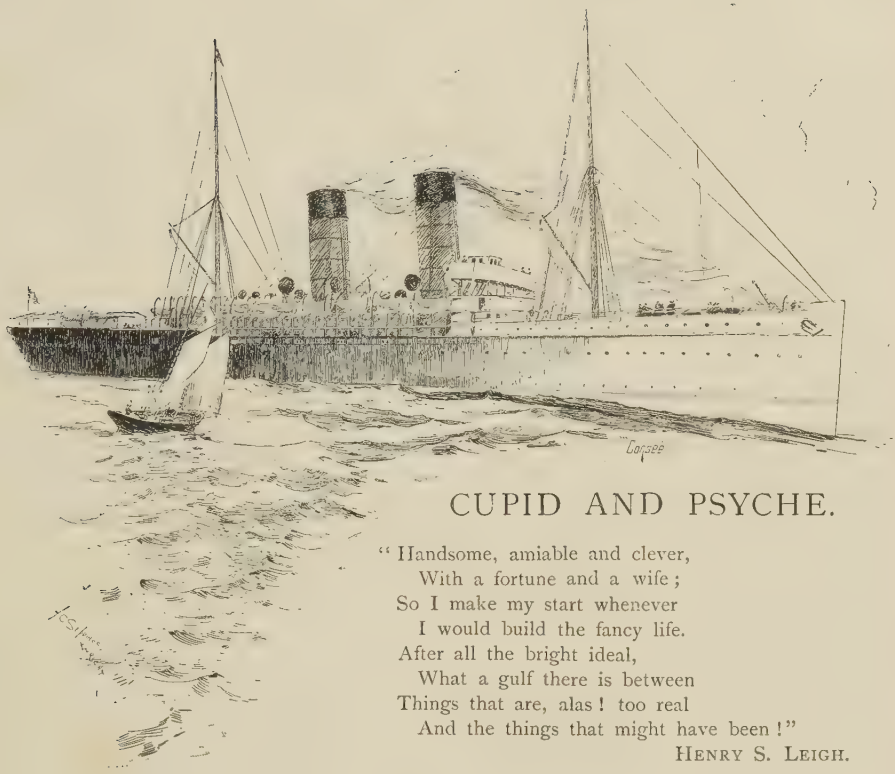
unable to agree upon a united course of action. This expedition taught Wellington that he had to face the same difficulties which baffled Sir John Moore. In Brialmont's words, it showed him "the ignorance and wrongheadedness of the Spanish generals; the worthlessness of their troops; the blind hostility of the Juntas; the apathy of the Spanish people; their insane hatred of the Portuguese; and their unsatisfactory disposition towards the English soldiers, with whom they were never on good terms." Thenceforward up to the end of the war Wellesley wisely resolved to act independently, and to rely on his own resources and his own soldiers.

In August 1809 Sir Arthur Wellesley was created a peer with the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and in the succeeding February he received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £2000 a year for three lives. This pension was strongly opposed by the Corporation of London, the Common Council representing that Wellington "had exhibited in the campaign of Talavera, with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but a useless valour." The grant was also censured by the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament.

Returning to Lisbon in October 1809, Wellington gave orders for the construction of the celebrated defensive works at Torres Vedras. He afterwards visited Seville and Cadiz, where he met his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, who had been appointed ambassador at the seat of the provisional Spanish Government. Towards the close of the year the main body of the British troops was transferred from Badajoz and Elvas to the Mondego valley, and General Hill was left at Abrantes to guard the valley of the Lower Tagus. In the meantime the French Emperor, having made peace with Austria, ordered 100,000 men to be collected on the Spanish frontier, and proposed, early in 1810, to lead them himself into Spain. In November 1809 the Spanish armies were signally defeated at Ocaña by Marshal Mortier, and at Alba de Tormes by General Kellermann; and in January 1810 Joseph invaded Andalusia, overran the whole province, and captured Seville. Napoleon was so much occupied with public and private affairs, especially with his negotiations for a marriage with a Russian or Austrian Archduchess, that he abandoned the idea of personally directing the operations in the Peninsula; but he sent large reinforcements into the country, and appointed Soult to the chief command in Spain, while Marshal Masséna was selected to lead an army into Portugal.

ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)



CUPID AND PSYCHE.

"Handsome, amiable and clever,
With a fortune and a wife;
So I make my start whenever
I would build the fancy life.
After all the bright ideal,
What a gulf there is between
Things that are, alas! too real
And the things that might have been!"

HENRY S. LEIGH.

HIS name upon the ship's books was Edward Braithwaite Colchester, but between Tilbury and Sydney Harbour he was better known as Cupid. His mother was a widow with four more olive branches, absolutely dependent on her own and Teddy's exertions.

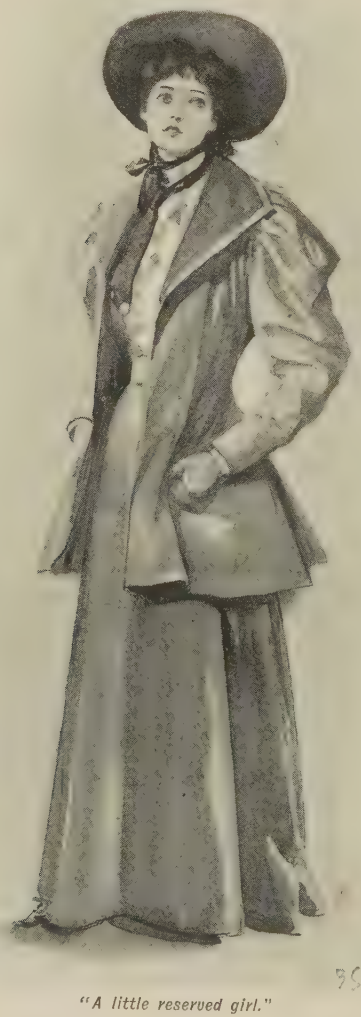
At the best of times Kindergartens for the children of respectable tradespeople are not particularly remunerative, and the semi-detached villa in Sydenham was often sorely tried for petty cash. But when Teddy was appointed fourth officer of the X. Y. Z. Company's steamship *Cambrian Prince*, endless possibilities were opened up.

If you will remember that everything in this world is ordained to a certain end, you will see that Teddy's future entirely depended on his falling in love—first love of course, and not the matter-of-fact business-like affair that follows later.

After his second voyage he obtained a fortnight's leave and hastened home. Being fond of tennis and such-like amusements, he was naturally brought into contact with many charming girls, who, because he was a strange man and a sailor, were effusively polite. Then he fell hopelessly in love with a horribly impossible girl, and in the excitement of the latest waltz proposed, and was accepted, on the strength of a fourth officer's pay, an incipient moustache, and a dozen or so brass buttons.

During the next voyage his behaviour towards unmarried women was marked by that circumspection which should always characterise an engaged man. He never allowed himself to forget this for an instant, and his cabin had for its chief ornament a plush-framed likeness of a young lady gazing, with a wistful expression, over a palpably photographic sea.

Now, it was necessary for his ultimate happiness that Teddy Colchester should learn that, like his own brass buttons, without constant burnishing, a young lady's affection is apt to lose much of its pristine brightness, and that too much sea air is good for neither. He ticked off the days of absence, and as his calendar lessened his affection increased.



"A little reserved girl."

At Plymouth a letter met him—a jerky, inky, schoolgirl epistle, evidently written by a writer very cold and miserable, and the first reading stunned him. Had he seen a little more of the real world, he would have been able to read between the lines something to this effect: "You're Teddy, three months away, and I'm madly in love with a soldier." Then he would have noted that the writer was staying in Salisbury, after which he would have hunted up his home papers and discovered that the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry were encamped at Humington Down. But as he had only seen life through a telescope, he could not do this, consequently his pain was a trifle acute.

His mother wrote him four pages of sympathy. But though she wondered at any girl jilting her boy, she could not help a feeling of satisfaction at its being still in her power to transmute three-quarters of his pay into food and raiment for her brood.

Next voyage the *Cambrian Prince* had her full complement of passengers, and the "Kangaroo Girl," whom perhaps you may remember, was of the number. At Plymouth a little reserved girl joined; and as she is considerably mixed up in this story, you must know that she rejoiced in the unpretentious name of Hinks.

"He made the discovery that her voice possessed a note of sympathy."

For the first week or so Teddy held very much aloof from the passengers, engaging himself entirely with recollections of the girl for whose sake he was going to live "only in a memory."

Being an honest, straightforward young fellow, he of course followed the prescribed programme of all blighted love affairs. He began by pitying himself for the sorrow he was undergoing, then went on to picture the future that might have been theirs had she married him; but before they were clear of the Bay he had arrived at the invariable conclusion, and was pitying himself for pitying the girl who was foolish enough to jilt such an entirely estimable young man as Edward Braithwaite Colchester.

One moonlight night, after leaving "Gib," he was leaning over the rails of the Promenade deck, feeling sympathetically inclined to the world in general, when somebody stepped up beside him. It was Miss Hinks. She prefaced her conversation with two or three questions about the sea, and he made the astounding discovery that her voice possessed just the note of sympathy he required for his complaint. He had felt sorry for her because other people snubbed her, and she for him because she had been told exaggerated stories about his love affair. Together they made rather a curious couple.

When, under the supervision of the "Kangaroo Girl," the shore parties for Naples

were being organised, Miss Hinks was tacitly left out. Somehow the impression got about that she was poor, and no one cared about paying her expenses. But eventually she did go, and it was in the charge of the fourth officer. When she thanked him for his kindness, he forgot for the moment his pledge "to live henceforth only in a memory."

The "Kangaroo Girl," on discovering that Miss Hinks *had* been on shore, under the escort of that "dear little pink officer," was vastly amused, and christened them Cupid and Psyche.

Now, the end of it all was, that Teddy began to find himself caring less and less for the thumb-stained photograph in his locker, and more and more for the privilege of pumping his sorrows into a certain sympathetic ear. Shipboard allows so many opportunities of meeting; and, strange as it may appear, a broken heart is quickest mended when subjected to a second rending. This cure is based on the homœopathic principle of like curing like.

By the time they reached Aden he had convinced himself that his first love affair had been the result of a too generous nature, and that this second was the one and only *real* passion of his life.

At Colombo Miss Hinks went ashore with the doctor's party—tiffined at Mount Lavinia, dined at the Grand Oriental, and started back for the ship about nine o'clock.

Teddy, begrimed with coal dust, watched each boatload arrive, and as he did his love increased.

On account of the coal barges it was impossible for boats to come alongside, consequently their freight had to clamber from hulk to hulk. Miss Hinks was the last of her party to venture; and just as the doctor, holding out his hand, told her to jump, the hulk swayed out, and she fell with a scream into the void. Then, before any one could realise what had happened, the barge rolled back into its place. Miss Hinks had disappeared.

Teddy, from half-way up the gangway, tore off his coat, leapt into the water, and, at the risk of having his brains knocked out, dived and plunged between the boats; but without success. Then he saw something white astern, and swam towards it.

* * * * * * *

The half-drowned couple must have come to an understanding in the rescuing boat, for next day their engagement was announced.

The "Kangaroo Girl" gave evidence of her wit when she said: "It was fortunate they were Cupid and Psyche, otherwise they would find love rather insufficient capital to begin housekeeping upon!"

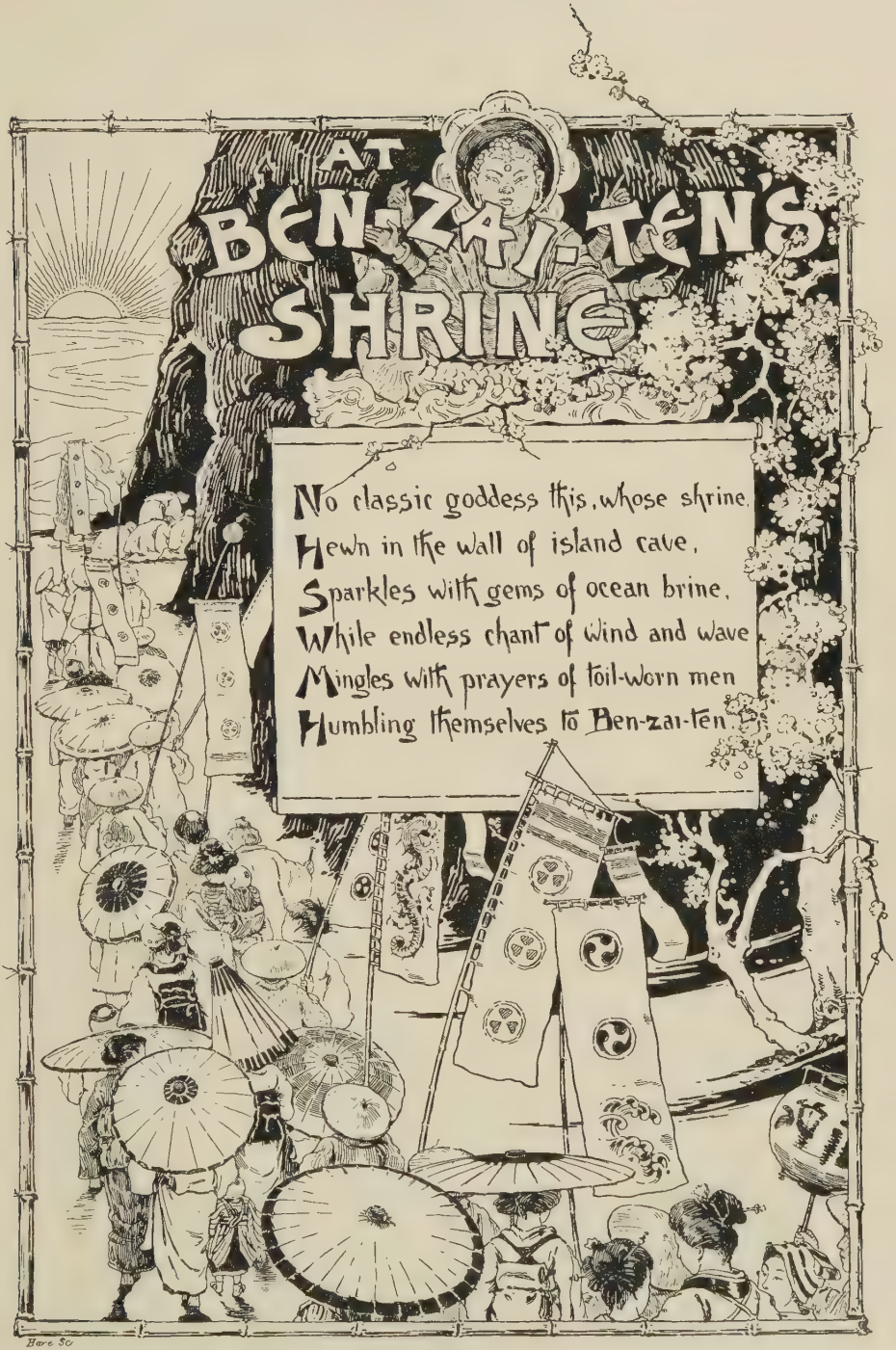
Teddy wrote to his mother from Adelaide, and she, poor woman, was not best pleased to hear the news. But a surprise was in store for us all.

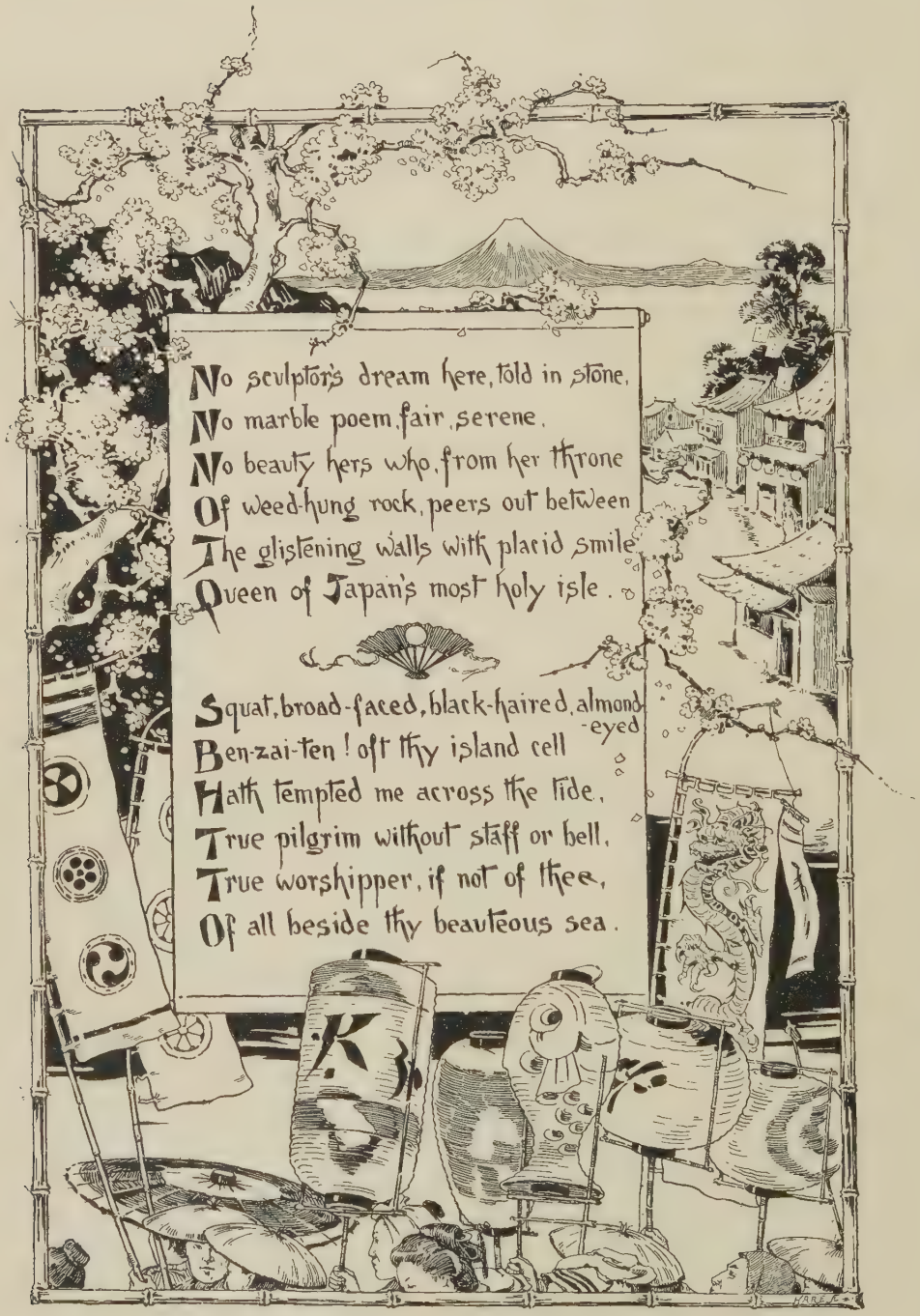
On the *Cambrian Prince's* arrival in Sydney, Miss Hinks was met by an intensely respectable old gentleman, who, it appeared, was her solicitor. On being informed of the engagement, he examined Teddy with peculiar interest, and asked if he were aware of his good fortune. Miss Hinks smiled.

Half an hour later we learnt that the girl whom we'd all been pitying for her poverty was none other than Miss Hinks-Gratton, *the millionairess and owner of innumerable station and town properties!*

The Teddy of to-day is a director of half a dozen shipping companies, and he quite agrees with me "that everything in this world is ordained to a certain end!"

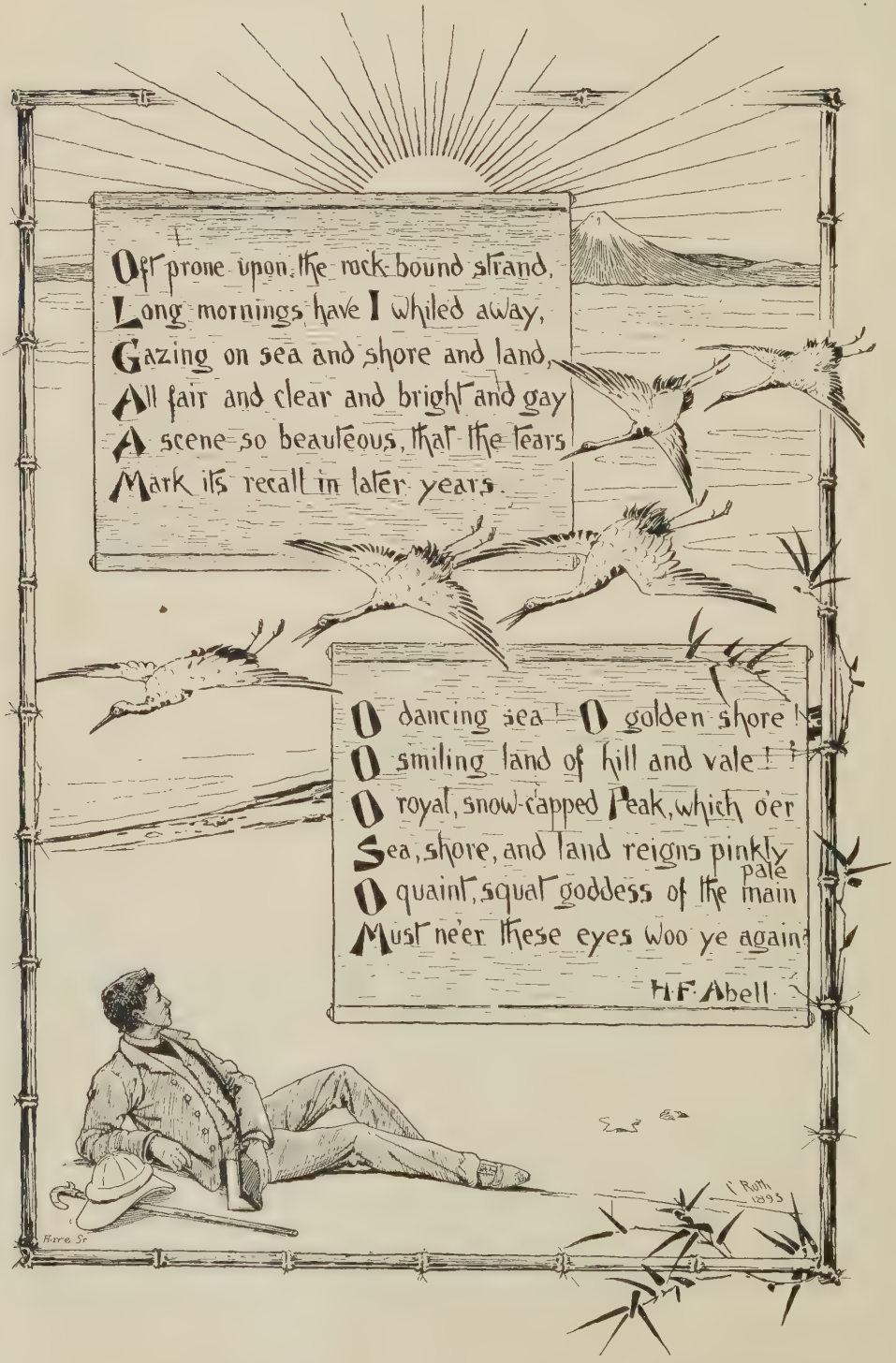
GUY BOOTHBY.


AT
BEN-ZAI-TEN'S
SHRINE
No classic goddess this, whose shrine,
Hewn in the wall of island cave,
Sparkles with gems of ocean brine,
While endless chant of wind and wave
Mingles with prayers of toil-worn men
Humbling themselves to Ben-zai-ten.
Hare Sc


No sculptor's dream here, told in stone,
No marble poem, fair, serene,
No beauty hers who, from her throne
Of weed-hung rock, peers out between
The glistening walls with placid smile
Queen of Japan's most holy isle.
Squat, broad-faced, black-haired, almond-eyed
Ben-zai-ten! oft thy island cell
Hath tempted me across the tide,
True pilgrim without staff or bell,
True worshipper, if not of thee,
Of all beside thy beauteous sea.

Oft have I watched thy pilgrims creep
In white-clad, sandalled crowds along
Fair Inoshima's rugged steep,
With tinkling bell and tuneless song;
Old, young, rich, poor, fair maids, foul men,
All bound for thy shrine, Ben-zai-ten!

A mumbled prayer, an offering laid,
A long obeisance,—all is done,
For debts like these are quickly paid
Here, where Life's all-pervading tone
Is—Fret not, vex not, laugh and sing,
And make the best of everything!


Oft prone upon the rock-bound strand,
Long mornings have I whiled away,
Gazing on sea and shore and land,
All fair and clear and bright and gay
A scene so beauteous, that the tears
Mark its recall in later years.
O dancing sea! O golden shore!
O smiling land of hill and vale!
O royal, snow-capped Peak, which o'er
Sea, shore, and land reigns pinkly pale
O quaint, squat goddess of the main
Must ne'er these eyes woo ye again?
H.F. Abell.

WAR NOTES.—No. 12. COLDSTREAMS.—"BARRACK DUTY"

CHAPTER III

THE ABBEY.

Abbot LAURENTIUS

I LEAVE to courtly hands, to ecclesiastics of rank, to those who understand the pomp and dignity of history, the Abbey Church, with its royal memories and national associations. It is for Deans to dwell at length upon this stately shrine of England's story. Those whose place is duly assigned and reserved for them at Coronations, Functions and Funerals in this Church—those whose office brings them into personal relations with Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, those who belong to the Palace as much as to the Abbey—are the fittest persons to write on the events and episodes belonging to the Church, and to enumerate the chapels, altars, tombs and monuments within its walls. Again, there is the building itself: this has been described over and over again by architects and the students of architecture; stone by stone the structure has been examined; hardly one that has not been assigned to its builder and its date: we have been taught all that remains of Edward the Confessor; all that Henry the Third began and his son continued; what Richard the Second raised; what is due to Henry the Seventh, and what to Wren. We may leave aside, therefore, the ceremonies of state, Coronations, Weddings, Funerals, the monuments, and the architecture. Are they not written in the book of the Dean? Some of us, when we read of these great Functions, fall into the reflection that in that time, as in this, the place of the scholar, the poet or the story-teller would have been outside among the crowd: the man of letters would have been distinguished beyond expectation had he been invited to stand somewhere far back in the nave,—if he had secured a point of vantage near the North Porch, or anywhere in the Abbey Precinct where he could stand and see the Procession sweep past, the Procession of Heralds, Trumpets, Knights and Barons, and rich Lords, Bishops, and Mitred Abbots, Poursuivants and more Trumpets, splendid banners and canopies and shields borne by Nobles, Esquires and the King's Vallets: lastly, their Highnesses the King and the Queen themselves. If he should happily stand near the Porch, he would hear the rolling of the organ and the voices of those who sing. When the soldiers rushed out of the church at William's crowning to hack and cut down the people in suspicion of a tumult, the poet was among them and was glad

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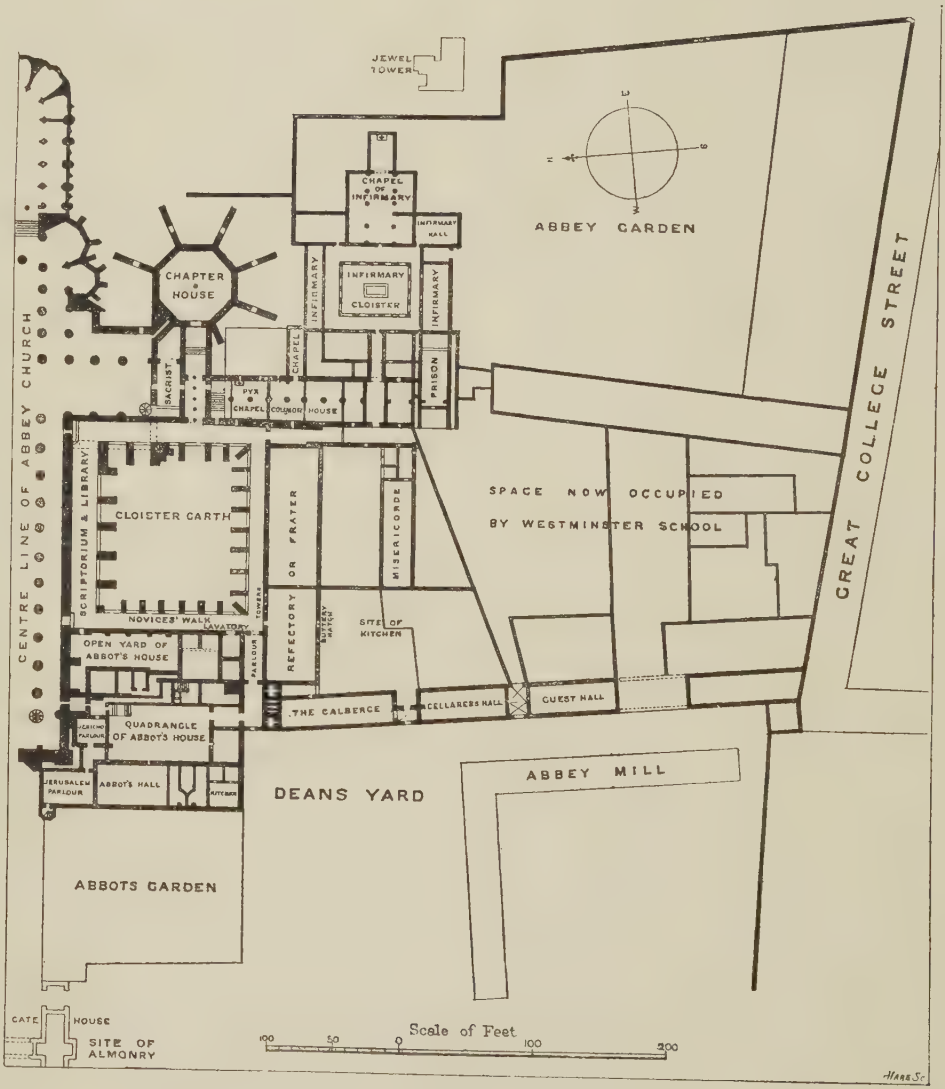
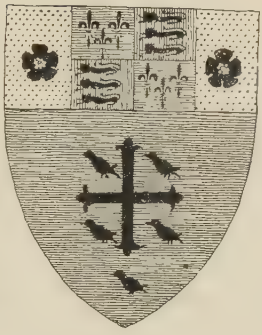


PLAN OF THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF WESTMINSTER.

(Copied by kind permission of Professor Henry Middleton, from his work on Westminster.)

to escape with a broken head; when King Richard's men-at-arms slew the Jews, the poet who was then outside among them thought himself happy that he was not mistaken for one of those unfortunates; the poet was standing outside the Abbey Church—in a very good place too—when with Pageant, songs and flowers, the whole world turned out to welcome Good Queen Bess. At every Coronation before and since that festival he has formed part of the outside throng. When the Rejoicing and the Thanksgiving for the happy closing of Fifty Years were solemnly celebrated, seven years ago, the poets and the men of letters occupied their old, old place: it was the kerb. All that was really noble and great and worthy of honour in the nation was invited within the walls. For literature was left, according to immemorial custom, the usual struggle for a place upon the kerb. The proper place for the man of letters in this country has always been, and is still, the kerb.



Arms of the Abbey of Westminster.

Here let us stand, then, happy at least in hearing the discourse of the people. When the Procession has been reformed and has swept past us again, we will betake ourselves to coffee-house or tavern, there to talk about it, while the great folk—the Quality—sit down to their banquet in Westminster Hall. If we take from Westminster Abbey its Kings and Princes, its Abbots, its Coronations, its Funerals, what remains? Exactly that which remains when you have taken out of history the Kings, Barons and great Lords. There remain the people—in this case the monks, with the servants of the Abbey. If we consider the daily life of one monk, we shall understand pretty well the daily life of all; and we shall presently realise that our old friend Barnaby Googe is not an authority to be altogether trusted; that the monks of Thorney were not all gross sensualists, wallowing in their animalism; and that on the other hand most of them were not, and in the nature of things could not be, followers of the austere and saintly life, great scholars or great divines. The unremembered life of Hugh de Steyninge, in Religion Brother Ambrosius, sometime monk in this Benedictine House, may be chosen to illustrate the Rule, as it was practised in the fifteenth century, just before the Dissolution.

Hugh de Steyninge was the younger son of a knightly house; the family originally, as the name shows, held lands in Steyninge, east of Chichester; at the time of his father's death—he was killed fighting for the Red Rose at Tewkesbury—there was still a small estate in Sussex, to which the eldest son succeeded; the second son was sent to London, where he was articled to Sir Ralph Jocelyne, Draper, Lord Mayor in the year 1476. (This son afterwards rose to be Sheriff, and would have been Mayor but that he died of the sweating sickness.) A third son went abroad and entered the service of the Duke of Tuscany. What became of him is not known. Hugh, the youngest, for whom there seemed nothing but the poor lot of becoming bailiff or steward to his brother, was so fortunate as to receive admission to the most wealthy Monastery in the kingdom. He was thus assured of an easy life, with the chance of rising, should he show ability, to a position of very considerable dignity and authority.

It was now extremely difficult to enter one of the richer Abbeys; a lad of humble origin had no chance of admission. Sometimes Founders' or Benefactors' kin possessed the right of nomination: sometimes admission was bought by money or the gift of land: sometimes it was obtained by the private interest of some great man.

At this time—about the year 1472—the monastic life, owing to many causes, had lost many of its attractions. First, there had been a long and exhausting civil war,

in which not only many noble houses were destroyed, but the flower of English youth had perished. Men had become too valuable to be shut up in a cloister. Again, the spread of Lollard opinions made all classes of people question the advantages of the monastic life. Thirdly, the wars had greatly damaged the value of the monastic property, so that an Abbey no longer supported so many monks as formerly. Thus the number of monks decreased steadily: at Westminster there had been eighty: before the Dissolution this number sank below thirty; at Canterbury a hundred and fifty became fifty-four; at Gloucester a hundred went down to thirty-six. Probably those who remained had no desire to return to the former and longer roll, which might involve a diminution in the splendour of their establishment. We must remember

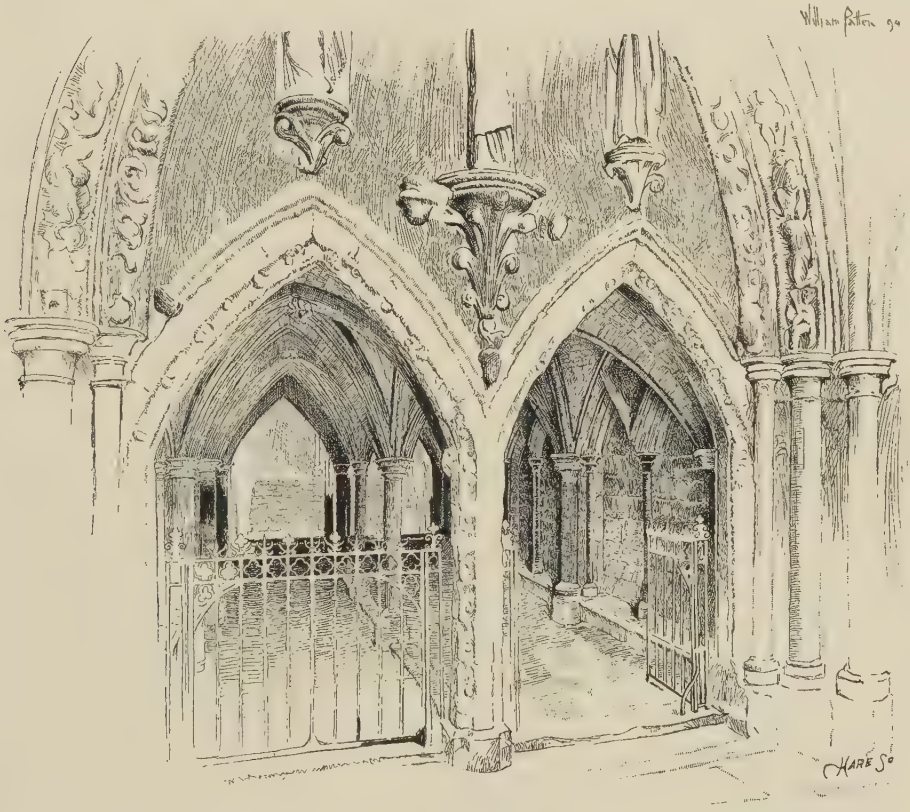
Habit of a Novice of the Order of St. Benedict.

that the external splendour of the Abbey, which does not necessarily involve luxury and gluttony, was a thing always greatly regarded by the Brethren: it magnified the Order; it glorified the religious life. Even the most ascetic desired a splendid service, rich robes, vessels of gold and silver, gorgeous tapers, a fine organ, a well-trained choir of glorious voices, troops of servants, and stately buildings. So that this remarkable diminution of numbers may have been due, in great measure, to the increase of this kind of luxury.

However, there is no doubt that when little Hugh de Steyninge was admitted to the Abbey of St. Peter the House was at its highest point of splendour. It was the richest of all the English Houses: its manors had partly recovered from the losses caused by the civil wars; the Abbot was greater than any bishop; he lived

in a palace; he entertained kings; the Brethren were surrounded by lay brothers and servants; the early austerities of the Rule had long been relaxed; the buildings of the Abbey, Church, Cloisters, Chapter House were more stately than those of any other House; the situation, close to the Palace and within easy reach of the Port and Markets of London, was most desirable. Nobody asked the boy if he would like to be a monk: nobody in those days ever consulted boys on such subjects; the child was told that he would be a monk, and he obeyed.

They offered little Hugh in the Church as a Novice. First they cut his long curls round, offering the hair to the Abbey—an act which symbolised something, but I know not what,—only a Brother learned in the Rule could interpret all the symbols in the ritual; he was then, carrying in his hand the host and chalice, presented to



Entrance to Chapter House.

the priest at the altar. The parents, or their representative, then wrapped the boy's hands in the pall of the altar, and read a written promise that they would not induce him to leave the Monastery or the Order. After this the Abbot consecrated a hood for the boy and laid it upon him. He was then taken out, shaved after the fashion of the Order, robed and brought back, when he was received with prayers. This done, he was a Novice, and was supposed to belong to the House for life, provided he entered upon full vows in due course.

It took many years to make a perfect monk. The rules under which Hugh was now brought up were more voluminous than those of the Talmudic Law. Long hours of silence, sitting with eyes downcast, never being left alone, allowed to play only once a day; the performance of every action, even to the lifting of

Wall of the Refectory, from Ashburnham House.

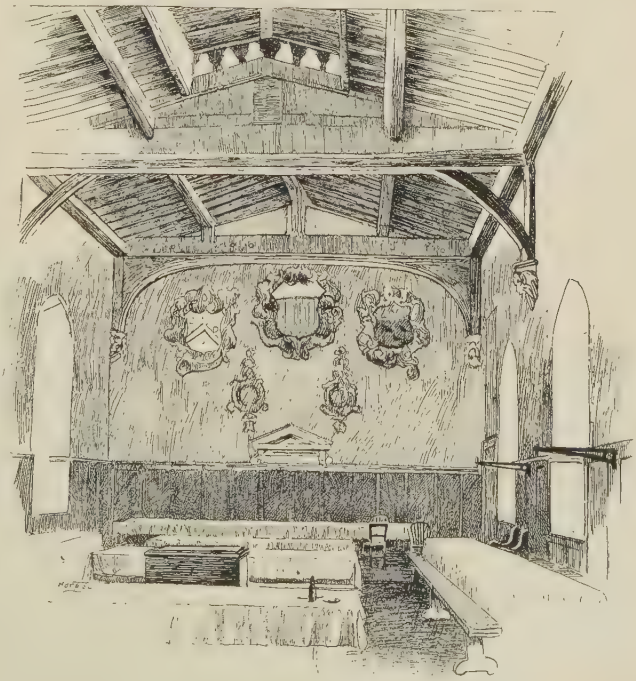
a cup to the lips, to be done according to the Rule; the separation of the boys from each other,—all these minute regulations, all these vexatious and petty precautions, learned after frequent floggings, and fully observed only after the habit of long years, gradually transformed the boy from possible manhood to certain monkhood. Gradually the old free look vanished; he became silent, timid, obedient. The House was all his world; the things of the House were the only things of importance in the whole world. He was not cruelly treated; on the contrary, he was most kindly treated,—well fed, well clothed, well cared for. He quickly understood, as children do, that these things, so irksome at first, were necessary; that all the elders, even the Abbot and the Prior, had gone through the same discipline. All the time the boy's education in other things besides the Rule was going on. He was taught a great deal,—grammar, for instance, logic, Latin, philosophy, writing and illuminating, music, singing, the history of the Order. The Benedictines always rejoiced in a liberal education. The schoolhouse was the west cloister. Here, the arches being glazed, desks were placed one behind the other, and the boys sat in this single file, with their books before them. There were rules of silence, rules of talking French only, rules how to sit, how to carry the hands, rules here and rules there, regulations everywhere. If they had all been enforced, imbecility must have followed. As Hugh did not become imbecile, the regulations were certainly interpreted in a kindly spirit. The Brethren, for instance, except the teachers, were not allowed to converse with the boys; but we may be very certain that they did converse with them, and that they were kind to them, because even St. Benedict could not drive out of human nature that best part of it which prompts man to be tender

towards the young. What happened to Hugh was that he acquired, little by little, the habit of living according to Rule, that by continual iteration he gradually learned the whole of the Litanies and Psalms, and that he obtained, before he became a full monk, some knowledge of the various branches of learning in which he had been grounded at his desk in the west cloister.

I pass over the ceremony of Profession. To give it in detail would take up too much space; to quote extracts might convey a false impression. Let it suffice that nothing was wanting to make the ceremony the most solemn occasion possible. It is true that children were brought to the Abbey quite young and without regard to vocation: might not the practice be defended on the grounds (1) that nothing, from the mediæval point of view, could be better for a man than the Benedictine Rule, so that every one, even though he might yearn for the outer world, ought to be grateful for this seclusion; and (2) that by the long years of preparation and education the calling to Religion, which ought to be in every mind, was cultivated and developed? And really, when we consider how many of our own clergy are in the same way set apart from youth, without question as to their vocation, we need not throw stones at the mediæval Benedictines.

Hugh, therefore, at the age of eighteen made his profession and became Brother Ambrosius, a Junior in the House. His was the duty of reading the Gospel and the Epistle; he carried a taper in processions; he read the martyrology in the Chapter. And he now entered upon the daily round, which was to continue until the end of his life or till old age demanded indulgence.

It consisted mainly of services. They began at 2 in the morning with Matins. These finished, the choir went back to bed; the rest remained to sing Lauds for the dead. They then went to bed again until daybreak or 5 in the morning, when they rose for Prime; at 7 a.m. there followed Compline; at 9 a.m. there was Tierce; at 11 a.m. there was Sext; Nones were held at 2 p.m., and Vespers at 6 p.m. There were thus eight stated services, requiring certainly as much as eight hours out of the twenty-four. They went to bed at 8 p.m., getting six hours of sleep before Matins and two or three after Lauds. This accounts for sixteen hours. Then there was the daily gathering in the Chapter House, taking perhaps one hour. This leaves only seven hours for meals, rest and work. We are told that a Benedictine House was to be self-supporting as far as possible; everything wanted by the Brethren was to be made in the place, if possible;



The Dining-hall at Westminster; now used as the Dining-room of the School.

Towel Aumbries in the South Walk.

every Brother was to be working when he was not in the Church, in the Refectory, or in the Dormitory. We know that there have been many learned works produced by Benedictines. Not, as I understand it, that learning or art or handicrafts were ordered by the Founder, save as a means of keeping the hands of the Brethren out of mischief. Dean Stanley wonders mildly why, in the long history of Westminster Abbey, there was found no scholar in the Brotherhood and there was produced no learned work. One would rather be surprised if any good work had been produced; nor can we readily believe that good work could be produced by men wearied by seventeen hours of services and ceremonies.*

The situation of St. Peter's exposed the younger Brethren to temptations from which the monks of such retired spots as Glastonbury, Tintern or Fountains were happily free. These temptations assailed the young Brother Ambrosius with great violence during the earlier years of his profession. It was, indeed, on account of these temptations that he was more than once, in the Chapter House, flogged in the presence of the whole fraternity. Eight years of drill and discipline, although they made him a monk, had yet left in him the possibility of becoming a man.

Consider the dangers of the situation for a young man. On the other side of the wall which formed the eastern boundary of the Abbey was the Palace, the court and camp of the King, a place filled with noisy, racketing, even uproarious life. There were taverns without the Palace precincts where the noise of singing never ceased. There was the clashing of weapons; there were the profane oaths of the soldiers; there was the blare of trumpets; there were the pipe and tabor of the minstrels and the jesters; the monks in their cloister, which should have been so quiet, could never escape the clamour of the barrack. The world, in fact, was always with these good monks: they could not escape it; invisible, but audible, the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil were continually presented to them through the medium of ears unwilling, yet constrained to hear. Only a low wall between a world of action and the world of prayer; between a world rushing headlong down the flowery path, gathering roses with both hands, committing sins all day long, heedless of repentance, and a world of Rule, where even the holy brethren had to step heedfully along the narrow walk prescribed by the wisdom or the inspiration of St. Benedict.

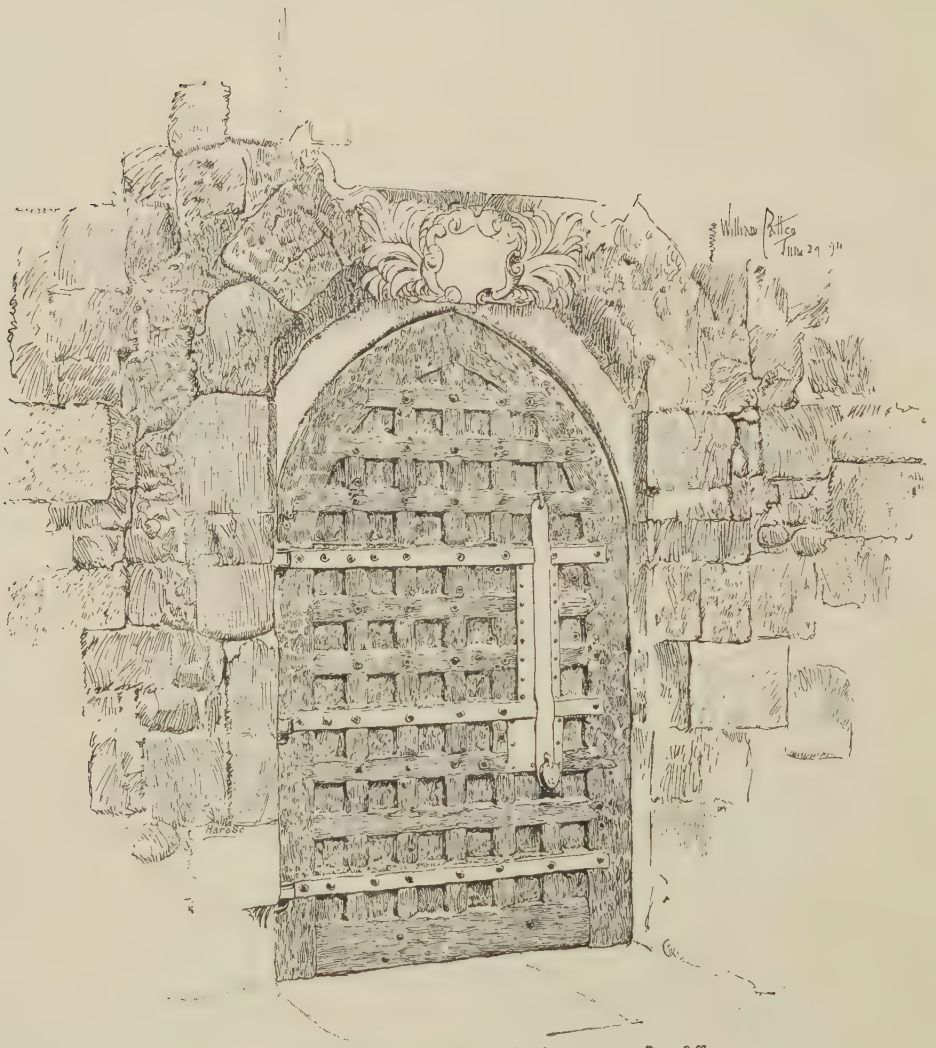
In the cloisters the Brother Ambrosius sat before his books, eyes down-dropped. What did he read on the illuminated page? I know not; what he heard—and it filled his heart with yearnings indescribable—was the sound of pipe and tabor, the

* The rules, it is true, were relaxed in the case of scholars engaged upon any learned work, and there must have been some such scholars at Westminster.

merry squeak of crowd and the jangled bells of tambourine; was the lusty song trolled out by soldier; and—ah, Heaven! why is everything that the natural man longs for, sinful?—the singing, like the voice of a bird for silver sweetness,—it sank into the soul, and blurred the page of the Psalter, and made him giddy—the singing to the tinkling of the mandoline—the singing of girls. All that life, that worldly life, the life of those who feasted and drank, sang, made love, and died on the battle-field, going headlong—there was no doubt whither—might be heard all day long in the cloister of the Abbey. Did no young man ever leap to his feet, tear off hood, gown and robe, and rush out of the Abbey gate (that which led into King Street), and so into the outer life, there to wallow in the transitory joys of this sinful world?

There are no chronicles of the House left to tell if this lamentable lapse ever happened. So, on the other side, did the chanting of the monks, the rolling of the organ, awaken no thought of repentance in the rude soldiers? We know not; for, again, no chronicles survive of the men who followed the King and had bouch of Court. In the course of time even these temptations ceased to assail the young monk. Brother Ambrosius became like his Brethren; he mechanically chanted the Psalms and the responses; his chief joy was in Refectory; he sat in the cloisters and whispered the small talk of the day; he went to Misericorde for indulgence permitted; as for scholarship, he had no turn for it. His whole life

Chapel of the Pyx.



Door to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor; now Pyx Office.

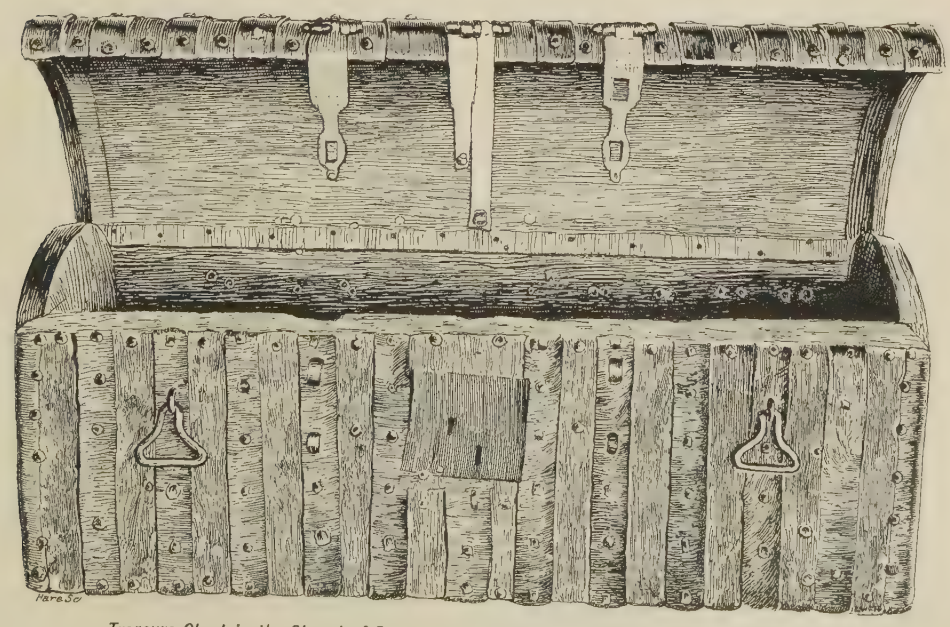
was worked out according to formula and by repetition. Just as the labourer goes forth every day with his spade for twelve hours' digging without a murmur or any discontent, so did Brother Ambrosius every morning rise at two to begin the many hours spent in the services of the day. They were his work. And for the ordinary monk, of no more than average intellect, it was quite enough work for the day.

Brother Ambrosius was never advanced to any post of honour or dignity in the House. A certain rusticity, perhaps a certain dulness produced by the discipline acting on a mind of only ordinary intelligence, prevented his advance. But he presently became not only learned in the minor points of the Rule, but also a great stickler for forms. He knew everything: the exact time and manner of changing clothes, putting on shoes, taking knife in hand, lifting the cup to drink, holding the hands in the Chapter, and other important points. He knew them all: he watched his Brethren; he insisted on observance; he was so jealous for these things that the Sub-Prior once rebuked him, saying that the Rule must be obeyed

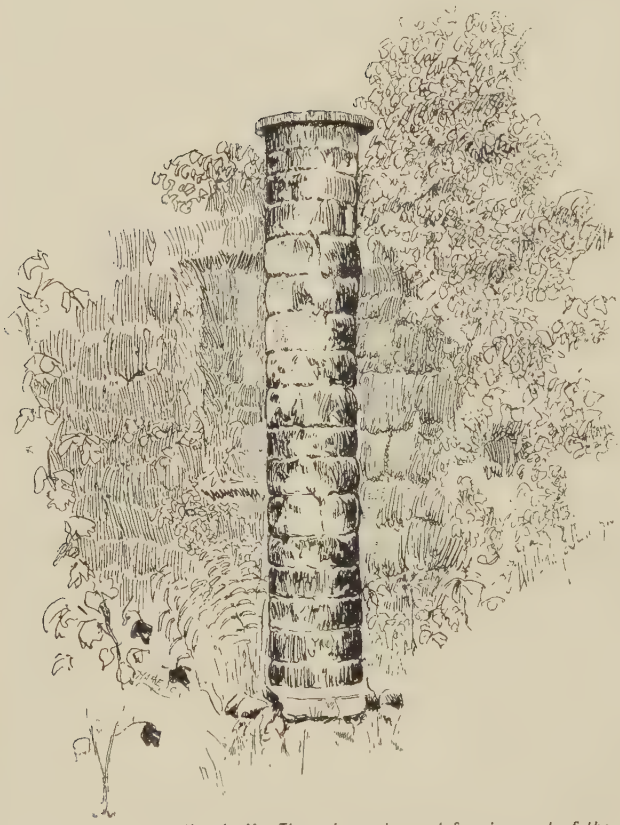
indeed, but that he who thinks too much of his brother's obedience in small things is apt to forget his own obedience in great things.

Perhaps this Brother at one time may have entertained ambitions. There were many offices of honour in the House. Might not he, too, aspire to rise? Who would not wish to be an Abbot, and especially a mitred Abbot? Besides ruling the House and the Brethren, the mitred Abbot had the rank of a peer: he rode abroad, hawk in hand, his mule equipped with cloth of gold, followed by a retinue of a hundred persons; he created knights; he could coin money; he received the children of noble families among his pages; he administered enormous estates. Or, if he could not be Abbot, he might be Prior. The privileges and duties and powers of the Prior are bewildering to read: to go first after the Abbot; to sit in a certain stall; to put on his hood before the others,—in the cloister as well as out precedence was the chief thing sought. Or there was the office of Sub-Prior, who sat among the monks at meat, said grace, saw that every one behaved properly, and, at five o'clock in the evening, shut up the House.

There were next the offices of administration. The importance of the Altarer could not be denied. He had the care of refectory, kitchen and cellar. The interest naturally taken in the proper administration of kitchen and cellar caused the officer exemption from at least half the daily services. There was the Precentor (*cantor*), a functionary who knew the exact order of everything in church, refectory, cloister and dormitory. He was the Director of Ceremonies: so complicated were the rules, so exact and minute were the prescribed ceremonies, robes and gestures, that no one except those who had been brought up from childhood in the House could hope to learn or to remember them all. There were, besides, the Kitchener, who ordered and arranged the food, and looked after the sick in the infirmary; the Seneschal, who was a kind of bailiff and held the courts; the Bursar, who received the rents and paid the bills and the wages; the Sacrist, who had charge of the Church plate and vestments and candles, and, with the sub-Sacrist, slept in the church; the Almoner, who did a great deal more than administer alms, for he provided the mats and the rushes



Treasure Chest in the Chapel of Pyx, used in the Transportation of the King's Exchequer.



A Pillar now standing in Mr. Thynne's garden and forming part of the ruined Chapel of St. Catherine.

for the cloister, chapter house, and dormitory, he distributed broken victuals to the poor, and he was to seek out cases deserving of help and relief in the town or nearest villages — *e.g.*, St. Thomas's Hospital was originally the almonry of Bermondsey Abbey, and it was in the town of Southwark that the Almoner sought for deserving cases. Next, there was the Master of the Novices. There were other offices; but these were chiefly held by lay brothers and by servants, of whom in Westminster Abbey there were some two hundred, following every conceivable trade that was wanted for the maintenance of the Abbey.*

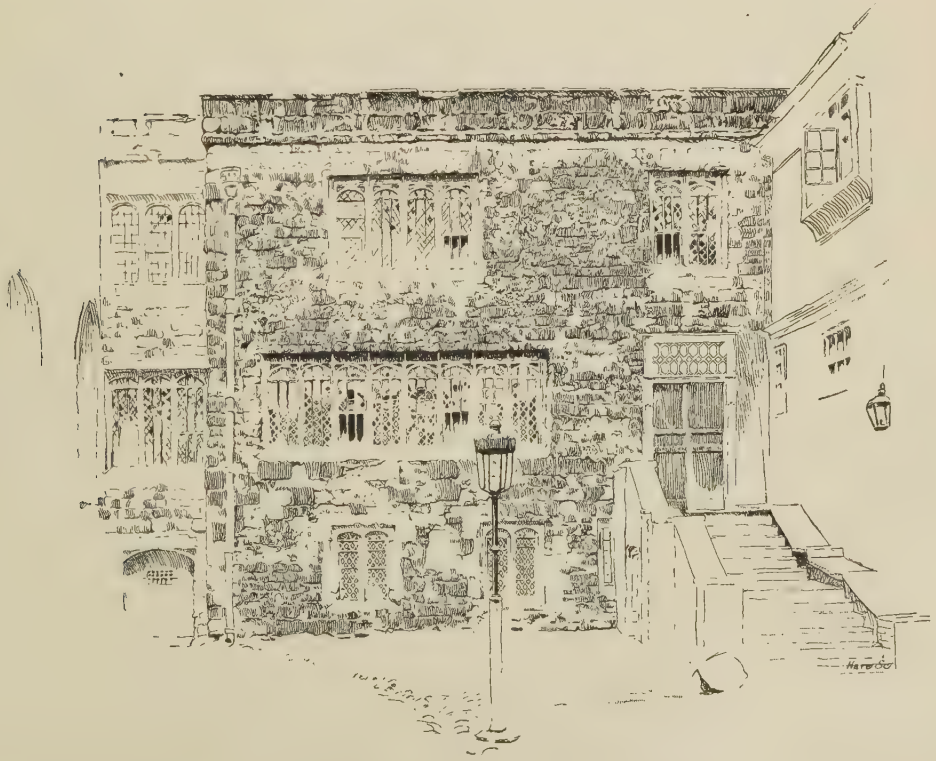
Brother Ambrosius held no office, and presently lost whatever ambitions he might have had. And the life, which seems to us so monotonous, was to him full of variety. There was always something to expect, just as children are always looking forward to holidays, to a birthday, to a change. For instance, here are some of the incidents which saved him from falling into lethargy. On certain days the Brethren shaved each other in the cloister. On an appointed day, two days before Christmas, the whole Brotherhood bathed. On Christmas Day there were rules about combing the hair. At the same season they celebrated the Office of the Shepherds, acted by boys for the angels and the Brethren for the shepherds. They also enacted a Feast of Asses, for which there was to be prepared a furnace made of cotton and linen ready to be fired; there was a procession of prophets, including Balaam on his ass, the angel represented by one of the boys. This drama finished with the appearance of Nebuchadnezzar with an idol: three youths were called upon to worship the idol; they refused and were instantly thrown upon the lighted furnace, and as instantly taken out again by a supposed miracle. At this juncture the Sibyl appeared, but her reason for joining in the drama is not apparent.

At this season there was also the Liberty of December, with its Feast of Fools, the Abbot of Fools, the burlesque services, the bawling, drinking and misrule permitted at that season.

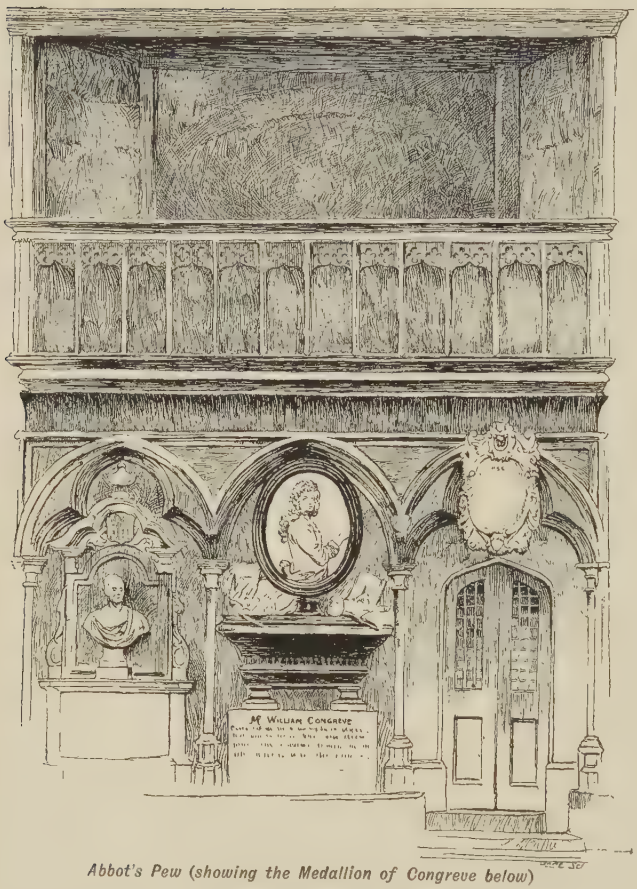
* Here are some of the lesser offices. Infirmarer, Porter, Refectioner, Hospitaller, Chamberlain, Keeper of the Granary, Master of the Common House, Orcharder, Operarius, Registrar, Auditor, Secretary, Butler, Keeper of Baskets, Keeper of the Larder, Baker, Brewer, Carpenter, Carver, Sculptor, Bookbinder, Copyist, Conveyancer, etc.

On the Epiphany they performed another miracle-play called the Office of the Three Kings. Another Feast of Asses represented the Flight into Egypt. On Shrove Tuesday there was feasting. At Easter there was a succession of offices, plays, shows and processions. At Whitsuntide the Descent of the Holy Spirit was represented by the flight of a white pigeon.

This multiplication of rules, this attention to trifles, these childish diversions, prove, if any proof were wanted, the deadly dulness of the monastic life, unless it was lit up by spiritual fervour. The ordinary mind cannot dwell continually upon things spiritual, yet it must be occupied with something; therefore, when the monks were not engaged in services or in the Refectory, although they were ordered to work at some bodily or intellectual pursuit, most of them occupied themselves with trifles; they amused themselves with childish shows; they admonished and corrected each other with boyish discipline. We need not ask why Westminster produced no great scholars: it was not the real business of the Abbey to produce scholars, but to sanctify the life of the monk, and to sing so many services a day for the good of the Brethren first and of those outside afterwards. Now comes the question—how much of the Rule was obeyed in the latter days, just before the Dissolution? The discipline varied from House to House. It is very certain that the Cistercian Rule was strictly observed at the Charter House, and that the Benedictine Rule was observed with laxity at the Priory of the Holy Trinity. Chaucer's jolly monk has horses in the stable; he can go abroad as he pleases; he is not dressed as a monk. Again, there is one of the stories concerning Long Meg of Westminster which seems to show that the monks went about in the taverns



Jerusalem Chamber. Abbot's residence, Westminster.



Abbot's Pew (showing the Medallion of Congreve below)

outside the Abbey. Yet the holding of certain offices gave permission to go outside the Abbey. There is every kind of evidence to prove that luxury and pride and laziness had become a common charge against the monks long before the Dissolution. Was there a voice or a hand raised in London or Westminster to save the Houses? Why, had there been even a small minority in London by whom the Houses were respected, Henry had not dared to touch them. He beheaded those who opposed his will. True, the great nobles he beheaded, but not the crowd, who, had they cared for the Houses, could have defended them against all the power of the King. But the scanty memoir of Hugh de Steyninge, which has been collected painfully from various sources, does not enable me to state with any exactness how far the Rule was still observed.

There exists no portrait of this, or any other, Brother. He lived in the Abbey, whose walls he never left till he died, full of years and with the reputation of having been a good monk. He was buried in the cemetery close to St. Margaret's Church with his brethren of a thousand years: of them, and of their works, the name and the memory have long since perished. Although no portrait remains of Hugh, in Religion Brother Ambrosius, we can discern his face after the manner of the photographer who produces a type by superposition. There are thirty generations of Westminster monks passing in procession before us. Here and there one perceives the keen eye and the aquiline nose of the administrator. Such a brother will become Abbot in due course. One observes here and there the face of a scholar: such a brother is moody and irritable; he cannot even after forty years reconcile himself to the wearisome iteration of services. Here and there one observes an ascetic, thin, pale, fiery-eyed; here and there the face of a saint—the kind of face which you may see on the marble tomb of Westminster's greatest and noblest Dean. The rest are like our friend Hugh de Steyninge: they are dull and heavy-eyed; their faces express the narrowness of their lives; they are not alert, like other men; they have no craft or guile in their eyes; in worldly things they are ignorant; you have only to look at them to discover this. But Hugh de Steyninge never became a hypocrite, nor was he ever a sensualist; at the worst he was a man checked

in his growth, stunted in mind, ignorant, incapable of the finer emotions because he was thus stunted, an imperfect man because he was cut off from the things which made the real man in the Palace Yard beyond the wall: viz., the dangers and perils and chances of life; the struggle for life; the natural affections; the madness of battle, victory or defeat. What compensation could there be for a life so stunted? Alas! poor Hugh! One of his brothers, I believe, was killed in battle, and another was hanged for alleged conspiracy; he was quite safe all his life, his eternal future even was assured. And yet—yet . . . Besides, there are sins in the cloister as well as without. No man, even among the Trappists, can escape from himself, from the wanderings of his thoughts, from his instincts and his heredities. He has buried the half of himself—is it the nobler part? For the other half, besetting devils still contend.

Some of us can remember how under the old system at Cambridge the Senior Fellows remained in College all their lives, their interests centred in the Society, dining in hall every day, sitting over the College port in Combination Room every day. Few among the Seniors, as one remembers them, were any longer capable of intellectual work; they had never had any ambitions; they played bowls in the garden; they walked every day the customary round; they were in Orders; they were regular at chapel, and they led decorous lives; when they grew very old they fell into the hands of their bedmaker. Of other women they knew little. Such as were these aged dons, so were, I believe, the monks of Westminster—dull and respectable, decorous, obedient to so much of the Rule as they could not escape, and stupid and ignorant—since they had been locked up within those walls from childhood. Just as those old dons had long since lost any enthusiasm for learning which might once have possessed them, so our friend Hugh de Steyninge, plodding through the monotonous days, with the iteration of the same services till he knew every line by heart, had long ceased to connect their words with any meaning.

There is one exception to the general charge of worldliness and luxury. It is an officer—rather a resident—of the Abbey concerning whom historians are mostly silent. Of him alone it can be said that he was most certainly neither luxurious nor sensual nor a hypocrite. This man was the Solitary, the Recluse, the Anchorite or Ankret, of the Abbey.

The Ankret must not be confused with the Hermit, who was another variety of the Recluse. The latter chose his own place of residence: sometimes it was a cave, sometimes a hollow tree, sometimes a cell on or near a bridge, sometimes a wood; he was a law to himself; he owed obedience to no one; all he had to do

Square Window, A *(now walled up) used by the Abbot to maintain surveillance of the Monks at night.*

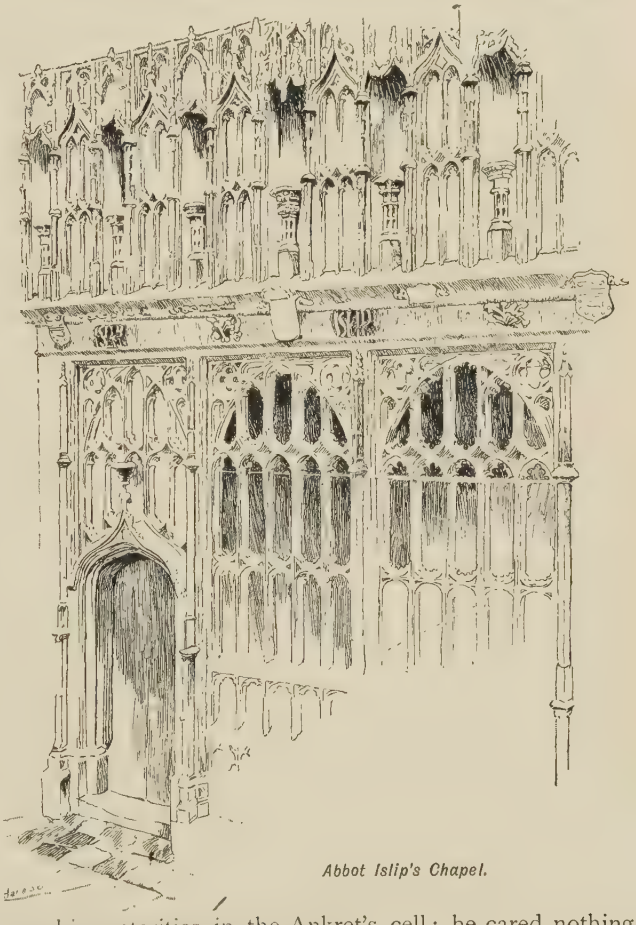
was to impress the people with the belief that he was a real hermit in order to live by their charity. The Ankret, on the other hand, was set apart and consecrated by a solemn service; there was generally one at least attached to every great religious House, there was an Ankret or an Ankress belonging to many parish churches. On the other hand, no church was allowed the distinction of a Recluse without the special permission of the Bishop. Thus in 1361 the Bishop granted permission to the parish church of Whalley to maintain two Ankresses in the churchyard, with two women as their servants, on an endowment provided by Henry, Duke of Lancaster. These two Ankresses were apparently immured in their cells, the attendants bringing them their food. In many cases the Ankress slept in the church, which she swept and kept clean. This office might appear desirable for many a poor woman, and probably such an Ankress was never wanting. But to be actually immured; to sit for the rest of life in a narrow cell with a narrow grating for light and air and conversation; without fire or candle; alone day and night, in good or bad weather, without hearing a voice or speaking with any one; unwashed, uncombed, in rags and cold and misery—this could never come to be regarded as a trade or calling by which to make one's livelihood. Of the Ankret's sincerity we can scarcely entertain a doubt.

The following extracts from an unpublished chronicle by a nameless Brother may illustrate the Service of Consecration of an Ankret. The date appears to have been about the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. It will be observed that the practice of whispering or singing news, gossip and scandal instead of the appointed Psalms was practised at Westminster.

"After the singing of Mattins, on the morning of St. Thomas' or Mumping Day, when the Brethren began the Lauds for the Dead, it was whispered abroad that the Abbey Ankret was dead at last. Brother Innocent, my neighbour on the right, sang the news in my ear when we turned to the Altar for the *Gloria*: 'Dead is our holy Ankret; he is dead; he died at midnight; the Abbot confessed him; he is dead.' I for my part in like manner transmitted the news to Brother Franciscus. In this manner, though by our Rule it is a sin, do we lighten the labour of chanting and keep off the sleep which is sometimes ready to fall upon us.

"We knew that his time had come: he had reached the extremity of age allowed to man—even, it was said, his hundredth year. For sixty years he had been immured. Those who conversed with him—but of late his discourse was wild—saw through an iron grating a long, bent figure, with white hair and white beard reaching to his waist. His face was like the face of some corpse which has escaped corruption—so thin, so white, so sunken it was; but for the gleaming of his eyes one would have thought him the figure of Death as he is painted in the cloister of Paul's. He was reckoned a very holy person; the Brothers were justly proud of having an Ankret of such reputation for saintliness. Formerly, it was said, he would recount engagements with Devils, such as those which happened to St. Dunstan, our Founder, when he was a Recluse at Glastonbury, or those which happened to St. Anthony; but of late, the Devils being routed, he was left to his meditations, and his discourse consisted of pious ejaculations, some of which have been written down by the Cancellarius; and for the last year or two, his soul being rapt, his voice spoke only words uncertain. King Richard himself, that noble benefactor of the House, thought it not beneath his dignity to take counsel with the Ankret before he went forth to stay the rebellion. I know not what the holy man told the young king, but all men know how the leader was killed and the rebels were scattered. Like the renowned Mother Julian of Norwich, our Ankret brought honour and offerings to the House.

"Now he was dead. After daybreak, when we met in the Common Room, the air in the Cloisters being eager and cold, we whispered each other, 'How shall we bury him? With what honours? Will he work a miracle? Shall the House obtain at length a saint for itself? If so, those of St. Albans and those of the Holy Trinity of London will not hold up their heads beside us. And who—if any—who will succeed him?' And at this question we hung our heads and dropped our eyes, and murmured, 'Nay, if one were worthy; but these vows are too much for me.' Yet there must be found some one, because an Abbey without an Ankret is like a ship without a rudder. We Monks pray for the world; the Ankret prays for the Monks. Unless we know that all night long the Ankret in his cell is praying for the House and ourselves, who can sleep upon his bed?

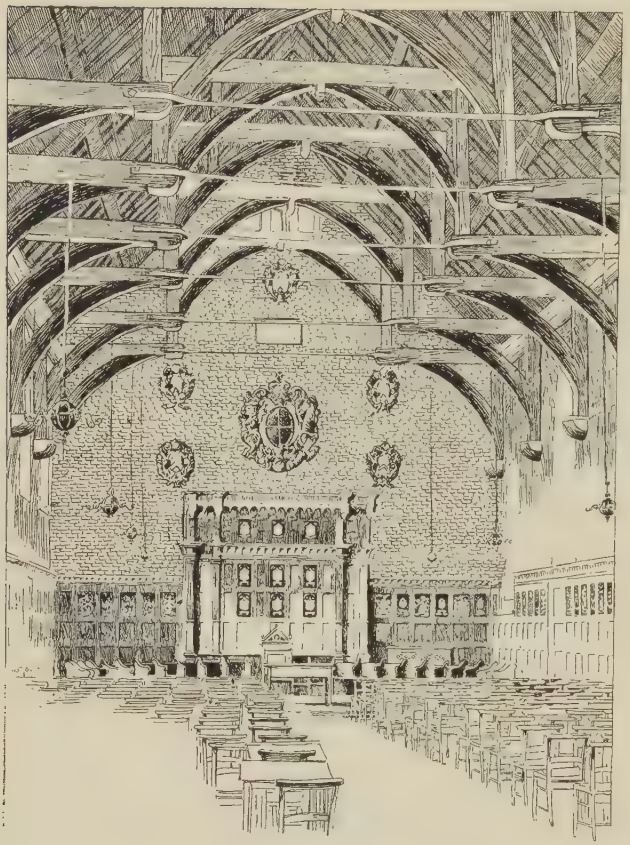


Abbot Islip's Chapel.

"The anxiety was speedily set at rest; for it became known that one of the Brotherhood—a most unusual circumstance—the Sub-Prior—Heavens! nothing less than the Sub-Prior, who might reasonably expect to be Prior, and even Abbot! — had humbly offered himself to the Abbot for this living sacrifice. Yet, when we considered the matter, it seemed neither wonderful nor unexpected. The Sub-Prior—Humphrey of Lambhythe—was always a silent man and jealous in his duties. As one of the monitors he had been thought too zealous, and many a brother could show upon his back the marks of the zeal which had placed him on the culprit's bench in Chapter. The Sub-Prior! Perhaps he would be more free to carry on his austerities in the Ankret's cell: he cared nothing for the Refectory, and his drink was only water. Heaven would doubtless reward him, and perhaps would grant to the Brothers of lower saintliness a milder Sub-Prior. In this life compassion and indulgence are more desirable than the strict investigation of every little sin.

"That night the Sub-Prior spent alone in the Abbey Church, after confessing to the Abbot and receiving absolution from him. In the morning we set him apart and consecrated him according to the Order prescribed. And the manner of his consecration was as follows:

"The Sub-Prior, being a priest, was taken into the choir, where he prostrated him-



The Westminster Schoolroom, formerly the Abbot's Dormitory.

self with bare feet. The Abbot and three of the Brethren who were priests having taken their places, the Cantor began the service with the Responsory, '*Beati in melius*,' after which the Abbot and assistants before the altar sang with the choir certain Psalms, fourteen in number. After the Psalms followed a Litany, the choir singing after each clause, '*Ora pro eo*.' The Litany finished, the Abbot advanced towards the prostrate brother bearing a crucifix, a thurible, and holy water, and, standing over him, he thrice sprinkled him with water, censed him, and prayed over him. The Abbot then raised the candidate with his own hands, and gave him two lighted tapers, at the same time admonishing him to remain steadfast in the love of God. Then the candidate, standing, listened to the Deacon, who read first from the Prophet Isaiah, next the Gospel according to Saint Luke, as on the Festival of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. After this the new garments which he was to put on were blessed. The candidate then took the vows, which were three only, and those the same as the vows at profession—viz., of chastity, of obedience, and of steadfastness.

"The candidate next kneeled at the altar, and, kissing it three times, repeated each time the words '*Suscipe me, Domine*,' etc., the choir responding. This done, he offered the two tapers at the Altar, and again kneeled while the Abbot removed his monastic frock and clothed him with the garments newly blessed. Then followed a service of prayer. It was the *Veni Creator*, with the *Paternoster* and '*Et ne nos*.' The Abbot then, standing on the north side of the Altar, preached to the Brethren and to the congregation assembled, commending the new Recluse to their prayers. The candidate then himself sang the Mass of the Holy Ghost.

"We had now completed that part of the consecration which takes place in the church. The Abbot then took the new Recluse by the hand, and led him down the nave of the church, followed by the choir and all the Brethren unto the little door leading into the West Cloister. The church was filled with people to see the sight. A new Recluse is not seen every day. There were the *domicellæ*, the maidens of the Queen, come from the Palace; there were knights and pages, and even men-at-arms; there were Sanctuary men, women and children; men with hawks upon their wrists; men with dogs; merchants from the wool staple; girls of wanton looks

from the streets and taverns beyond the walls. The hawks jangled their bells, the dogs barked, the women chattered, the men talked loudly, the girls looked at the Brothers as they passed, and whispered and laughed; and I heard one Brother say to another that this was a thing which would make the Sub-Prior return to the Monastery an he saw it. And all alike craned their necks to see the man who was going to be shut up in a narrow cell for the rest of his days.

"The Ankret's cell is on the south side of the Infirmary Cloister. It is built of stone, being twelve feet long, eight feet broad, and with an arched roof about ten feet high. On the side of the church there is a narrow opening by which the occupant can hear mass and can see the Elevation in the Chapel of St. Catherine. On the other side is a grating by which he can receive his food and converse with the world. But it is too high up for him to see out of it; therefore he has nothing to look upon but the walls of his cell. This morning the west side had been broken down in order to remove the body of the dead man and to cleanse the cell for the new comer. So, while we gathered round in a circle and the people stood behind us, the Abbot entered the cell, and censed it, and sprinkled it with holy water, singing more Psalms and more prayers. When he came forth the Recluse himself entered, saying aloud: '*Hæc Requies mea in seculum seculi.*' The choir sang another Psalm. Then the Abbot sprinkled dust upon the head of the Recluse with the words beginning '*De Terra plasmasti.*'

"This done, the *Operarius cum suis operariis* replaced the stones and built up the wall anew. And then, singing another Psalm, we all went back to the cloister, leaving the Sub-Prior to begin his lifelong imprisonment. A stone bench for bed; his frock for blanket; a crucifix, and no other furniture. In the cold nights that followed, lying in my bed in dormitory, I often bethought myself of the former Sub-Prior alone in his dark cell, with Devils whispering temptation through the grating — Devils always assail every new Recluse — well-nigh frozen, praying with trembling lips and chattering teeth. No, I am not worthy. Such things are too high for me.

"But the new Sub-Prior proved to possess a heart full of compassion, and the House had rest for many years to come."

Tombs of Vitalis, Gerasmus de Blois, and Crispinus, Abbots of Westminster.

NOTE (*"in another hand"*). This Recluse, formerly Humphrey of Lambhythe, surpassed in sanctity even his predecessor. It was to him that Henry V. repaired after the death of his father, as is thus recorded by Thomas of Elmham: "The day of the funeral having been spent in weeping and lamentation, when the shades of night had fallen upon the face of the earth, the tearful Prince, taking advantage of the

Tally for 6s. 8d. Issued by Treasurer to King Edward I. to the Sheriff of Lincolnshire about 1290.

darkness, secretly repaired to the Recluse of Westminster, a man of perfect life, and unfolding to him the secret of his whole life, being washed in the bath of true penitence, received against the poison of his sins the antidote of absolution. Thus, having put off the cloak of iniquity, he returned decently garbed in the mantle of virtue."

WALTER BESANT.

Monk of the Order of St. Benedict

Another Freak

I.

IT was a very attractive room—a drawing-room, perfectly harmonious as to colour and decoration, eminently up to date as to fittings; but the only expression in the eyes of its solitary occupant was one of vague dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Smith-Clouston stood by the fern-filled fireplace, and looked protestingly about her. She was intimately acquainted with the room. Also, she had been waiting now for nearly half an hour. She was a little, faded, bored-looking woman; perfectly "turned out," as she would have said of herself, from the crown of her bonnet to the soles of her shoes.

Looking idly for something wherewith to amuse herself, her attention was caught by a newspaper lying on a quaint Chippendale escritoire. She sauntered across; and then she stopped, and a spark of interest came into her pale eyes. On the ledge of the escritoire, arranged there by the servant, were two letters, which had arrived by the last post. One was addressed to "Miss Heseltine, 115, Bruton Street, W.," in a strong, upright, man's hand; the other, in sprawling, illiterate characters, to "Miss Heseltine, 115, Bruton Street, Hyde Park, London." The latter Mrs. Smith-Clouston merely glanced at with the slightest possible shrug of her shoulders. It was the former upon which her eyes were fastened with lively curiosity.

"I wonder whether she means it?" she said to herself. "It looks like it. It looks——"

"Mary says you've been waiting ages, Alice! How you must have been reviling me!"

It was a strong, full voice that uttered these words as the door opened; musical, in spite of a certain hardness about its careless tones; and it harmonised curiously with the appearance of the woman to whom it belonged.

She was a woman in whom the evanescent charm of girlhood, with its inexperiences, ignorances and assumptions, had passed into a maturity which was just entering upon its most perfect stage. She was tall, well proportioned, graceful, with the unconscious ease of absolute self-possession, in spite of certain little brusqueries of manner. Her features were excellent; but no one on first meeting Bride Heseltine ever thought of her as handsome. Exactly what constituted her charm her friends would have been puzzled to say. They might have declared that

she was brilliant, eccentric, kind-hearted, a good talker, a good listener, or what not, each according to his or her individual fancy, and none of their statements would have accurately represented the fact.

She sat down at the tea-table now, and drew off her gloves with deft, vigorous movements. She was dressed with the same perfection of fashionable detail as was her visitor; but an unconscious emanation of originality blended her very clothes into a characteristic whole, and beside her Mrs. Smith-Clouston looked like a doll dressed from a fashion-plate. The protesting annoyance of expression with which the latter had turned to receive her hostess died feebly out, and Mrs. Smith-Clouston subsided into an easy chair, saying, with mild reproach:

"I know no one in London but you, Bride, who would have the face to waste half an hour of another woman's time in the busiest week of June; and I know no one but you for whom I would have waited."

Miss Heseltine laughed slightly. Society woman as she was, she did not appear to have a vast amount of respect for Society's "business."

"I expected to be in an hour ago," she said carelessly. "Well, now, tell me about the Cholmondeleys' dinner last night. Was it amusing? And had they those new flower things? I want to use them next week, and I shan't if they've appeared already."

"Who have you got?" inquired Mrs. Smith-Clouston, ignoring the Cholmondeleys.

Miss Heseltine leant back in her chair, and clasped her hands behind her head with a fine, unconstrained gesture.

"Yourselves," she said, "and the Berkeleys, and Arthur Gordon. The others haven't answered yet. Any letters waiting for me, I wonder?"

She rose, and walked across the room.

Mrs. Smith-Clouston did not speak, but her eyes brightened a little as they followed the vigorous figure.

Miss Heseltine reached the escritoire, and stopped short, standing for perhaps a second looking down at the letters awaiting her. Then she turned away without touching them.

"Answers?" said Mrs. Smith-Clouston.

"No!"

"Don't let me prevent your reading them, dear."

"They are not pressing—thanks."

The words were carelessly, almost brusquely, uttered; and, as she spoke them, Miss Heseltine came back to her chair. She seemed to have passed into a reflective mood, and as Mrs. Smith-Clouston watched her, that lady's face became quite animated and shrewd with ardent curiosity. It was she who broke the silence.

"If you keep your visitors waiting for half an hour, Bride," she said, with a little laugh, but with eyes that were very observant of Miss Heseltine, "they will inevitably look about the room for entertainment. Looking at that newspaper over there, my eye was caught by your letters, and I'm curious about your country correspondent. Another freak?"

Miss Heseltine roused herself.

"I really don't know," she said deliberately. "I never considered the question. She is a girl at Abbotsmead—I had a house there last summer, you know. We are by way of being friends."

"Friends!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith-Clouston, with an indescribable intonation. "Really, Bride!"

"Friends," repeated Miss Heseltine, with an absolute disregard of the effect her words produced. "She interests me. She is a girl with a story."

"'Yes,' she said, 'the usual story, so far!'"

"The usual story?" inquired Mrs. Smith-Clouston nonchalantly.

Miss Heseltine flashed one quick look at her, and nodded.

"Yes," she said, "the usual story, so far! I have a fancy for altering the end."

"Ah," returned Mrs. Smith-Clouston; "that's very like you, Bride." She paused, and then added, "The other letter is from Stephen Gore, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Miss Heseltine changed her position, and, stretching out one hand, began to play with her teaspoon. It was a restless, more truly, perhaps, a sensitive movement; and it harmonised oddly with the general power and decision of the womanly personality. Apparently Mrs. Smith-Clouston found herself emboldened by it.

"Don't Stephen Gore's letters demand a little more interest from you?" she inquired, with a mixture of assertion and tentativeness. "Or perhaps—perhaps you are paying that one the supreme compliment of desiring to read it when you are alone?"

Miss Heseltine lifted her eyes and looked at the other woman. Then she turned her face slowly away. She did not speak a word.

Mrs. Smith-Clouston's little *blasé* face actually flushed with an excitement not untouched by amusement.

"Considering that you met him at my house, Bride," she said softly, "and that you and I were girls together, I think—I can't help thinking—that you might tell me——" She let her words die away into an expressive silence, and there was a pause. Then Miss Heseltine said, in an odd, uneven tone:

"Tell you what, Alice?"

"Well, whether—you really mean it."

"Does it seem such an extraordinary thing?" The grey eyes were turned for an instant full upon Mrs. Smith-Clouston, and there was a flash of irrepressible humour in them. There was humour, too, in the brusque question, but the voice was not quite steady, and Miss Heseltine's features twitched slightly.

"I think it perfect," responded Mrs. Smith-Clouston promptly. "Extraordinary? Not in the least! But is it really so, Bride? Has he spoken?"

Miss Heseltine's eyes were fixed upon the little tea-table, but she was not fidgeting now.

"Not yet," she said, in a low voice.

"But—you know he means to?"

"Yes."

"And——?"

"Yes!"

Miss Heseltine rose abruptly as she spoke, and walked away to the window. Mrs. Smith-Clouston contemplated her with the covert amusement in her face deepening. Then she, too, rose, crossed the room to Miss Heseltine, and put a small gloved hand affectionately on her arm. It was trembling a little, and she patted it gently.

"I'm so glad, dear," she said. "So delighted! I consider it quite the most perfect thing I've heard of for a long time! You'll let me know as soon as it comes off? I shall be on thorns."

"In case it should not come off?" said Miss Heseltine, turning with a rather tremulous and uncertain laugh, and an obvious struggle for her ordinary demeanour. "Seriously, Alice, it's rather absurd for a woman of my age to fall in love, don't you think?"

"You know very well that I don't think any such thing, Bride. It is just the one thing you wanted, don't you know? Stephen Gore is just the kind of man to be fallen in love with, too. So clever and so popular and so well off! Lots of women have cared for him, to my knowledge—only he has never responded. Oh, we've known him a long time. He used to come to our house before he came into his money and changed his name. Didn't you know about that?" as a slight sound of surprise came from Miss Heseltine. "Oh yes, it was about five years ago. He was awfully poor then,—just the same brilliant, attractive creature, but too poor to get a start, I suppose, for he never did anything that I know of. His name then was Baker—Stephen Baker."

"What!"

Miss Heseltine had been leaning one arm on the escritoire playing idly with the two unopened letters on the ledge; and as the last words passed Mrs. Smith-Clouston's lips she had lifted herself suddenly. She was standing now erect, the letters clenched in her hand as though every nerve and muscle had suddenly contracted.

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Smith-Clouston felt vaguely bewildered. Before she could collect herself Miss Heseltine said slowly, and in a strange, grating voice, "Say that again, Alice. I—didn't understand!"

"About Stephen Gore's name? It's quite simple. His father was a Mr. Baker—it was a good family, but horribly poor, as I said. And your Stephen was Stephen Baker until about five years ago, when he came into a heap of money on condition that he took the name of Gore. That's all."

"I—see!" said Miss Heseltine. She seemed to speak with difficulty. "It's a common name, isn't it, Alice?"

"There are Bakers and Bakers, certainly," returned Mrs. Smith-Clouston. "But he is one of the right ones, I assure you. And now I must really go, dear! Good-bye! Again and again, *so* glad!"

She kissed Miss Heseltine with effusion, and was rather surprised to find her embrace only mechanically returned. A few moments later the front door closed upon her, and Miss Heseltine turned and went slowly back into the drawing-room.

Her face had changed in the last few moments strangely and completely. It was quite white. She lifted her hand to her head, forgetting, apparently, the letters crushed within it. They fell at her feet, and she stood staring down at them. "It's a common name," she said, half aloud—"a common name!"

At that instant the front door bell rang sharply, and the sound seemed to break up at once all the strange numbness that hung about her. With every line of her face quivering and working, she sprang across the room to the door, and called to the servant who was crossing the hall in a whisper which arrested the woman's attention instantly:

"If that is Mr. Gore tell him I cannot see him now. To-morrow—at this time to-morrow—tell him." Then she turned and went rapidly on up the stairs.

II.

Miss Heseltine's drawing-room was empty when, at half-past five on the following afternoon, Mr. Stephen Gore was shown into it.

Stephen Gore had been described as a "good-looking fellow" ever since he emerged from boyhood; and now, at forty-three, he remained a "good-looking fellow" still. He was tall, well built, and well set up; and the slight touch of grey about his temples gave additional character to his face. His features were rather worn and lined, as though he had lived rigorously. His eyes were very pleasant, full of fire, full of thought; at this particular moment full of something deeper still. It was a clever face, and yet Stephen Gore had never "done anything"; he had made no conspicuous use even of his unexpected wealth, or the position it brought him, except to enjoy. There were lines about his mouth which five years before had threatened to tinge his whole expression with the cynicism of a man who feels that Fate has been hard on him; and though since then Fate had changed her tactics, the traces of her earlier dealings with him were not wholly to be effaced.

He stood upon Miss Heseltine's hearthrug, with his eyes intently fixed upon the door; but he started violently as a touch fell on the handle. Then, as the door opened and Miss Heseltine appeared, he moved quickly forward.

"Thank you for letting me come!" he said.

Miss Heseltine had come in very quietly, and she gave him her hand in silence. She was very pale, and perhaps it was her pallor which gave so strange an expression

to her face. She moved, as soon as he released her hand, and sat down with her back to the window.

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

Trivial as were the words, the tone was noticeable. All the rather hard decision usually characteristic of her voice was absent; it was dignified, composed and indescribably womanly.

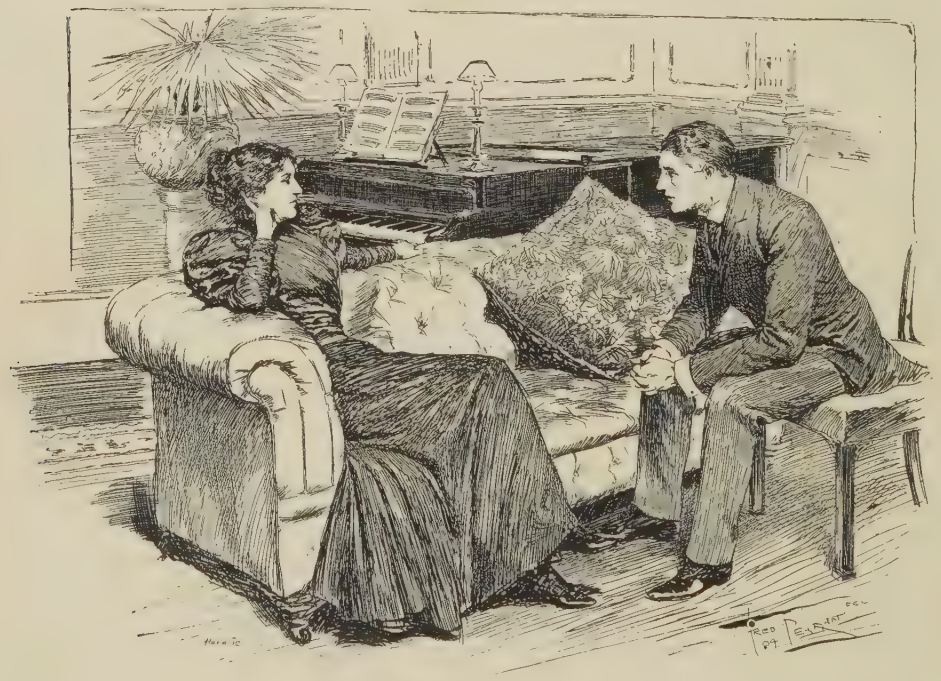
It made a quite indefinite impression upon Stephen Gore. He seated himself in silence, and then said, with an instinctive softening of his own voice,—

"It was stupid of me to come yesterday! It was my mistake, of course, but I understood——"

"You were quite right," she interrupted, in a low voice. "I said—yesterday."

There was a moment's pause, and then Stephen Gore leaned forward.

"Will it seem rough to you," he said, "if I say—may I come to the point at



"'May I come to the point at once?'"

once? I think—I hope—you know the question I have come to ask you. However you answer it, I thank you for letting me ask it."

He paused to master a huskiness in his voice—the outcome of an emotion to which he would not give rein—and then continued:

"I've nothing to offer you—nothing that you respect. It was one of your first charms for me that you made me realise what an idle, good-for-nothing fellow I am! But I love you, though I'm not a young man, as, perhaps, no young man can love. Will you be my wife?"

His voice rang with a depth of feeling which no young man, as he said, would have touched. His eyes, dark with self-restraint and suspense, looked full into hers, and on the dead silence that followed there fell a singular sound—a hardly audible sob. Miss Heseltine sat quite still, her hand clutched round the arm of her chair, her pale face a little drawn.

"Do you love me?"

There had been a long pause before the words came from her: a pause during which Stephen Gore's breath had come quick and short. And as she uttered them slowly, he leaned impulsively forward.

"You know I love you!" he said, speaking with a hardly restrained impetuosity, which seemed to sweep away all convention and lay bare their relation each to the other. "Bride, you know it! You hold all that's best in me—not that there's much, God knows. But there is something. If you love me you could make what you like of me. Good heavens, how can a man put his very heart-beats into words?"

He had started to his feet, struggling fiercely with the passion which palpitated in every bare and broken sentence. And, as he stood looking down on her, Miss Heseltine raised her eyes to his face.

"Then you will be honest with me," she said. She moved for the first time, drawing herself upright in her chair. Something in her manner, or in the depths of her grey eyes, seemed suddenly to check Stephen Gore's excitement. He stood motionless, looking down at her, as she went on in a steady, rather hoarse voice.

"Two summers ago," she said, looking, not at him, but straight before her, "I had a house at Abbotsmead, in Somersetshire. It is a quaint little village, and I used to go about a good deal and see after the people. There was—there is—a girl named Lucy Gibson there, in whom I took an interest. She was a kind of pariah. It is a respectable village, and she is a blot on its reputation. I made friends with her—with much difficulty, for she is very shy and shrinking—and she told me her story. It is the usual story. A man—a gentleman—staying at the inn for the fishing; an ignorant, credulous, easily flattered girl. Lucy's powers of description are limited. She told me nothing definite about the man, except"—Miss Heseltine's voice grew a little faint—"his name, and that he lived in London. And I determined when I came back to town to find him, if I could."

Miss Heseltine paused. She had gone steadily on from sentence to sentence with no break of any kind. She did not move now, or glance at the figure by her side.

"The name she gave me was Stephen Baker," she said. "I was told yesterday that, five years ago, that was your name."

There was a moment's heavy silence. Over Stephen Gore's eager face a dull flush had stolen. He turned away, and stood with his head bent down, leaning one arm on the mantelpiece.

"Be as lenient with me as you can," he said, between set teeth.

Miss Heseltine's head was bowed for a moment, like that of a woman in extremity of physical pain. Then she lifted it again, her pale face quite quiet. She raised her hand and pushed the hair from her forehead.

"I knew it," she said.

A long, long pause. The man stood with his head bent lower yet; the woman sat quite still, a strange, absorbed look on her face. At last Stephen Gore turned suddenly.

"What can I say?" he said, with a gesture of passionate appeal. "What can I say? We are not boy and girl, Bride. You are a woman. It is because you are so large-souled a woman, because your nature is so complete on all its lines, that you have all my heart. You know—the purest woman on this earth can't but know—what brutes men are. I've been as bad as most—worse perhaps. There was not much hope of married life for me when I was a young man—not much hope of any kind. If I had told you this in a general way—it's not an uncommon confession, Heaven knows!—you would have forgiven me, wouldn't you? You could have taken it for granted?"

"'Bride, for God's sake have pity on me!'"

"I am afraid it is possible."

The words came from her in a low voice, full of self-condemnation, full of self-contempt. But the words only reached Stephen Gore's ears. He took a quick step towards her.

"Then couldn't you—can't you——"

She stopped him with a peremptory movement of her hand, turning her face towards him at last, as she rose to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"No," she said: "thank God, I can't! It is because we do take these things for granted, we women who should know better, who should be stronger, that you men continue, as you said just now, brutes."

He drew back a pace as though she had struck him, and they stood for an instant face to face—man and woman confronted on the common ground of humanity. Then she went on:

"What I have meant to say to Stephen Baker, whenever I should meet him, I say to him now. If you have any manhood in you, if you have any sense of justice and honour, if right and wrong are anything more to you than the playthings of the moment, take the one straight course that is open to you. Share the punishment as you brought about the sin. Make Lucy Gibson your wife. Ah!"—as a startled, incredulous exclamation broke from him—"that's your first impulse, of course! The thing seems to you incredible, inconceivable! More shame to us all, men and women alike, that it should be so! You said just now that I could make what I liked of you. That is what I would make of you, then—an honest man, and Lucy's husband."

She turned away from him with a strange impetuous gesture, as though the feeling that shook her voice demanded some kind of physical relief. There was an interval before either spoke again. Stephen Gore stood with his clenched hand resting on the back of a chair, his face at once alert and set, as in intense realisation of the necessities of the moment. It was he who broke the silence.

"What you propose is possible, of course, from one point of view. But what is gained by it?"

"Justice!"

"Justice is a delicate thing to administer when you come to details. It is a safer thing to temper it with mercy."

He turned a chair towards her, and she sank into it unconsciously, with her eyes fixed on him as he leaned one arm on the mantelpiece and went on in the same reasoning tone strongly touched with appeal.

"Look at it, Bride, from both sides! Suppose I were to marry—Lucy Gibson? The wrong is not undone by that; only a conventional varnish is applied. The girl is 'righted'; but—what about the man—the man who must destroy his every prospect and hope in life in the process? Is that justice? Consider what it is you hold in your hands—what it is you are destroying—and destroying for a set of phrases merely. You dominate me as no influence has ever dominated me before. You draw out all that is best in me. I've made nothing of my life! When I was young I didn't get a chance. When things altered I didn't care! But there is still time! You give me new thoughts, higher thoughts, truer thoughts of life and all that it holds. With you I might do something, even yet. But if you throw me over all that goes under for ever! Bride, for God's sake have pity on me! Let us cover up the past! Let me atone in any other way! But—marry me!"

She had grown whiter as he spoke, but she never moved her eyes from his face, and they looked full into his as she answered steadily,—

"Nothing can cover up the past! There is no other way!"

"No other way than ruin? No other way than utter damnation?"

"Then she stood there, gazing down at it."

The words were a fierce demand, and the colour flashed suddenly into Bride Heseltine's face as she answered it.

"What other way is there for the woman?" she cried passionately. "Oh, you men! You cowards! Ruin! Damnation! that is what you bring to a woman, without pity, without remorse, just for your pleasure! Ah! if it meant for you what it means for the woman—if you lost all as she loses all—these things would cease to be!"

Before the bitter denunciation of her voice and words he faltered, silent and abashed, though unconvinced. Then he turned back to his original argument.

"It could do no good—no real good!" he urged. "It is only in name that she would be the better."

"It is you who would be the better!" said Miss Heseltine. The sudden passion had faded from her face, leaving it white and quivering with earnestness as she lifted it to him. "It is of you I'm thinking most! You have done hideously wrong! You are as degraded in my eyes as—as is my poor Lucy in the eyes of all good women! Do the one right thing possible! Own that you've done wrong, and bear your punishment."

"It would be quixotic!"

"Perhaps! Most of the things worth doing in this world are extinguished under some such label. It is the abuses of life that are called expedient, practical, necessary! It is 'necessary,' we are told, that women like Lucy should be a hopeless class, apart for ever; it is 'necessary' that the crime of the men who have tempted them should be condoned! Obviously, therefore, it must be quixotic and preposterous to try to remedy such a state of things!"

He stretched out his hand and caught hers with a desperate movement.

"Bride!" he cried hoarsely, "Bride, even if it is so—even if these things are the abuse they seem to you—what good can one man do? Things will remain as they are for anything that you and I can do! Don't sacrifice me to a theory!"

She paused a moment, her scathing passion arrested by the agony of his tone. She lifted her other hand and laid it on his breast.

"One man can do his share!" she said. "There may come a moment to any human being when his hand must touch one of the great wrongs of the world, and touching it, must lighten it or press it down. The pressure, the lightening, may be imperceptible. It is the impulse in ourselves; that is the point. Use the force that is in you for the right!"

She stopped; and they stood, his right hand holding her left, his left hand closed over her right as it lay upon his breast. The breath of each was coming thick and fast, and each saw nothing but the other's eyes. Then she went on again, and her voice was strong and gentle.

"But it is not sacrificing you," she said—"not the best part of you! No man deteriorates from having done the right thing. The doing of this will do more for you than I could ever do. It is because I believe, with all my heart, that you have more in you than has ever shown itself, that you are capable of great things, that I beg you to lay this one sure foundation. Without it nothing good could come. Stephen, for my sake!"

Their faces were very close together, and he was holding her in a clasp that grew unconsciously tighter and tighter.

"Do you love me, Bride?" he said.

"Yes!"

"And you will never marry me?"

"Never!"

Then quite suddenly there surged over his face the dull-red flush of furious anger, and he released her almost roughly.

"Then there's no more to be said!" he said thickly. "For the rest—it is absolutely out of the question!"

An instant later the door had closed behind him.

III.

"DEAR MISS,—

"This is to say that he come back yesterday, and I'm an honest woman, dear Miss, since this morning. Nothing can't undo what's done nor give me happiness. And it's but just it shouldn't, me having been a bad girl. He hasn't no love for me, and he and me will live parted, always. It came to me as perhaps I didn't ought to have let him do it; but he said it was your wish, and, dear Miss, this is what I write to say that he told me it was your doing. And I wish to thank you, oh, dear, dear Miss, most hearty and humble for your kindness. He told me most particular that I was to let you know as we was married.

"I am, dear Miss,

"Your ever grateful and obedient

"LUCY."

It was late—nearly two o'clock in the morning. Miss Heseltine stood alone in her drawing-room, the cloak in which she had just come in from a dance still about her. Just a week had passed since she had stood there face to face with Stephen Gore—since Stephen Gore had disappeared suddenly from the London world in the height of the London season. Miss Heseltine had come up the stairs and into the room with a slow and weary step, to find the letter which she held now open in her hand, lying on the ledge of the escritoire where those other letters had lain a week ago.

She read the letter through, and a sudden flush rushed over her face. Then she stood there, gazing down at it, the flush slowly fading. Her face was white to the lips when she lifted it at last, tired to the uttermost. There was a strange blind look in her grey eyes as she moved mechanically, turned out the lamp and went to her room.

The world—that minute section of it, that is to say, that had expected a rather interesting wedding—considered itself much aggrieved when it found that no wedding was forthcoming, and expressed itself freely on the subject: not, however, to the two people most nearly concerned. Mrs. Smith-Clouston was particularly fluent on the subject.

"My dear, don't talk of it!" she said. "Extraordinary? She was always full of freaks, and now I think she's mad! Oh yes, it must have been her fault, of course! No doubt she refused him. Well, she'll be sorry by-and-by. He's gone out to India with some appointment or other, and they say he'll be a big man after all."

MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

(ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY THE AUTHOR.)

SOME years ago, when all the papers were full of the wonders supposed to have been achieved by my countryman Trivier, the first Frenchman who had been across Africa, I could not help thinking, "What a fine fellow he must be!" These words "across Africa" seemed to me to imply a wonderful performance — marching at the head of hundreds of native porters, cutting your way through jungle and forest, compass in hand, with daily encounters with cannibals and wild beasts.

After that I read Stanley's book on "Darkest Africa." I was rather disappointed to hear of footpaths in Central Africa, and of steamers on some lake where a certain Emin Pasha was dwelling.

As one may see, like most people, I had rather hazy notions about Africa. I had always wished to see something of the country, when in 1890 I was entrusted by the French Government with a scientific mission. My instructions were to study the anthropology and ethnology of the native races of South and East Africa. I studied maps; I read books (amongst others "King Solomon's Mines"); I purchased a Winchester and a 10-bore, and I made out a most elaborate plan. My intention was to study the natives in the Cape Colony, and then to organise an expedition to the Crocodile river, and perhaps to push as far as Buluwayo, the capital of the savage king of the Matabele, returning home *viâ* Natal and Zanzibar.

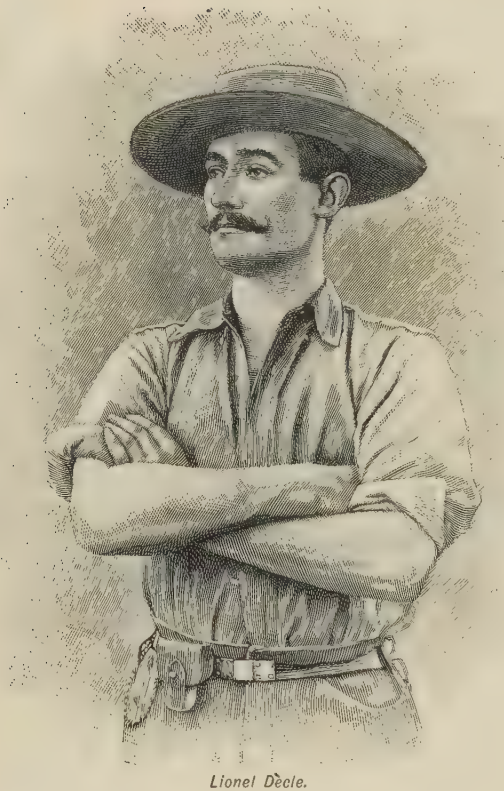
When I reached Cape Town I found no natives to study. Owing to the advanced state of civilisation, black men were only to be found in the grog-shops, the Salvation Army barracks, or the gaol.

I took the train to Kimberley, and found little difference there, so that I thought I had better proceed at once towards the interior, where I was assured that some real natives were still to be found.

I purchased a waggon, oxen, tons of Boer meal, numberless tins of bully beef, engaged drivers, leaders and cooks. At Vryburg, where all my paraphernalia had been carried by rail, I discarded my coat, tucked up my sleeves, and, having attired myself in a soft felt hat and field boots, I felt ready to start for the unknown.

My intention was to proceed first to the Zambezi; and my way lay through Palapye, the capital of Khama, the principal chief of Bechuanaland, the so-called King of the Bamangwato.

I soon discovered that waggon travelling was not exactly what I fancied, and did not



Lionel Décle.

resemble the glowing accounts I had been reading in the *Field*. Our first "trek" was a short one—two hours along a good road. We "outspanned" near a pool, and thought of eating. The cook informed us that he had no machine to grind coffee, and that, besides, he had not yet roasted any. We had no table, and had perforce to eat on the ground. Hardly had we opened a tin of bully beef when a terrible storm came to disturb us. Torrents of rain were soaking us; the lantern went out, and in the dark we managed somehow to rig the buck sail to protect our goods. I retired to my bed, and there thought of the vicissitudes of human life.

The next morning was bright and cheerful. I rode back to Vryburg in order to get a few things that had been forgotten, and in the afternoon we made a fresh start. Everything went on splendidly for a quarter of an hour, when one of the waggons stuck in the sand; the two spans were fastened on to the waggon; the drivers yelled, cracked their whips, and cut the oxen unmercifully; the cooks, servants and myself pushed the wheels,—but all in vain. We then dug out the sand round the wheels; then, after much shouting, whipping and yelling, the wheels gave half a turn and disappeared in the hole we had dug, and there remained fixed more firmly than ever. There remained but one way—to unload everything. This done, we managed at last to get off, and, after reloading, we made a fresh start. In the meantime the donkeys were lost, and another hour was wasted looking after them. In the darkest of nights we reached the water, and, after a good meal of bully beef, I retired to bed.

I climbed up to my bunk, and there found everything covered with a coating of dust, and was horrified to discover that I was myself in the state of a coalheaver.

I was sleeping soundly, when horrible yells and a great commotion woke me up. I thought that the whole of the neighbouring tribes had come to attack us, but soon found out that we were only making a start—at 4 a.m.

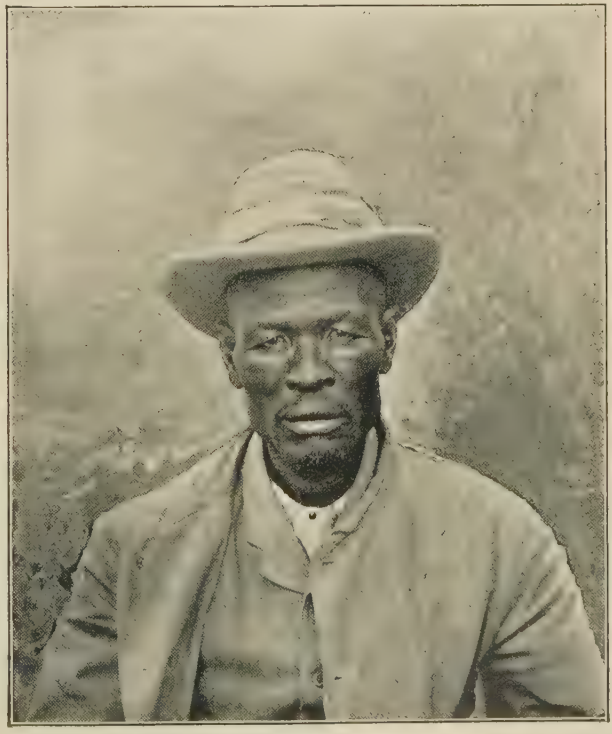
Further sleep was out of the question. At one minute I was thrown against one side of the waggon, and before I had time to recover myself I was bumped against the opposite side. With great difficulty, and not without many bruises, I managed to slip on my boots. In vain I shouted to the driver to stop: he could not hear a single word I said.

At 7 a.m. we stopped near a *vley* (pool). I asked where we could get drinking-

water, as the pool was of a muddy colour, and some sixty oxen were at the time stamping and drinking in it. "Of course, there," replied my cook; and he added, "The water is very good, and we won't get such good water farther on." This was a cheerful prospect, and turned out perfectly correct. Well, we had coffee made. It was not undrinkably bad, and tasted but slightly of mud and ammonia. After some breakfast of sardines and bully beef for a change, I had a good wash and sat down in the shade. Soon, however, the sun came to disturb me, and I had to move every five minutes, at last taking refuge under the waggon. I wrote my notes, and soon got tired of it, and until 4 p.m. I felt quite unhappy. We then made a fresh start. A couple of hours later we reached a bog. A waggon was crossing it when we got there, and being empty, went over in grand style. My driver yelled, "Ach aako, Blissman Springfeld Laugheld amba aach aako," accompanying his exhortations to the animals with a shower of blows. They rushed through the place; the waggon was sinking a little, but moving all right; the two wheelers were nearly out of it when one of them fell and disappeared in the mud, nothing but the tips of his horns remaining in sight. With much difficulty we took the yoke off, and with still more trouble we pulled his head out: the poor brute was nearly choked. We then had to tie his legs, and with our combined efforts we first got one leg out, then another, and at the end of an hour we had him lying on his side. After one more hour's work he was safely landed on the bank; but all our efforts to get the waggon out failed, and once more we had to unload. It was no joke: the men came alongside the waggon, sinking up to their knees in the liquid clay; but once they had a load on their backs they disappeared up to their waists, and remained helplessly stuck. It was pitch dark, and we had nothing to do but wait for daylight. I slept in my bunk, half choked with the smell that was rising from the bog. The next morning, having made a road with stones, the men managed to unload the waggon, and even then we had much trouble in getting it out.

I have only given these details in order to show how pleasant waggon travelling is in reality.

At the beginning of August, after many similar incidents, I reached Palapye, a hotbed of fever and dysentery. A few years ago Khama, whose residence was at Shoshong, decided to remove his capital to Palapye, on account of the scarcity of water in the former place. Palapye is on a plateau at the foot of big hills.



Khama, Chief of Bamangwato.

In the Kalahari Desert.

The ground is swampy, and sanitation being unknown amongst natives, the refuse is merely thrown into holes. During the rainy season these holes get filled with water, and by infiltration contaminate the drinking-water. The result was that out of a population of 15,000 the death-rate amounted to forty a day!

Khama, the Christian king, or the South African hero, as Mr. Bent calls him, holds daily a religious service, personally conducted, besides a number of services on Sundays. He is a fanatic teetotaler, and has even prohibited the use of *pombe*, a weak native beer, or rather sour porridge, and almost the only food of old men. His people, when within sight of Palapye, are always deep in the reading of the Bible. He has established a most detestable system of spying, each man or woman being instructed to spy on his or her neighbour; and, should they discover some breach of the regulations issued by the chief, they are rewarded with a share of the confiscated property.

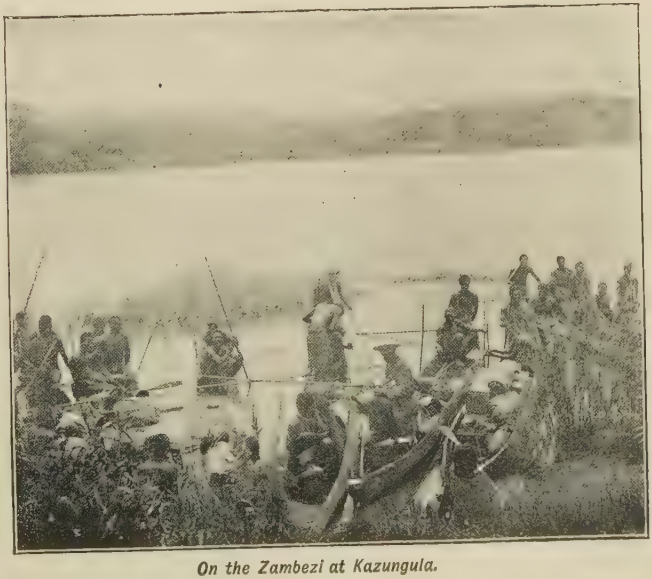
Khama himself is very different from the pictures usually given of him. He struck me as a hypocrite, and in no other place of the interior are travellers swindled in a more barefaced way than in his country. In the last Matabele war he showed his true colours when he deserted the British forces, and his conduct in no way astonished me, but only confirmed my previous opinion of him. He has been represented as a big chief; but, although the country nominally under his rule appears very extensive on the maps, it is uninhabited, and he really only rules in Palapye.

I stopped there some time in order to enable my oxen to recover, as they were in a most miserable condition; and, having purchased a few fresh ones, I made a start for the Zambezi. Our route lay across the Kalahari Desert: it is called a desert merely because it is uninhabited and water is scarce, but the country is covered with thin forest and grass. The soil consists of deep sand, the water thus running below the surface. The waggons sink deep in this sand, and progress is very slow—not exceeding one mile per hour.

Shortly after leaving Palapye we came across a portion of the desert where we had to go for thirty-two miles without water; but little rain had fallen during the last wet season, the grass was scarce and gave hardly any food to my cattle. They were already in a miserable condition, when we had to go another stage, through a waterless tract of fifty-seven miles, with heavy sand all the way. For nearly seventy hours the poor brutes had no water to quench their thirst, and when, at last, we reached the water they all rushed towards it. Some of them, however, had not strength enough to reach it, and dropped within sight of it. I stopped my waggon near a pit, where I could get water myself, and sent the oxen

some six miles ahead to another and more extensive pool. Some of them were so mad with thirst that we could not keep them from the first pit, and in the rush one ox was crushed to death in the water. For three days he remained there, when, with the help of bushmen, we got him out. Worse and more filthy water I never drank. It was the colour of ink, and the bushmen bringing a hundred goats twice a day to drink there, gave the water a taste of ammonia that nothing could *hide*.

I was in a difficulty: over a hundred and twenty miles from Palapye, the last settlement behind me, and the Zambezi still nearly three hundred and eighty miles ahead. Only half my oxen were alive, and out of these but two were fit for work. Then our men deserted *en masse*, only two having stuck to me. Being fully resolved to reach the Zambezi, I therefore decided to train one of my best oxen to carry a load. I got a hole punched in his nose and a string passed through it, and I then tried to put a load on his back. He didn't approve of the proceeding, and sent everything flying about the place, but after a couple of days proved more manageable. I loaded on him a few pieces of calico, beads, and other trading goods, some flour, coffee, sugar, my bedding, some tinned provisions, and a kettle. On my donkey I put my photographic apparatus and developing tent. Leaving one of my two men to guard the waggon, I started with the other. The ox had the strongest objection to going alone, and utterly declined to follow the path. The donkey showed his dislike to the ox, and refused to take the same line. I had a pony, but couldn't ride it, as the ox stopped if I didn't walk behind him with a stick, and was most erratic if my boy didn't lead him. I therefore had to tie horse and donkey together and to lead them whilst I walked behind the ox. Every ten minutes or so the loads got loose and had to be tied up afresh. Sometimes the ox would rub himself against the thorn bushes, with great damage to the flour bag, that had to be sewn up. This I had to do whilst my boy held him, and I had just finished when I used to find my pony had gone astray. To catch him was no easy work, and just as we were going to start I often used to discover the donkey having a roll without the least consideration for my photographic goods. The water was scarce, and mostly brackish when not putrefied. I remember once, after having been eighteen hours without water, I discovered a pool. I went there, dipped up a cupful and swallowed it. It was as salt as sea-water, and I only came across fresh water six hours later.



On the Zambezi at Kazungula.

But all has an end, and at last I came in sight of the Zambezi at the very spot where Livingstone had discovered it, at the place where the Lynianti river runs into it. It is a grand sight, and most

Victoria Falls on the Zambezi.

impressive. I thought then that I had accomplished a great feat, and felt very proud to have come so far.

On the opposite bank was a French mission station. I sent word to them of my arrival, and half an hour later a young missionary came to visit me. He explained that I could not cross just then, as leave had first to be obtained from the chief at Shesheké, some sixty miles up the river. A hut was, however, given to me by a native hunter settled on the south side of the river. He gave me a fowl, some thick milk and honey, and I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner—a real banquet for me. To sleep under a roof, on a bed made of reeds supported by posts stuck in the ground and covered with a thick layer of grass, seemed quite a luxury after sleeping for so many days on the ground in the open air. After a few days, leave having come, I was able to cross over to the north bank, and two days later I started for Shesheké. There a sub-chief Ra-Tao, offered to take me to Lialui, the capital; but at the last moment he altered his mind and said that I should have to await the King's leave. The people at Shesheké are far from amiable: some time before my arrival they attempted to kill a missionary, a Primitive Methodist, accusing him of having tried to bewitch the Queen; and another English missionary received a heavy blow on the head a few days later.

After taking numerous notes on native customs and collecting a number of native implements I returned to Kazungula. There I put up in an abandoned hut used as a goat-house. It was rather a nice place, but only too full of mosquitoes, snakes, scorpions, wasps and other vermin. Then also the roof was in bad order, and the rain dropped inside in torrents.

After spending a month on the Zambezi I got rather short of trading goods, my provisions were nearly exhausted, and I decided to return to my waggon. With much difficulty I engaged eighteen native porters: I could not get sufficient food for the journey, but I hoped to be able to buy some from the natives on the north bank of the river near the Victoria Falls, that I intended visiting on my way back. It took us six days to reach the Falls, and during the whole time it never stopped raining. Some nights I actually slept in the water. At last we reached the Falls. I was much disappointed. The top view of the main cascade was most imposing, but the Falls themselves could hardly be seen, a mere glimpse of bits of them being caught through the torrents of spray-like rain that rose from the gully.

The result of my previous soaking was soon felt, and I had hardly spent an hour there when I was prostrated by the most violent attack of fever I ever had. As soon as I was fit to move we made a start without food, the natives of the north bank having declined to sell me any. I hoped, however, to be able to get

some from hunters at Pandamatenga. It took us three days to get there, and during that time we lived on roots and on young shoots of palm tree. The edible roots are somewhat similar to a horseradish, but more milky, and their juice is caustic. Young shoots of palm taste much like celery, and seemed then acrid and to me most excellent.

At Pandamatenga the hunters declared that they were themselves short and could spare me nothing. I was stopping amongst the ruined buildings of the old station, the houses where the hunters live being some four miles away. The next day I saw a native carrying a huge basket of mealies. "Hallo!" said I, "this is for me." I received a negative reply, but would not accept it. Drawing my revolver, I pointed it towards the carrier and repeated my inquiry. The man did not reply, but dropping the basket bolted as fast as his legs would carry him. I picked up the basket and soon was off.

There was just enough to allow every one of the party, myself included, half a cupful for each day during fifteen days!

The rain did not stop, and my fever returned. At last, on New Year's (1892) eve, I found myself near the Nata river, over a hundred miles from my camp, helpless, and with but one day's provisions left. I was then thinking of killing my donkey and keeping the hindquarters for myself and two men I should have kept with me; the remainder would be distributed amongst the other men, with instructions to push on to my camp as hard as they could go. On their arrival they were to send my head man, who had remained alone in charge of the waggon, on horseback with provisions. On New Year's day, however, my men came much excited to say that a waggon was coming. It was a native waggon, the driver of which agreed to convey me to my camp. When I reached it I had to be carried out of the waggon. My man had built a hut, and I was placed in it. I had not been there long when a rat fell on my bedding, looking quite scared. Instinctively I looked up, and was horrified to see a huge yellow snake just above my head. I was helpless, or at least thought myself so, but all the same it did not take me long to get out of the hut and to call my man. With an assegai he struck the snake through the head; but the brute spat in his eye, and I had to send him back to Kimberley some few months later, his sight being all but gone. At my camp I found fresh oxen that had been sent from Palapye. They were not of the best, but I did not mind, as I only wanted to reach Palapye with them, intending to take the post-cart to the nearest railway terminus and to lose no time in going home again. When I reached Palapye, some ten days later, the trader who had sent me oxen sent me in the bill: £9 per animal. I explained that they had done

Masarival Nomads in the Kalahari Desert.

little or no work, and asked the manager of the company to take them back; the man, a German Jew, then offered, "to oblige me," to take them at £3 a head. After inquiries I found that at the time they were sent their value did not exceed £6 for picked cattle.

Determined not to be done, my strength having improved a good deal owing to a plentiful supply of fresh meat, I decided to get at least some work out of my animals, and I started for Matabeleland. The rains were at their full, and the difficulties inherent to waggon travelling took a fresh turn. Before I had suffered from lack of water; now I suffered from too much of it. Every day torrents of rain fell on us; the rivers were full, and we had to stop two days near a small river hardly thirty feet broad but too deep to be crossed.

As we went along, the appearance of the country changed every day: instead of a dry, parched land we found fine grazing grounds with splendid trees. When we reached the Macloutsie river we found it only two feet deep; we started to cross the river—over four hundred feet broad—but in the middle we stuck; the front oxen could not pull, as they had to swim, having got in a hole, and in their attempts to get their footing they turned back and got helplessly entangled amongst the others. In the meantime the water was rapidly rising, and our position was becoming critical. Already we had broken some thirty *skeys* (bits of wood holding the yoke on both sides of the head of each ox), one whip was broken and carried away by the current, and it looked as if the waggon would soon be carried away. Fortunately we caught sight of a Boer waggon on the opposite bank, and the driver was induced by the offer of £1 to bring his team to our help, and at last we reached the bank. It was not too soon, as one hour later over five feet of water was rushing down the stream.

A few days later we reached Tati, the headquarters of the concession of that name. When I arrived there I found a lively party of five or six fellows drinking whisky. One of them came forward to greet me.

"My name is Dècle," said I.

"What, Dècle the scientific Johnny?"

"Exactly so."

I was asked inside, and was introduced to Captain Scott and some other officers of the British Bechuanaland Police on their way to Buluwayo, and also to Major Maxwell. The host was Mr. Farley, the manager of the Tati Concession, who offered me his hospitality. I had to wait for Lo Bengula's leave before proceeding any farther, and in the meantime went to visit the Monarch gold mine, some thirty-five miles to the north-east. There I met a set of excellent fellows who had heard of me, and were much surprised to find that I was not "an old chap with a grey beard and spectacles, and that after all I didn't mind a drink." They were working hard at the Monarch mine, some forty white men being employed besides several hundreds of natives; some five small shafts were sunk, and a ten-stamp mill was working, whilst a thirty-stamp mill was being erected.

The country itself is most beautiful and perfect from an agricultural and grazing point of view, and I have never come across a richer district in the whole of South Africa.

LIONEL DÈCLE.

The above article was written in English by Monsieur Dècle.—ED. *P.M.M.*

(To be concluded.)

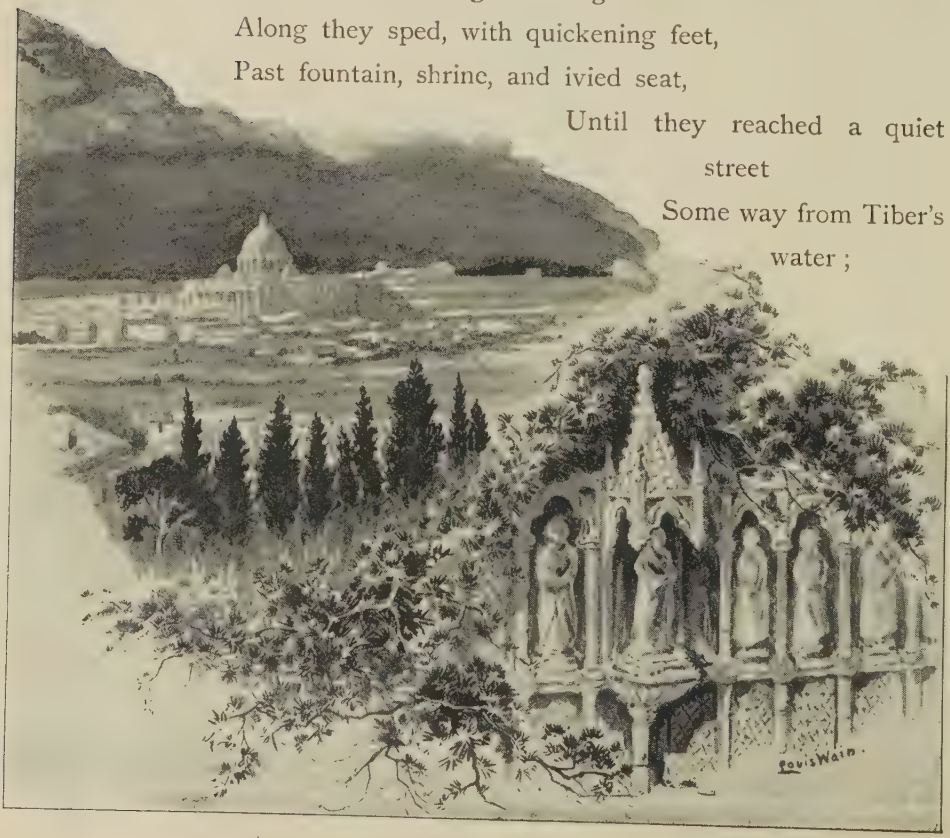
THE CATS IN THE FORUM.

I.

A YOUTHFUL pair once, arm in arm,
Stood hard by golden Tiber;
The night was fair, the wave was still,
A breeze stole soft from Pincio's hill,
When sudden came a plaintive thrill,
A wail which reached the Tiber.

II.

"Let's seek the sound," the fair wife cried,
"And leave the glimmering water."
Along they sped, with quickening feet,
Past fountain, shrine, and ivied seat,
Until they reached a quiet street
Some way from Tiber's water;



III.

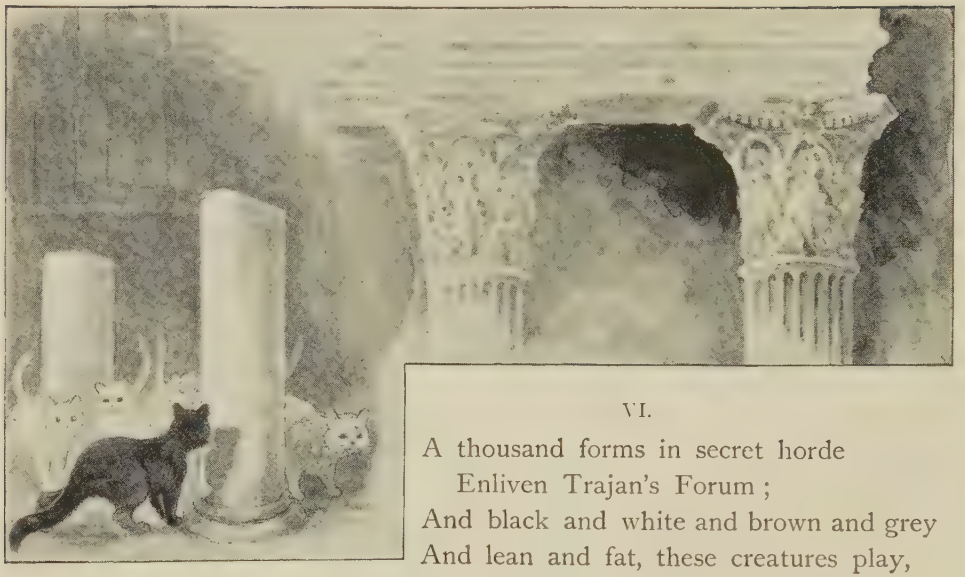
Then stopped aghast! The air was filled
With moans and cries and laughter;
And from a fane, a ruin old,
With tottering plinth, once column bold,
And broken shafts, and wreck untold,
Were heard these moans and laughter.

IV.

Think not some wild bird sent the cry
So clear o'er pallid Tiber;
Alas! no nightingale did sing,
Nor feathered songster on the wing
Its trill of joy or love did bring
To float t'wards pallid Tiber.

V.

"Look, look, my love!" the young bride said,
"The sound that reached the Tiber
Was not a hint of this or that,
Of man or beast, or owl or bat;
We might have known it was a cat
Whose yell could reach the Tiber."



VI.

A thousand forms in secret horde
  Enliven Trajan's Forum ;
And black and white and brown and grey
And lean and fat, these creatures play,
Beneath grim arch and rotting stay,
  Remains of Trajan's Forum.

VII.

And this the scene where Cæsar's sighs,
  Once Trajan's noble Forum !
Now ghostly shades trip nightly rounds
And fill the air with awful sounds,
Or reckless leap on classic mounds,
  Once Trajan's noble Forum.

VIII.

Of every age and hue and size,
These cats fill Trajan's Forum;
Found straying in the streets of Rome
Are quickly brought from Peter's dome
To this old fane, the lost cats' home,
Once Trajan's noble Forum.

IX.

And women fair and children sweet,
Each day to this old Forum,
All come with meat and viands rare
To where the cats and kittens air,
And fling the food, no matter where,
If only in the Forum.

X.

For Trajan's fane, like Trajan's reign,
Knew charity unbounded.
Here once the poor at Trajan's call *
In thousands flocked from outer wall,
Drank wine, ate bread in plenty, all
In happiness unbounded.

* We understand from Pliny and Arnold that Trajan obtained a peculiar and well-earned glory by providing for the maintenance of nearly five thousand children, born of free parents in the different cities of Italy. A grand feast was given to ten thousand children, and it is supposed that the banquet took place in the Forum.

XI.

But years have flown since that fair time,
Rich feast in Trajan's Forum;
A worthy deed in memory grows,*
And blooms eternal, like the rose,
Which every June new petals blows
O'er Tiber and o'er Forum.

XII.

The pair stayed long on Roman soil,
Saw fount and fane and Forum,
But said, "Of all the sights in Rome,
Or Quirinal or Peter's dome,
Give us for choice the lost cats' home
Set up in Trajan's Forum."

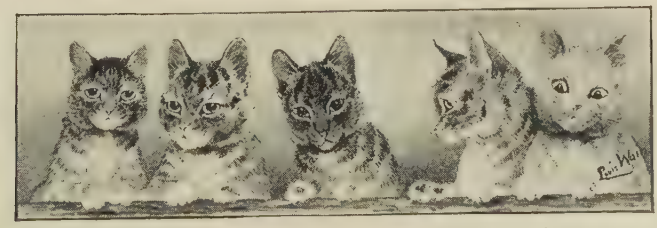
* Pliny himself followed Trajan's example, and mentions that he (Pliny) settled an annual income of 300,000 sestertii on the town of Comum for the maintenance of freeborn children. (ARNOLD'S *Roman Commonwealth.*)

XIII.

The bride and groom then said farewell
To fane and fount and Tiber;
The cat,* first born on Egypt's shore
Like Egypt's queen for evermore),
To seek new worlds, sail new seas o'er
Far, far from "pallid Tiber."

XIV.

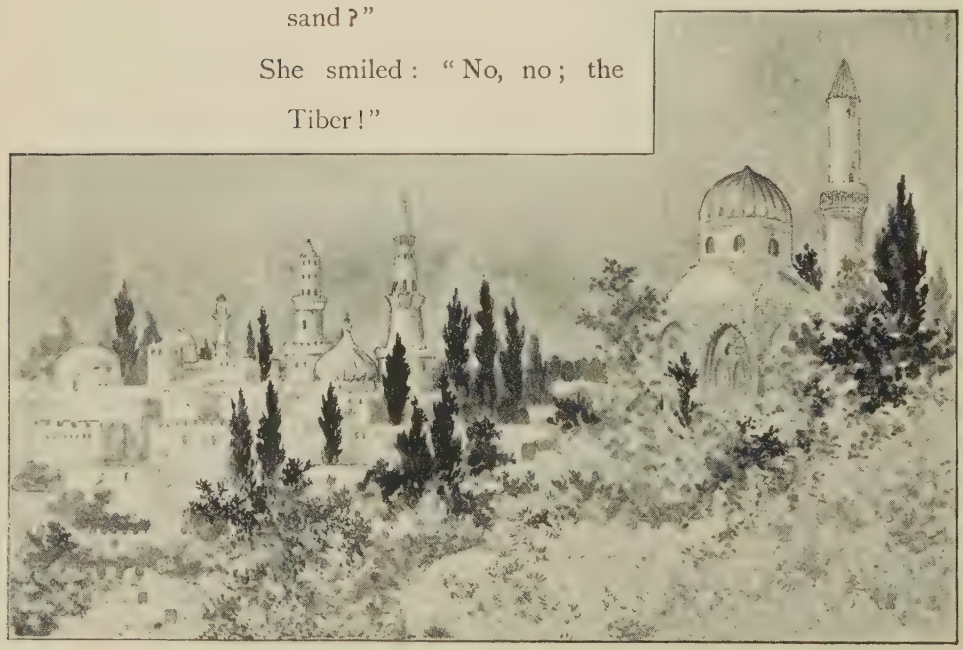
Five lustrums past their wedding day
Flew round on wings of silver;
The youth, the spouse, a lover still,
Said, "Prithee, wife, speak! what's thy will?
I'll grant thy wish, or good or ill,
For gems, or gold, or silver.



* Sir Richard Owen says that the *felis catus domesticus* was undoubtedly first found on the banks of the Nile; and other authorities state (*Encyclopædia Britannica*) that reference is made to it in Sanskrit writings two thousand years old; and also there are still more ancient records of monumental figures and cat mummies extant in Egypt and the Orient.

XV.

"Wilt go abroad? see Rome again,
And walk by pallid Tiber?
By arch or fane or temple stand,
Or see new sights—the Holy Land,
Wear Orient pearl, walk Orient
sand?"
She smiled: "No, no; the
Tiber!"



XVI.

But once within Rome's fabled walls,
She mentioned Trajan's Forum:
"Nor fane, nor arch, nor fount I'll see,
Speak not of gems or sands to me,
Or Holy Land or temples free:
You know those cats—the Forum!"

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

HEARTS and VOICES

I.

TWO eyeglasses—one medical, the other clerical. Having deposited their respective wives on a seat, with other wives and general utility men to do the talking, they have retired to watch the game—lawn-tennis—it being a blazing August afternoon, calculated to ensure visible symptoms of over-exertion in the performers.

These eyeglasses hardly resemble the latter of two epithets plastered on a certain popular hymnal. They might have been "modern" once. Not now.

The affair to either resembles business. The medicine man is expected to convoy in his pill-box all the latest gossip; the parish priest to be an encyclopædia of local society. These grounds belong to Rubkin, the majestic millionaire. He has bidden everybody who is anybody within a radius of ten miles to appear *en grande tenue*, drink tea, and behold young men and maidens disport themselves on faultless turf. An honour so great has but to be received in order to be appreciated, and the doctor and parson have come, partly in order to be able to fling Rubkin broadcast, partly to be in the general "know."

An eyeglass is an organ of wisdom. It denotes in the medic diagnosis. Focussed on your weakest point, it looks through you with an orb that penetrates to your rotten lung or your indurated liver. If it has a fault it is omniscience. It knows too much, and makes you feel guilty. In the cleric it dives down to the recesses of an imperfect moral nature, and superinduces qualms of conscience. In the presence of that searching fragment of crystal you feel it useless to indulge in self-deception. You have to own up to peccadilloes, for the eyeglass can probe your heart to the core.

Oddly, these eyeglasses, though so potential, seemed anything but jaunty. They had shaken hands with Rubkin, had imbibed three gulps of horribly strong tea, and now felt subsident. Being old cronies, they began to relieve boredom by languid chatter.

"Upon my honour!" smiled the parsonic eyeglass, "the young fellows adopt an airy costume nowadays! When I was at Oxford——"

"Exactly!" snapped the medical eyeglass, who, not having enjoyed the privilege—and expense—of a course of port on the banks of the Isis, objected to any reference thereunto. "Do you know that young chap there?"

"The fellow with the big blue eyes and *vif* manner? Well, I'm told" (this in a

"'By Jove! that's well played!'"

half-whisper) "that his name's Huntester—son of some big man out in India. He came over on Marker's drag, and—— By Jove! that's well played!"

"Not a bad set," remarked the medical eyeglass sententiously. "Julia Marker won the silver racquet last year, and Tom Prag, her partner, cuts well. That's a fine girl young what's-his-name——"

"Huntester."

"Yes,—Huntester has got for a partner. Who is she?"

"That? Don't you know? That's Lady Brightham's only daughter. It was said that she and Prag were engaged, for Prag jilted Julia Marker for her. But with such a very charming young lady there's many a slip. Tom is playing savagely, and her eyes seem all on this stranger. Certainly the young gentleman has acquired the art of tennis. One doesn't often see such fine play."

The other eyeglass coinciding, the set ended with a triumph for Mr. Huntester and Miss Brightham. Another set was formed, and everybody began—as the French have it—to circulate.

The victorious pair appeared to be suddenly seized with a frantic admiration for recondite herbaceous plants. This necessitated a strategic movement to a less frequented angle of the grounds, where these floral treasures abounded. Being, however, for the moment the observed of all observers, they first crawled, then strolled, then slightly accelerated the *tempo*, and finally, when no one in particular was looking, walked. Mr. Huntester, lively with a racquet, broke the record of liveliness in conversation. He chattered, pattered, rattled and prattled with electric volubility. As for Miss Brightham, she possessed the rare art of speaking volumes with her eyes, and that sufficed.

"Yes," said he; "I'm home from India on furlough. Go out again next month. Nuisance! Don't you hate travelling alone?"

The lady's eyes smiled affirmation.

"Now, if I'd some one nice—very nice, don't you know, for a companion, don't

you see, it would be all different. Did you ever feel anything like curiosity about the East?"

"It's rather hot, isn't it?"

"A popular delusion! All you have to do is to regulate the temperature of your body. If the thermometer stands at 150° in the shade, I reduce my temperature proportionately. If it drops to zero, I augment it."

"But how?"

"That is a secret I learnt when in Russia."

"You've been in Russia, then?"

"Oh yes."

"But Russia's cold—at least, most of it is."

"The greatest fallacy out! I never was so oppressively hot as at Archangel."

Miss Brightham laughed.

"You don't believe me! Fact is, anticipating downright rigour, I increased the temperature of my blood to fever heat. Nearly finished myself! Had to take an ice-bath."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, and the same thing happened at Madras. The heat was awful. Even the cobras suffered; and as for the scorpions, I pitied the poor beggars. Well,—it just shows what an idiot one is,—what did I do? I went and reduced my temperature till I nearly froze my nose off."

Miss Brightham's eyes positively distended as she remarked, with surprise, "I don't understand however you could have done such a thing!"

"Quite so. It's a secret, but simple as A B C."

"It's very extraordinary and interesting. I saw our doctor here just now. Could you explain it to him?"

Mr. Huntester, hitherto animated, suddenly paled over.

"I hate doctors," he replied, in a changed tone.

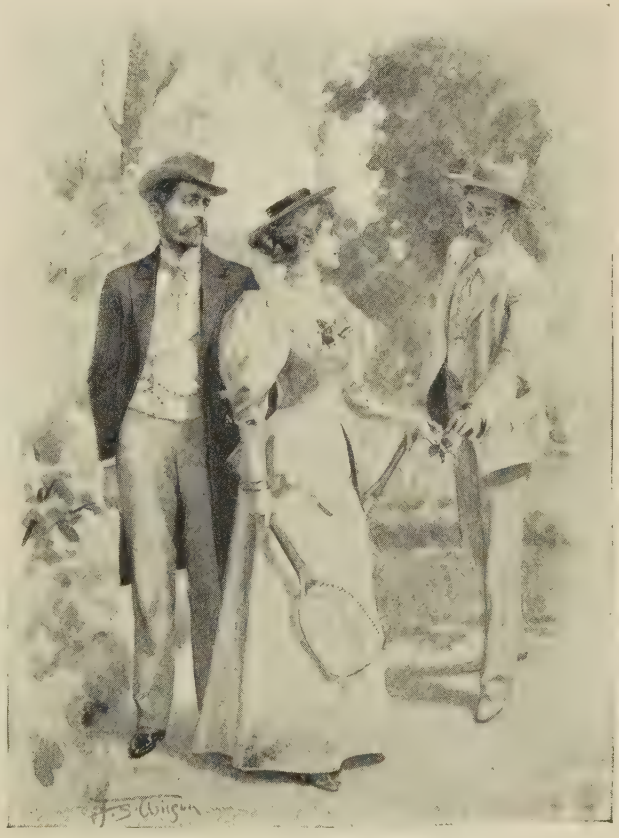
"So do I. Only I thought that if you couldn't tell your secret to me, you might——"

"Tell it to some one else? No: I'd rather reveal it to you than to any one. But not yet."

"Why not?" with a smile.

"Because it would be useless; because there are secrets which can only pass from one to another by means of corresponding harmony. Now do you understand?"

"Not precisely"



"'I think this is yours, Mr. Huntester.'"

"Well, if ever I should get to know you better—we are only chance acquaintances to-day—then—— But here is Mr. Rubkin."

Yes; that was so. For some reason best known to himself the millionaire had descended to interrupt a *tête-à-tête*. More than that, he cast a glance at Mr. Huntester suggestive of something less amicable than ardent affection.

"I've been looking for you, Miss Brightham. You said you were interested in jewels. Would you like to see my collection?"

Now, the young lady would rather have stopped by the side of a youngster with a handsome face, a marvellous eye, and a fund of strange thoughts. Mr. Rubkin, however, was the host, so she moved away with "I think this is yours, Mr. Huntester," handing him a rose she had accidentally plucked from a bunch of four pinned in her dress.

"Thank you so much."

It was not his, but hers. He understood, and, as she followed Mr. Rubkin, she turned and saw him pass it across his lips.

From which it may be inferred that society, after all, is human.

II.

Mrs. Marker had convoyed a party on her coach to Mr. Rubkin's tennis party, including with others Miss Brightham, whose father, Sir Bennet, resided some twenty miles off. The young lady was to be the Markers' guest at their place, Tentfield, returning home by train on the ensuing morning.

Inasmuch as Mr. Huntester was also of the Marker party, this programme facilitated confidences with the attractive young lady: in a word, they paired off, regardless of criticism; her tongue flashed as brilliantly as her eyes, his dazzled a girlish imagination. An *ingénue* regards the man of her choice as a demi-god, especially when the fellow poses as incomprehensible. Hence the success of the very conceited.

An August evening constitutes the one redeeming feature in our English climate. A furious sun which has ruled the day indulges in a laudable ambition to administer the night also, and lingers in consequence on the scene like a lover who can't say good-bye. This, too, favoured our billing pair. The Markers had arranged a cold dinner, qualified by champagne and Apollinaris, so that deglutition became facilitated and accelerated. Before nine o'clock the solemnising influence of Rubkin's "at home" had been dispelled, and various couples emerged into the garden, some to puff paper, politely styled tobacco, others to investigate the recesses of the deep wood under whose shadow the mansion of Tentfield was planted by Marker deceased, a magnate of the Court called Capel.

It was all very informal, not to say agreeable. At least, such may have been the candid opinion of Sir Bennet Brightham's pretty daughter, as, in defiance of a little frown from her hostess, she again monopolised Mr. Huntester.

That young gentleman, having recruited his exhausted vitality with a sufficiency of champagne, ought by every canon of physiology to have been exhilarated. On the contrary, he seemed rather subdued. She, on the other hand, had reached the frisky stage, and felt as if the nursery had suddenly come back.

"Will you let me guess?"

"Oh yes!—what?"

"Why, your name."

"If you'll let me guess yours."

"Guess, then."

"Sarah Jane."

"Mr. Huntester! How can you?"

"Jemima Ann."

"That's as you like."

"But I don't like. Come, exchange is no robbery. They called me Algernon. And you?"

"Audrey."

"Audrey Brightham. H'm, that's quite too pretty a name! Let me think. Do I know an Audrey?"

"I fancy the name is peculiar to our family. It is mediæval."

"Would you care to know if there happens to be another Audrey in the wide world?"

"I'm certain there isn't."

"And I—pardon me—know that there is."

"Where?"

"Are we alone? Yes. Hush! Did you hear a voice?"

Miss Brightham stared, but shook her head.

"No, of course not. You would not hear. I did. Hush! Now do you hear?"

"No."

"Audrey Van—— I can't make out the last syllable."

"Not Vandegg? Why, Marie Vandegg was my governess."

"She has a baby. It has been named after you."

"Nonsense, Mr. Huntester! Besides, if she had married, her name would not be Vandegg, nor her child's."

He looked enigmatical.

"Possibly I have been misinformed, though that voice I can generally rely upon. Might not your governess have married a cousin?"

"She had a cousin. Yes: that I remember."

"Well, write to Miss or Madame Vandegg; then, perhaps, you will not be quite so sceptical."

"What I can't understand, Mr. Huntester, is how you learnt this."

"Simply, I heard a voice."

"But why didn't I also hear it?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps" (with a little laugh) "it is because the concord between our natures has not yet been perfected. Kindly don't mention to any one that voices come to me. We all have our secrets. You have found out mine."

"And what do these voices tell you?"

"Truths—and falsehoods. They told me I should meet you—indeed, I recognised your photograph at a glance."

"Perhaps you saw it somewhere?"

"It was in India. Have you friends in the Parallel Provinces?"

"No, not one."

"Exactly; just as I supposed. The likeness was too perfect for a mere sunlight picture. Besides, I heard a voice."

"Not mine?"

He took a tuning-fork out of his pocket, and, remarking quietly, "The voice I heard spoke in B-flat," tapped it.

"Speak, please."

"Yes."

"That will do. B-flat *is* the note of your speaking voice. Your singing voice must be high soprano."

"He took a tuning-fork out of his pocket."

"Really, Mr. Huntester, you seem to know a great deal about me!"

"Everything."

She burst out laughing. This was a little too much.

"I hope to prove what I say. Will you introduce me to Sir Bennet?"

"I'll arrange it—if you really care for a deaf old gentleman's acquaintance."

"It has been the one aim of my life, ever since I was in India."

She glanced at him just a little suspiciously, but those big blue eyes of his looked the very emblems of truth; and he had already interested her only too deeply. The dialogue, however, had gone just far enough for maidenly reserve, and it sufficed that his speech meant, "May I ask papa?" so she proposed to retrace their steps towards the house.

"Oh yes," he replied, almost petulantly; "but you must promise to keep my secret. All depends upon it."

She laughed at his earnestness.

"You must! you shall!" he said, speaking with strange emphasis, and suddenly gripping her hand, while the blue eyes, a minute ago melting, changed to steel.

"Of course, Mr. Huntester. You don't want me to swear, do you?"

It was his turn to laugh now, and he did so in downright good-humour. So they strolled back confidants.

At eleven the ladies retired, presumably to bed, while the sterner sex invaded the billiard-room, and broke out in a fresh place on puff-paper and fortified air-water.

Audrey Brightham had spent a whole day under a spell, and one that had sent the blood coursing. To her chamber she dragged limbs that seemed tired out from sheer excitement. Her maid had just reduced a fairy frame to a condition adapted for repose when Julia Marker entered—intruded is perhaps the word—for a chat.

"You are tired, dear?"

"Oh no; not one bit. Yes, I am, though, a little."

"Are we to congratulate you?"

The girls' eyes met—in fence rather than in love.

"Congratulate?"

"Well, yes, dear. You seem to have a most amazing power over the men."

"It's the other way, Julia. Your Tom came dangling after me. I didn't want him. I didn't encourage him."

"Audrey!"

"No. Say what you will, he never attracted me."

"Then why did you attract him?"

"Did I?"

"You called him my Tom, just now. He was my Tom until he met you."

"He never, never was mine. That is all I can say, and I do hope he knows it."

"Now—oh yes! Have you arranged it all with Mr. Huntester?"

"He is very nice—very."

"So we all think; just a trifle eccentric."

"So was Shelley. So was Byron. So are all really great men."

"Yes."

"He is quite out of the common. I never met a man before with so much force of character; and yet he is gentle as a child."

"Quite charming!" echoed Julia drily.

"To *me*," smiled Audrey proudly. "What eyes he has!"

"They glitter," remarked Julia indifferently. "The sort of eyes to give one cold thrills."

Audrey glanced at her inquiringly. Then she took up a huge sapphire, and held it to the candle.

"What a lovely stone!"

"Does it remind you of anything?"

"The Green Vault at Dresden."

"Pfui! You might as well say a jeweller's shop. I didn't mean anything so commonplace. Does it remind you of any one you ever saw?"

"Mrs. Langtry?"

"How stupid you are! As if I should bother about a woman!"

"You don't mean Mr. Huntester? Well, the compliment is too tame. If you were to take all the fire of the Koh-i-noor, and put it into that sapphire, why, then——"

"Upon my honour," laughed Audrey, "I shall begin to think that he has two strings to his bow. So *you* admire him?"

"'Are we to congratulate you?'"

"Suppose, as you have come between Tom and me, I come between him and you?"

"I'll give you leave to!" responded Audrey, with *hauteur*.

"Thanks, dear! Was that sapphire his present?"

"Oh dear, no! That impertinent man Mr. Rubkin forced it on me. I'd half a mind to refuse it. If I hadn't been reminded of some one when he placed it under the electric light, I should have most decidedly done so. He's horrid."

"Possibly. Midas has two aspects. Some people would be glad to call themselves Mrs. Rubkin No. 2. No. 1 was a fright. He means No. 2 to serve as a contrast. That is why he gave you that sapphire."

"Absurd!"

"Most facts are in this world of absurdity."

"Besides—he saw plainly what was happening."

"No doubt, and tried to play marplot. However, I mustn't stop. It's late, and those people downstairs have done their billiards. Good night; and remember, in case you should not be Mrs. Huntester, there is a millionaire as a *pis aller*."

Audrey started to her feet indignantly, but Julia had disappeared with this parting shot, and the recollection of the girl's pale face, cold grey eye and expression of malice so haunted her as to disturb a night she had vowed to delicious dreams. Underneath Julia Marker's velvet paw—and she was consistently self-repressed and suave—were cruel talons. Audrey Brightham's optimism, in short, underwent a severe shock. That girl had a grudge, an injury to be avenged, and of the two hers was the stronger will.

III.

In Sir Bennet Brightham, Squire of Brashford, you have a gentleman of the old school, and a very fine one, but deaf as a post. Lady Brightham alone could penetrate her husband's collapsed ear-passages. Dinner, under the condition of conversing with one who could not hear, became, in short, partly penitential, partly comic; for, like all deaf people, Sir Bennet would not permit himself to be left out of the conversation.

So at all events opined Mr. Algy Huntester, as, things being all arranged comfortably, he found himself seated by his contemplated father-in-law.

"I—I haven't inquired, sir, your political sentiments. Your respected father, Sir Petah Huntestah, whom I remember at Oriel, was made lieutenant-governor of the Parallel Provinces by Lord McStingy, the nominee of Mr. Merrymetal. I—I hope, sir, you don't share the views of that fellow Merrymetal?"

"I haven't got any views, Sir Bennet."

"Sorry to hear it, sir. Merrymetal, sir, is sending the country to the dogs."

"What does he want me to say?" inquired Algernon, looking across the table to Audrey, who turned appealingly to her mother.

"Mr. Huntester," shrieked Lady Brightham, "is a Tory."

Sir Bennet, hand to ear, wagged his head approvingly.

"He hates Mr. Merrymetal."

"Quite right—quite."

"And adores Lord Sarum."

"Most proper. You have an intelligent mind, sir. Your sentiments do you

credit. You are a worthy son of a very distinguished father. By-the-bye, how many are you in the family?"

"I am the only child."

"He says he's the only child."

"Hey? I—I thought Huntestah was nicknamed the 'Baker's Dozen,' because he had thirteen children."

"Ask Sir Bennet," remarked Algy, "if he ever heard of the cholera."

"Why?" inquired Audrey, in a low tone.

"*They are all gone*," he responded lugubriously. "I am the sole survivor."

In the meantime the deaf Baronet sat staring incredulously, as awaiting an explanation.

"Did it all occur recently?" asked Audrey, fairly puzzled.

"Of course. That is why I was allowed furlough. The shock nearly killed me."

"'I am the sole survivor.'"

"The cholera," again shrieked Lady Brightham.

"Bless me!" ejaculated her husband. "I'll telegraph to Huntestah. Hope he hasn't got it!"

"Tell him I have already done so, and expect a reply to-morrow. I felt I ought to ask his sanction for my marriage."

Lady Brightham repeating this, the old Baronet seemed tranquillised, and thus dinner terminated.

"You see," said Audrey, when they had attained the luxury of *solitude à deux*, "father doesn't like the wedding coming off so soon. I am the only child, and he didn't much relish the notion of India. Mother has had some trouble to coax him into it. I suppose Sir Peter will make no difficulty?"

"Difficulty, my angel! Why, I have been in constant communication with him, and his voice rings in my ears now!"

"How odd you are! It really sounds quite eerie to hear you talk of voices."

"So I should have thought before I became acquainted with the infinite possibilities of soul-sympathy."

"You see I am quite outside it all," pleaded Audrey humbly.

"Bide a wee! 'As the husband is the wife is.' I may yet cure you of blind materialism. The psychic portion of our complex individuality once released can range—*anywhere*! You don't know what a traveller I have been. Not physically—I don't mean that. A "P. & O." trip to India and back cannot be termed travel. What I do mean is that there is not a region I have failed to explore. I know more of the interior of Africa than Stanley. I have visited the Garden of Eden—garden still, though a trifle ragged. I have ranged the Steppes, climbed Popokatapetl—in a word, seen all the kingdoms of the world, with their glory and their squalor. But there is a limit."

Audrey yawned as she jerked out "What?"

"The North and South Poles."

"Why?"

"They are sacred, the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the tree of life. Attain either, and you will be whirled breathless into infinite space."

"I cherish no such ambition," she remarked, with another yawn.

"That is well. I did."

"Like Dædalus?"

'Precisely. The best example you could have hit upon. Fortunately a voice warned me in time. I repressed by a mighty effort the foolish craving after polarity, and now I have my reward. The needle must turn to a pole, and so I turn to Audrey Brightham."

"You make me out to be very cold," laughed she.

"Oh no. That speech shows the depth of popular superstition. The north pole is the hottest point on the planet."

This proposition not admitting either of affirmation or contradiction, the happy pair adjourned to the drawing-room for tea—the necessary sequence of Sir Bennet's old port, if not its qualification.

A gentleman sat in the room: a gentleman with a bald, shining head, and a benevolent, though quizzical, expression. On the said pair entering he rose. It was the medical eyeglass.

"Let me introduce Doctor——"

The word "doctor" had barely escaped Audrey's lips when with three strides of superlative length her swain bolted through the open window, and did not return until the eyeglass had rolled off in its professional brougham.

"What is the matter, Algy?"—sternly.

"A thousand pardons! I told you the cholera had more than decimated our family. Candidly, that awful catastrophe must be referred to the amazing sciolism of the doctors. Since then the name, the notion, the presence of one of these arch humbugs terrifies me."

"But," pleaded Lady Brightham, "our good old doctor is no humbug. He has battled successfully with my sciatica and Sir Bennet's gout."

"The exception that proves the rule."

"Audrey," whispered her mother later in the evening, "I do wish he were not so strange. I had to tell your father all sorts of fibs, or he would have been angry past expression."

"He is high-strung," replied the girl. "I suppose it's the way with men of genius."

"Men of fiddlestick," muttered Lady Brightham, but not in Audrey's hearing. To have detracted from that young lady's idol would have been sheer sacrilege.

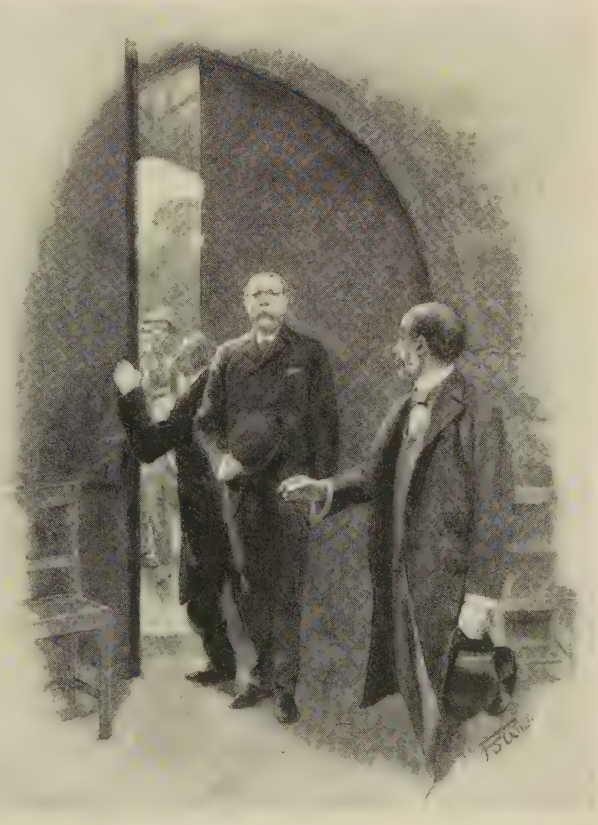
IV.

Algy's furlough, so he alleged, being on the point of expiration, and a telegram having arrived—through him, but not somehow through the local post—a mere trifle!—expressing Sir Peter Huntester's jubilance, the wedding was hurried up precipitately.

It had been the desire of Sir Bennet that his friend the Bishop of Cambridge should officiate, but that prelate happening to be in the Riviera it became necessary to requisition the clerical eyeglass, who accordingly, at midday, the hour fixed, entered an appearance in Brashford church. The Markers were there—Julia being one of the bridesmaids. Mr. Rubkin, too, had been invited, as a tribute to his shekels, and accordingly tendered a tiara of diamonds—very good-natured, the world said, inasmuch as his preference for the bride had been an open secret. What with sisters, cousins, aunts, tenantry, neighbours and reporters, the little old church resembled a sardine-box. They had got a choir in surplices of village boys, who could "bird-call" to perfection and whistle to distraction, but had not acquired the humbler art of singing; a female organist, whose feet got in the way of the pedals, compelling her to sit in the attitude of a duck; and an organ blower, who, overcome by the splendour of Worthish toilettes, let the wind out. Item, a real live minor canon to do the choral part, a tall thin gentleman, with his head on one side to imitate a mediæval saint, and a voice not dissimilar to that of the macaw. Sir Bennet looked nervous, but grinned desperately. Lady Brightham simpered, and the bride shone. As for the bridegroom he seemed in exuberant spirits, and before the clergy turned up, cracked jokes in the church as though it had been the Gaiety bar.

The rector having surpliced himself, attended by the minor canon, sailed within the altar-rails, the last smile was smiled, the last ruffle of the bridesmaids' dresses smoothed. An intelligent parish clerk marshalled the principals into their proper positions, facing the rector, and the nuptial service began with a hymn roked and croaked by the surpliced ploughboys to the accompaniment of a very asthmatic organ.

It was at this point in the proceedings that a gentleman of mature years—a stranger, inasmuch as every one took a second look at his features—



"He beckoned to a big man in the doorway to enter."

entered gingerly. To him Mr. Rubkin vouchsafed an amused smile; whereupon, turning his head, he beckoned to a big man in the doorway to enter.

This party, to be perfectly frank, attracted general admiration. Half a glimpse would have told you that so splendid a specimen of upright, fearless manhood must have served under Her Majesty's flag. Over six feet in height, broad and deep-chested, with an arm the size of an ordinary man's leg, and a good-humoured smile under a heavy flaxen moustache, the fine fellow stood at attention awaiting orders.

His superior, the gentleman of mature years, as the function proceeded, gently but firmly pushed aside the pretty people who thronged the nave, in order to make a passage for the soldierlike man Little by little they edged forward, until at last the pair stood just behind the bridesmaids. There they came to a halt.

"No, you don't!"

The minor canon having intoned the opening portion of the marriage ritual, the rector advanced with: "Algernon, do you take this woman for your wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

"I do."

"No, you don't!" rang out the stentorian voice of the soldierlike man, while, advancing, he gripped the bridegroom's arm as in a vice.

"What is the meaning of this?" vociferated Sir Bennet; while a little shriek told how the bridesmaids—except one—were agitated. The tableau was perfect.

Then the gentleman of mature years spoke.

"This man," he said quietly, "is not Algernon Huntester, but Daniel Smith, an

inmate of Narrowvale Criminal Lunatic Asylum, whereof I am Medical Superintendent. Two years ago he was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of his wife, and, being certified insane, was committed for life to our asylum. It is now six weeks since he effected his escape, and we have only just had a clue to his whereabouts."

A gasp, a long gasp, followed. Then all eyes centred on the bride, who, staggering, fell into the arms of Julia Marker, to hear that young lady whisper, "Didn't I say so?" and titter to the tune of her own jest.

The rector glared in a flustered fashion, and as he closed the book with an angry bang, the medical superintendent gave the attendant a signal.

"Come, Dan'l!" grinned that huge man of war.

He went.

* * * * * * *

Three months later the *Morning Post* contained the following:—

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Cambridge, Antonio Rubkin, Esq., of Rubkin Hall, and Lombard Street, E.C., to Audrey, only child of Sir Bennet Brightham, tenth Baronet, of Brashford."

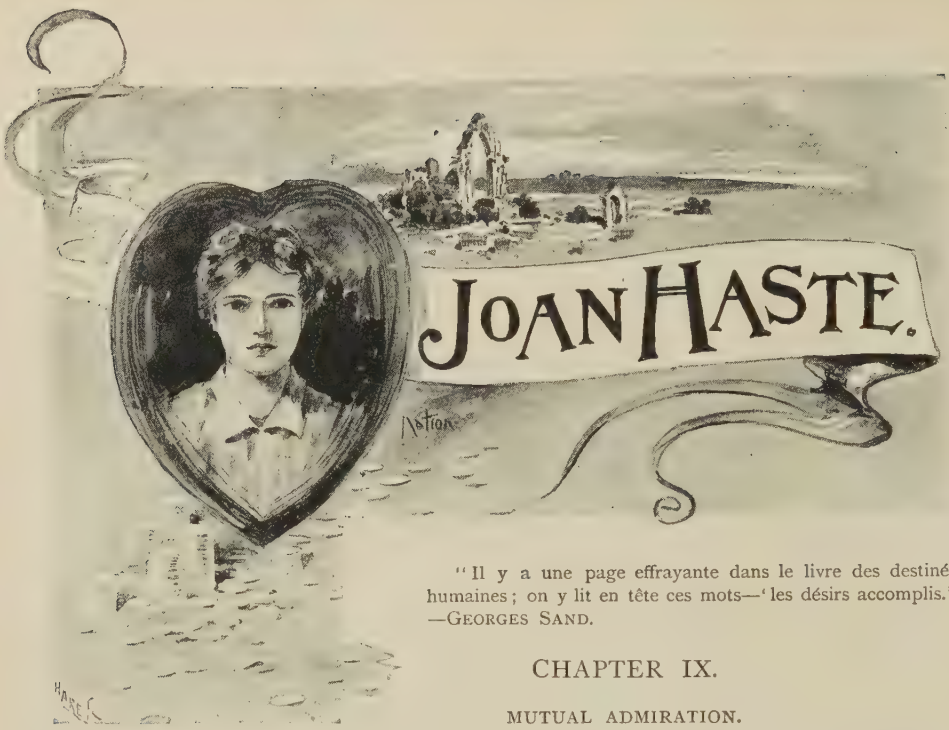
COMPTON READE.

"THE MOSS ROSE."*

THE Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay:
(That Spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from Heaven).
Awakening from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose,
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee."
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The Spirit paused in silent thought:
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment.—O'er the Rose
A veil of Moss the Angel throws;
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

ANON.

* From an old MS. album *circa* 1790.



"Il y a une page effrayante dans le livre des destinées humaines; on y lit en tête ces mots—'les désirs accomplis.'"
—GEORGES SAND.

CHAPTER IX.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

THAT Henry and Joan were left lying for so many hours among the graves of Ramborough Abbey is not greatly to be wondered at, seeing that, before he had ridden half a mile, Master Willy Hood's peculiar method of horsemanship resulted in frightening the cob so much that, for the first time in its peaceful career, it took the bit between its teeth and bolted. For a mile or more it galloped on at right angles to the path, while Willy clung to its mane, screaming "Wo!" at the top of his voice, and the sea-birds' eggs with which his pockets were filled, now smashed into a filthy mass, trickled in yellow streams down the steed's panting sides.

At length the end came. Arriving at a fence, the cob stopped suddenly, and Willy pitched over its head into a bramble bush. By the time that he had extricated himself—unharmed, but very much frightened, and bleeding from a dozen scratches—the horse was standing five hundred yards away, snorting and staring round in an excited manner. Willy, who was a determined youth, set to work to catch it.

Into the details of the pursuit we need not enter: suffice it to say that the sun had set before he succeeded in his enterprise. Mount it again he could not, for the saddle had twisted and one stirrup was lost; nor would he have done so if he could. Therefore he determined to walk into Bradmouth, whither, after many halts and adventures, he arrived about ten o'clock, leading the unwilling animal by the rein.

Now Willy, although exceedingly weary and somewhat shaken, was a boy of his word; so, still leading the horse, he proceeded straight to the residence of Dr. Childs, and rang the bell.

"I want the doctor, please, miss," he said to the servant girl who answered it.

"My gracious! you look as if you did," remarked that young lady, surveying his bleeding countenance.

"'Tain't for myself, Silly!" he replied. "You ask the doctor to step out, for I don't trust this here horse to you or anybody: he's run away once, and I don't want no more of that there game."

The girl complied, laughing; and presently Dr. Childs, a middle-aged man with a quiet manner, appeared, and asked what was the matter.

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"'I want the doctor, please, miss.'"

"Please, sir, there's a gentleman fallen off Ramborough Tower and broken his leg; and Joan Haste she's with him, and she's all bloody too—though I don't know what's she's broken. I was to ask you to go and fetch him with a shutter, and to take things along to tie him up with."

"When did he fall, and what is his name, my boy?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know when he fell, sir; but I saw Joan Haste about six o'clock time. Since then I've been getting here with this here horse; and I wish that I'd stuck to my legs, for all the help he's been to me—the great idle brute! I'd rather wheel a barrow of bricks nor pull him along behind me. Oh! the name? She said it was Captain Graves of Rosham: that was what I was to tell her aunt."

"Captain Graves of Rosham!" said Dr. Childs to himself. "Why, I heard Mr. Levinger say that he was coming to stay with him to-day!"

Then he went into the house, and ten minutes later he was on his way to Ramborough in a dogcart, followed by some men with a stretcher. On reaching the ruined abbey, the doctor stood up and looked round; but, although the moon was bright, he could see no one. He called aloud, and presently heard a faint voice answering him. Leaving the cart in charge of his groom, he followed the direction of the sound till he came to the foot of the tower. Here, beneath the shadow of the spiked tomb, clasping the senseless body of a man in her arms, he found a woman—Joan Haste—whose white dress was smirched with blood, and who, to all appearance, had but just awakened from a faint. Very feebly—for she was quite exhausted—she explained what had happened; and, without more words, the doctor set to work.

"It's a baddish fracture," he said presently. "Lucky that the poor fellow is insensible."

In a quarter of an hour he had done all that could be done there and in that light, and by this time the men who were following with the stretcher were seen arriving in another cart. Very gently they lifted Henry, who was still unconscious, on to the stretcher, and set out upon the long trudge back to Bradmouth, Dr. Childs walking by their side. Meanwhile Joan was placed in the dogcart and driven forward by the coachman, to see that every possible preparation was made at the Crown and Mitre, whither it was rapidly decided that the injured man must be taken, for it was the only inn at Bradmouth, and the doctor had no place for him in his own house.

At length they arrived, and Henry, who by now was recovering consciousness, was carried into Joan's room, an ancient oak-panelled apartment on the ground floor. Once this room served as the justice-chamber of the monks; for what was now the Crown and Mitre had been their lock-up and place of assize, when, under royal charter, they exercised legal rights over the inhabitants of Bradmouth. There the doctor, and his assistant, who had returned from visiting some case in the country, began the work of setting Henry's broken leg, aided by Mrs. Gillingwater, Joan's aunt, a hard-featured, handsome and capable-looking woman of middle age. At length the task was completed, and Henry was sent to sleep under the influence of a powerful narcotic.

"And now, sir," said Mrs. Gillingwater, as Dr. Childs surveyed his patient with a certain grave satisfaction, for he felt that he had done well by a very difficult bit of surgery, "if you have a minute or two to spare, I think that you might give Joan a look: she's got a nasty hole in her shoulder, and seems shaken and queer."

Then she led the way across the passage to a little room that in the monastic days had served as a cell, but now was dedicated to the use of Mr. Gillingwater whenever his wife considered him too tipsy to be allowed to share the marital chamber.

Here Joan was lying on a truckle bed, in a half-fainting condition, while near her, waving a lighted candle to and fro over her prostrate form, stood Mr. Gillingwater, a long, thin-faced man, with a weak mouth, who evidently had taken advantage of the general confusion to help himself to the gin bottle.

"Poor dear! poor dear! ain't it sad to see her dead?" he said, in maudlin tones, dropping the hot grease from the candle upon the face of the defenceless Joan; "and she, what she looks, a real lady. Oh! ain't it sad to see her dead?" And he wept aloud.

"Get out, you drunken sot, will you!" exclaimed his wife, with savage energy. "Do you want to set the place on fire?" And, snatching the candle from Mr. Gillingwater's hand, she pushed him through the open door so vigorously that he fell in a heap in the passage. Then she turned to Dr. Childs, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir; but there's only one way to deal with him when he's on the drink."

The doctor smiled, and began to examine Joan's shoulder.

"It is nothing serious," he said, when he had washed the wound, "unless the rust from the spike should give some trouble in the healing. Had it been lower down, it would have been another matter, for the lung might have been pierced. As it is, with a little antiseptic ointment and a sleeping draught, I think that your niece will be in a fair way to recovery by to-morrow morning, if she has not caught cold on that damp grass."

"However did she come by this, sir?" asked Mrs. Gillingwater.

"I understand that Captain Graves climbed the tower to get some young jackdaws. He fell, and she tried to catch him in her arms, but of course was knocked backwards."

"They . . . set out upon the long trudge back to Bradmouth."

"The doctor . . . . began to examine Joan's shoulder."

"She always was a good plucked one, was Joan," said Mrs. Gillingwater, with a certain reluctant pride. "Well, if no harm comes of it, she has brought us a bit of custom this time anyhow, and when we want it bad enough. The Captain is likely to be laid up here some weeks, ain't he, sir?"

"For a good many weeks, I fear, Mrs. Gillingwater, even if things go well with him."

"Is he in any danger, then?"

"There is always some danger to a middle-aged man in such a case: it is possible that he may lose his leg, and that is a serious matter."

"Lord! and all to get *her* young jackdaws. You have something to answer for, miss, you have," soliloquised Mrs. Gillingwater aloud; adding, by way of explanation, as they reached the passage, "She's an unlucky girl, Joan is, for all her good looks,—always making trouble, like her mother before her: I suppose it is in the blood."

Leaving his assistant in charge, Dr. Childs returned home, for he had another case to visit that night. Next morning he wrote two notes—one to Sir Reginald Graves and one to Mr. Levinger, both of whom were patients of his, acquainting them with what had occurred in language as little alarming as possible. Having despatched these letters by special messengers, he walked to the Crown and Mitre.

As he had anticipated, except for the pain of the wound in her shoulder, Joan was almost herself again: she had not caught cold, the puncture looked healthy, and already her vigorous young system was shaking off the effects of her shock and distress of mind. Henry also seemed to be progressing as favourably as could be expected; but it was deemed advisable to keep him under the influence of opiates for the present.

"I suppose that we had better send for a trained nurse," said the doctor. "If I telegraph to London, we could have one down by the evening."

"If you do, sir, I am sure I don't know where she's to sleep," answered Mrs. Gillingwater; "there isn't a hole or corner here unless Joan turns out of the little back room, and then there is nowhere for her to go. Can't I manage for the present, sir, with Joan to help? I've had a lot to do with sick folk of all sorts in my day, worse luck, and some knack of dealing with them too, they tell me. Many and many's the eyes that I have shut for the last time. Then it isn't as though you was far off neither: you or Mr. Salter can always be in and out if you are wanted."

"Well," said the doctor, after reflecting, "we will let the question stand over for the present, and see how the case goes on."

He knew Mrs. Gillingwater to be a capable and resourceful woman, and one who did not easily tire, for he had had to do with her in numerous maternity cases, where she acted the part of *sage-femme* with an address that had won her a local reputation.

About twelve o'clock a message came to him to say that Lady Graves and Mr. Levinger were at the inn, and would be glad to speak to him. He found them in the little bar-parlour, and Emma Levinger with them, looking even paler than her wont.

"Oh! doctor, how is my poor son?" said Lady Graves, in a shaken voice. "Mrs. Gillingwater says that I may not see him until I have asked you. I was in bed this morning and not very well when your note came, but Ellen had gone over to Upcott, and of course Sir Reginald could not drive so far, so I got up and came at once." And she paused, glancing at him anxiously.

"I think that you would have done better to stop where you were, Lady Graves, for you are not looking very grand," answered Dr. Childs. "I thought, of course, that your daughter would come. Well, it is a bad double fracture, and, unluckily, Captain Graves was left exposed for some hours after the accident; but at present he seems to be going on as well as possible. That is all I can say."

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Levinger.

"Joan Haste can tell you better than I can," the doctor answered. "She is up, for I saw her standing in the passage. I will call her."

At the mention of Joan's name Mr. Levinger's face underwent a singular contraction, that, quick as it was, did not escape the doctor's observant eye. Indeed, he made a deprecatory movement with his hand, as though he were about to negative the idea of her being brought before them; then hearing Lady Graves's murmured "By all means," he seemed to change his mind suddenly and said nothing. Dr. Childs opened the door and called Joan, and presently she stood before them.

Her face was very pale, her under lip was a little cut, and her right hand rested in a sling on the bosom of her simple brown dress; but her very pallor and the anxiety in her dark eyes made her beauty the more remarkable, by touching it with an added refinement. Joan bowed to Mr. Levinger, who acknowledged her salute with a nod, and curtseyed to Lady Graves; then she opened her lips to speak, when her eyes met those of Emma Levinger, and she remained silent.

The two women had seen each other before; in childhood they had even spoken together, though rarely; but since they were grown up they had never come thus face to face, and now it seemed that each of them found a curious fascination in the

other. It was of Emma Levinger, Joan remembered, that Captain Graves had spoken on the previous night, when his mind began to wander after the accident; and though she scarcely knew why, this gave her a fresh interest in Joan's eyes. Why had his thoughts flown to her so soon as his mental balance was destroyed? she wondered. Was he in love with her, or engaged to be married to her? It was possible, for she had heard that he was on his way to stay at Monk's Lodge, where they never saw any company.

Joan had almost made up her mind, with considerable perspicuity, that there was something of the sort in the air, when she remembered, with a sudden flush of pleasure, that Captain Graves had spoken of herself also yonder in the churchyard, and in singularly flattering terms, which seemed to negative the idea that the fact of a person speaking of another person, when under the influence of delirium, necessarily implied the existence of affection, or even of intimacy, between them. Still, thought Joan, it would not be wonderful if he did love her. Surely that sweet and spiritual face and those solemn grey eyes were such as any man might love.

But if Joan was impressed with Emma, Emma was equally impressed with Joan, for in that instant of the meeting of their gaze, the thought came to her that she had never before seen so physically perfect a specimen of womanhood. Although Emma could theorise against the material, and describe beauty as an accident, and therefore a thing to be despised, she was too honest not to confess to herself her admiration for such an example of it as Joan afforded. This was the girl whose bravery, so she was told, had saved Captain Graves from almost certain death; and, looking at her, Emma felt a pang of envy as she compared her health and shape with her own delicacy and slight proportions. Indeed, there was something more than envy in her mind—something that, if it was not jealousy, at least partook of it. Of late Emma's thoughts had centred themselves a great deal round Captain Graves, and she was envious of this lovely village girl with whom, in some unknown way, he had become acquainted, and whose good fortune it had been to be able to protect him from the worst effects of his dreadful accident.

At that moment a warning voice seemed to speak in Emma's heart, telling her that this woman would not readily let go the man whom fate had brought to her, that she would cling to him indeed as closely as though he were her life. It had nothing to do with her, at any rate as yet; still Emma grew terribly afraid as the thought went home, afraid with a strange, impalpable fear she knew not of what. At least she trembled, and her eyes swam, and she wished in her heart that she had never seen Joan Haste, that they might live henceforth at different ends of the world, that she might never see her again.

All this flashed through the minds of the two girls in one short second; the next Emma's terror, for it may fitly be so called, had come and gone, and Lady Graves was speaking.

"Good day, Joan Haste," she said kindly: "I understand that you were with my son at the time of this shocking accident. Will you tell us how it came about?"

"Oh, my Lady," answered Joan with agitation, "it was all my fault—at least, in a way it was, though I am sure I never meant that he should be so foolish as to try and climb the tower." And in a simple, straightforward fashion she went on to relate what had occurred, saying as little as possible, however, about her own share in the adventure.

"Thank you," said Lady Graves when Joan had finished. "You seem to have behaved very bravely, and I fear that you are a good deal hurt. I hope you will soon be well again. And now, Dr. Childs, do you think that I might see Henry for a little?"

"Well, perhaps for a minute or two, if you will keep as quiet as possible," he answered, and led the way to the sick room.

By this time the effects of the sleeping draughts had passed off, and when his mother entered Henry was wide awake and talking to Mrs. Gillingwater. He knew her step at once, and addressed her in a cheery voice, trying to conceal the pain which racked him.

"How do you do, mother?" he said. "You find me in a queer way, but better off than ever I expected to be again when I was hanging against the face of that tower. It is very good of you to come to see me, and I hope that the news of my mishap has not upset my father."

"My poor boy," said Lady Graves, bending over him and kissing him, "I am afraid that you must suffer a great deal of pain."

"Nothing to speak of," he answered, "but I am pretty well smashed up, and expect that I shall be on my back here for some weeks. Queer old place, isn't it? This good lady tells me that it is her niece's room. It's a very jolly one anyhow. Just look at the oak panelling and that old mantelpiece. By the way, I hope that Miss Joan—I think that she said her name was Joan—is not much hurt. She is a brave girl, I can tell you, mother. Had it not been that she caught me when I fell, I must have gone face first on to that spiked tomb, and then——"

"Had it not been for her you would never have climbed the tower," answered Lady Graves with a shudder. "I can't think what induced you to be so foolish, at your age, my dear boy."

"I think it was because she is so pretty, and I wanted to oblige her," he answered, with the candour of a mind excited by suffering. "I say, I hope that somebody has written to the Levingers, or they will be wondering what on earth has become of me."

"Yes, yes, dear; they are here, and everything has been explained to them."

"'My poor boy,' said Lady Graves."

"Oh, indeed. Make them my excuses, will you? When I am a bit better I should like to see them, but I don't feel quite up to it just now."

Henry made this last remark in a weaker voice; and, taking the hint, Dr. Childs touched Lady Graves on the shoulder and nodded towards the door.

"Well, dear, I must be going," said his mother; "but Ellen or I will come over to-morrow to see how you are getting on. By the way, should you like us to send for a trained nurse to look after you?"

"Most certainly not," Henry answered, with vigour; "I hate the sight of hospital nurses—they always remind me of Haslar, where I was laid up with jaundice. There are two doctors and this good lady taking care of me here, and if that isn't enough for me, nothing will be."

"Well, dear, we will see how you get on," said his mother doubtfully. Then she kissed him and went; but the doctor stopped behind, and having taken his patient's temperature, ordered him another sleeping draught.

So soon as Lady Graves had left the parlour, Joan followed her example, murmuring with truth that she felt a little faint.

"What a beautiful girl, father!" said Emma to Mr. Levinger. "Who is she? Somebody said the other day that there was a mystery about her."

"How on earth should I know?" he answered. "She is Mrs. Gillingwater's niece, and I believe that her parents are dead; that is the only mystery I ever heard."

"I think that there must be something odd, all the same," said Emma. "If you notice, her manners are quite different from those of most village girls, and she speaks almost like a lady."

"Been educated above her station in life, I fancy," her father answered snappishly. "That is the way girls of this kind are ruined, and taught to believe that nothing in their own surroundings is good enough for them. Anyhow, she has led poor Graves into this mess, for which I shall not forgive her in a hurry."

"At least she did her best to save him, and at great risk to herself," said Emma gently. "I don't see what more she could have done."

"That's woman's logic all over," replied the father. "First get a man who is worth two of you into some terrible scrape, physical or otherwise, and then do your 'best to save him,' and pose as a heroine. It would be kinder to leave him alone altogether in nine cases out of ten, only then it is impossible to play the guardian angel, as every woman loves to do. Just to gratify her whim—for that is the plain English of it—this girl sends poor Graves up that tower; and because, when he falls off it, she tries to throw her arms round him, everybody talks of her wonderful courage. Bother her and her courage! The net result is that he will never be the same man again."

Her father spoke with so much suppressed energy that Emma looked at him in astonishment, for of late years, at any rate, he had been accustomed to act calmly and speak temperately.

"Is Captain Graves's case so serious?" she asked.

"From what young Salter tells me I gather that it is about as bad as it can be of its kind. He has fractured his leg in a very awkward place, there is some hæmorrhage, and he lay exposed for nearly five hours, and had to be carried several miles."

"What will happen to him, then?" asked Emma in alarm. "I thought that the worst of it was over."

"I can't tell you. It depends on Providence and his constitution; but what seems likely is that they will be forced to amputate his leg and make him a hopeless cripple for life."

"Oh!" said Emma, catching her breath like one in pain; "I had no idea that

it was so bad. This is terrible." And for a moment she leant on the back of a chair to support herself.

"Yes, it is black enough; but we cannot help by stopping here, so we may as well drive home. I will send to inquire for him this evening."

So they went, and never had Emma a more unhappy drive. She was looking forward so much to Captain Graves's visit, and now he lay wounded—dangerously ill. The thought wrung her breast, and she could almost find it in her gentle heart to detest the girl who, however innocently, had been the cause of all the trouble.

CHAPTER X.

AZRAEL'S WING.

For the next two days, notwithstanding the serious condition of his broken leg, Henry seemed to go on well, till even his mother and Emma Levinger, both of whom were kept accurately informed of his state, ceased to feel any particular alarm about him. On the second day Mrs. Gillingwater, being called away to attend to some other matter, sent for Joan—who, although her arm was still in a sling, had now almost recovered—to watch in the sick room during her absence. She came and took her seat by the bed, for at the time Henry was asleep. Shortly afterwards he awoke and saw her.

"Is that you, Miss Haste?" he said. "I did not know that you went in for nursing."

"Yes, sir," answered Joan. "My aunt was obliged to go out for a little while, and, as you are doing so nicely, she said that she thought I might be trusted to look after you till she came back."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure," said Henry. "Sick rooms are not pleasant places. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some of that horrid stuff—barley-water I think it is. I am thirsty."

Joan handed him the glass and supported his head while he drank. When he had satisfied his thirst he said:

"I have never thanked you yet for your bravery. I do thank you sincerely, Miss Haste, for if I had fallen on to those spikes there would have been an end of me. I saw them as I was hanging, and thought that my hour had come."

"And yet he told me to 'stand clear'!" reflected Joan; but aloud she said:

"Oh! pray, pray don't thank me, sir. It is all my fault that you have met with this dreadful accident, and it breaks my heart to think of it." And as she spoke a great tear ran down her beautiful face.

"Come, please don't cry: it upsets me; if the smash was anybody's fault, it was my own. I ought to have known better."

"I will try not, sir," answered Joan, in a choking voice; "but aunt said that you weren't to talk, and you are talking a great deal."

"All right," he replied: "you stop crying and I'll stop talking."

As may be guessed after this beginning, from that hour till the end of his long and dangerous illness, Joan was Henry's most constant attendant. Her aunt did the rougher work of the sick room, indeed, but for everything else he depended upon her; clinging to her with a strange obstinacy that baffled all attempts to replace her by a more highly trained nurse. On one occasion, when an effort of the sort was made, the results upon the patient were so alarming that, to her secret satisfaction, Joan was at once reinstalled.

"Joan was Henry's most constant attendant."

After some days Henry took a decided turn for the worse. His temperature rose alarmingly, and he became delirious, with short coherent intervals. Blood poisoning, which the doctors feared, declared itself, and in the upshot he fell a victim to a dreadful fever that nearly cost him his life. At one time the doctors were of opinion that his only chance lay in amputation of the fractured limb; but after consultation they gave up this idea, being convinced that, in his present state, he would certainly die of the shock were the operation attempted.

Then followed three terrible days, while Henry lay between life and death. For the most part of those days Lady Graves and Ellen sat in the bar-parlour, the former lost in stony silence, the latter pale and anxious enough, but still calm and collected. Even now Ellen did not lose her head, and this was well, for the others were almost distracted by anxiety and grief. Distrusting the capacities of Joan, a young person whom she regarded with disfavour as being the cause of her brother's accident, it was Ellen who insisted upon the introduction of the trained nurses, with consequences that have been described. When the doctors hesitated as to the possibility of an operation, it was Ellen also who gave her voice against it, and persuaded her mother to do the same.

"I know nothing of surgery," she said, with conviction, "and it seems probable that poor Henry will die; but I feel sure that if you try to cut off his leg he will certainly die."

"I think that you are right, Miss Graves," said the eminent surgeon who had been brought down in consultation, and with whom the final decision lay. "My opinion is that the only course to follow with your brother is to leave him alone, in the hope that his constitution will pull him through."

So it came about that Henry escaped the knife.

Emma Levinger and her father also haunted the inn, and it was during those dark

days that the state of the former's affections became clear both to herself and to every one about her. Before this she had never confessed even to her own heart that she was attached to Henry Graves; but now, in the agony of her suspense, this love of hers arose in strength, and she knew that, whether he stayed or was called away, it must always be the nearest and most constant companion of her life. Why she loved him Emma could not tell, nor even when she began to do so; and indeed these things are difficult to account for. But the fact remained, hard, palpable, staring: a fact which she had no longer any care to conceal or ignore, seeing that the conditions of the case caused her to set aside those considerations of womanly reserve that doubtless would otherwise have induced her to veil the secret of her heart for ever, or until circumstances gave opportunity for its legitimate expression.

At length on a certain afternoon there came a crisis to which there was but one issue probable. The doctors and nurses were in Henry's room doing their best to ward off the fate that seemed to be approaching, whilst Lady Graves, Mr. Levinger, Ellen and Emma sat in the parlour awaiting tidings, and striving to hope against hope. An hour passed, and Emma could bear the uncertainty no longer. Slipping out unobserved, she stole towards the door of Henry's room and listened at a little distance from it. Within she could hear the voice of a man raving in delirium, and the cautious tread of those who tended him. Presently the door opened and Joan appeared, walking towards her with ashen face and shaking limbs.

"How is he?" asked Emma in an intense whisper, catching at her dress as she passed.

Joan looked at her and shook her head: speak she could not. Emma watched her go with vacant eyes, and a jealousy smote her, which made itself felt even through the pain that tore her heart in two. Why should this woman be free to come and go about the bedside of the man who was everything to her—to hold his dying hand and to lift his dying head—while she was shut outside his door? Emma wondered bitterly. Surely that should be her place, not the village girl's who had been the cause of all this sorrow. Then she turned, and, creeping back to the parlour, she flung herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Lady Graves.

Emma shook her head, and her despair broke from her in a low moaning that was very sad to hear.

"Do not grieve so, dear," said Ellen kindly.

"Let me grieve," she answered, lifting her white face; "let me grieve now and always. I know that Faith should give me comfort, but it fails me. I have a right to grieve," she went on passionately, "for I love him. I do not care who knows it now: though I am nothing to him, I love him, and if he dies it will break my heart."

So great was the tension of suspense that Emma's announcement, startling as it was, excited no surprise. Perhaps they all knew how things were with her; at any rate Lady Graves answered only, "We all love him, dear," and for a time no more was said.

Meanwhile, could she have seen into the little room behind her, Emma might have witnessed the throes of a grief as deep as her own, and even more abandoned; for there, face downwards on her bed, lay Joan Haste, the girl whom she had envied. Sharp sobs shook her frame, notwithstanding that she had thrust her handkerchief between her teeth to check them, and she clutched nervously at the bedclothes with her outstretched hands. Hitherto she had been calm and silent; now, at length, when she was of no more service, she broke down, and Nature took its way with her.

"O my God!" she muttered between her strangling sobs, "spare him and kill me, for it was my fault, and I am his murderess. O my God! my God! What

"'Let me grieve,' she answered."

have I done that I should suffer so? What makes me suffer so? Oh! spare him, spare him!"

Another half-hour passed, and the twilight began to gather in the parlour.

"It is very long," murmured Lady Graves.

"While they do not come to call us there is hope," answered Ellen, striving to keep up a show of courage.

Once more there was silence, and the time went on and the darkness gathered.

At length a step was heard approaching, and they knew it for that of Dr. Childs. Instinctively they all rose, expecting the last dread summons. He was among them now, but they could not see his face because of the shadows.

"Is Lady Graves there?" he asked.

"Yes," whispered the poor woman.

"Lady Graves, I have come to tell you that by the mercy of Heaven your son's constitution has triumphed, and, so far as my skill and knowledge go, I believe that he will live."

For a second the silence continued; then, with a short sharp cry, Emma Levinger went down upon the floor as suddenly as though she had been shot through the heart.

Joan also had heard Dr. Childs' footstep, and, rising swiftly from her bed, followed him to the door of the parlour, where she stood listening to his fateful words—for her anxiety was so intense that the idea of intrusion did not even cross her mind.

Joan heard the words, and she believed that they were an answer to her prayer; for her suffering had been too fierce and personal to admit of her dissociating herself from the issue, at any rate at present. She forgot that she was not concerned alone in this matter of the life or death of Henry Graves—she who, although as yet she did not know it, was already wrapped with the wings and lost in the shadow of a great and tragic passion. She had prayed, and she had been answered. His life had been given back to *her*.

Thus she thought for a moment; the next she heard Emma's cry, and saw her

fall, and was undeceived. Now she was assured of what before she had suspected, that this sweet and beautiful lady loved the man who lay yonder; and, in the assurance of that love, she learned her own. It became clear to her in an instant, as at night the sudden lightning makes clear the landscape to some lost wanderer among mountains. As in the darkness such a wanderer may believe that his feet are set upon a trodden road, and in that baleful glare discover himself to be surrounded by dangers, amid desolate wastes, so at this sight Joan understood whither her heart had strayed, and was affrighted, for truly the place seemed perilous and from it there was no retreat. Before her lay many a chasm and precipice, around her was darkness, and a blind mist blew upon her face, a mist wet as though with tears.

Somebody in the parlour called for a light, and the voice brought her back from her vision, her hopeless vision of what was, had been, and might be. What had chanced or could chance to her mattered little, she thought to herself, as she turned to seek the lamp. He would live, and that was what she had desired, what she had prayed for while as yet she did not know why she prayed it, offering her own life in payment. She understood now that her prayer had been answered more fully than she deemed; for she had given her life, her true life, for him and to him, though he might never learn the price that had been exacted of her. Well, he would live—to be happy with Miss Levinger—and though her heart must die because of him, Joan could be glad of it even in those miserable moments of revelation.

She returned with the lamp, and assisted in loosening the collar of Emma's dress and in sprinkling her white face with water. Nobody took any notice of her. Why should they, who were overcome by the first joy of hope renewed, and moved with pity at the sight of the fainting girl? They even spoke openly before her, ignoring her presence.

"Do not be afraid," said Dr. Childs: "I have never known happiness to kill people. But she must have suffered a great deal from suspense."

"I did not know that it had gone so far with her," said her father in a low voice to Lady Graves. "I believe that if the verdict had been the other way it would have killed her also."

"She must be very fond of him," answered Lady Graves; "and I am thankful for it, for now I have seen how sweet she is. Well, if it pleases God that Henry should recover, I hope that it will all come right in the end. Indeed, he will be a strange man if it does not."

Just then Ellen, who was watching and listening, seemed to become aware of Joan's presence.

"Thank you," she said to her; "you can go now."

So Joan went, humbly enough, suffering a sharper misery than she had dreamed that her heart could hold, and yet vaguely happy through her wretchedness. "At least," she thought to herself, with a flash of defiant feeling, "I am his nurse, and they can't send me away from him yet, because he won't let them. It made him worse when they tried before. When he is well again Miss Levinger will take him, but till then he is mine—mine. Oh! I wish I had known that she was engaged to him from the beginning: no, it would have made no difference. It may be wicked, but I should have loved him anyhow. It is my doom that I should love him, and I would rather love him and be wretched, than not love him and be happy. I suppose that it began when I first saw him, though I did not understand it then—I only wondered why he seemed so different to any other man that I had seen. Well, it is done now, and there is no use crying over it, so I may as well laugh, if one can laugh with a heart like a lump of ice."

Once out of danger, Henry's progress towards recovery was sure, if slow. Three

"She . . . . watched him while he slept."

weeks passed before he learned how near he had been to death. It was Joan who told him, for as yet he had been allowed only the briefest of interviews with his mother and Ellen, and on these occasions, by the doctor's orders, their past anxieties were not even alluded to. Now, however, all danger was done with, and that afternoon Joan had been informed by Dr. Childs that she might read to her patient if he wished it, or talk upon any subject in which he seemed to take interest.

It was a lovely July day, and Joan was seated sewing in Henry's, or rather in her own room, by the open window, through which floated the scent of flowers and a murmuring sound of the sea. Henry had been dozing, and she laid her work upon her knee and watched him while he slept. Presently she saw that his eyes were open and that he was looking at her.

"Do you want anything, sir?" she said, hastily resuming her sewing. "Are you comfortable?"

"Quite, thank you; and I want nothing except to go on looking at you. You make a very pretty picture in that old window place, I assure you."

She coloured faintly and did not answer. Presently he spoke again.

"Joan," he said—he always called her Joan now—"was I very bad at any time?"

"Yes, sir; they almost gave you up three weeks ago—indeed, they said the chances were ten to one against your living."

"It is strange: I remember nothing about it. Do you know, it gives me rather a turn. I have been too busy a man and too occupied with life to think much of death, and I don't quite like the sensation of having been so near to it; though perhaps it is not so bad as one thinks, and Heaven knows it would have saved me plenty of worry here below," and Henry sighed.

"I am very grateful to you all," he went on after a moment's pause, "for taking so much trouble about me—especially to you, Joan, for somehow or other I realised your presence even when I was off my head. I don't know how you occupy yourself

generally, but I am sure you are fond of fresh air. It is uncommonly good of you to mew yourself up here just to look after me."

"Don't talk like that, sir. It is my business."

"Your business! Why is it your business? You are not a professional nurse, are you?"

"No, sir, though they offered to pay me to-day," and she flushed with indignation as she said it.

"Well, don't be angry if they did. Why shouldn't you have a week's wage for a week's work? I suppose you like to earn something, like the rest of us."

"Because I don't choose to," answered Joan, tapping the floor with her foot: "I'd rather starve. It is my fault that you got into this trouble, and it is an insult to offer me money because I am helping to nurse you out of it."

"Well, there is no need to excite yourself about it. I have no doubt they thought that you would take a different view, and really I cannot see why you should not. Tell me what happened on the night that they gave me up: it interests me."

Then in a few graphic words Joan sketched the scene so vividly, that Henry seemed to see himself lying unconscious on the bed, and sinking fast into death while the doctors watched and whispered round him.

"Were you there all the time?" he asked curiously.

"Most of it, till I was of no further use and could bear no more."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to my room."

"And what did you do there? Go to sleep?"

"Go to sleep! I—I—cried my heart out. I mean—that I said my prayers."

"It is very kind of you to take so much interest in me," he answered, in a half bantering voice; then, seeming to understand that she was very much in earnest, he changed the subject, asking "And what did the others do?"

"They were all in the bar-parlour; they waited there till it grew dark, and then they waited on in the dark, for they thought that presently they would be called in to see you die. At last the change came, and Dr. Childs left you to tell them when he was sure. I heard his step, and followed him. I had no business to do it, but I could not help myself. He went into the room and stood there, trying to make out who was in it, and you might have heard a pin drop. Then he spoke to your mother, and said that through the mercy of Heaven he believed that you would live."

"Yes," said Henry; "and what did they say then?"

"Nobody said anything, so far as I could hear; only Miss Levinger screamed and dropped on the floor in a faint."

"Why did she do that?" asked Henry. "I suppose that they had been keeping her there without any dinner, and her nerves were upset."

"Perhaps they were, sir," said Joan sarcastically: "most women's nerves would be upset when they learned that the man they were engaged to was coming back to them from the door of the dead."

"Possibly; but I don't exactly see how the case applies."

Joan rose slowly, and the work upon which she had been employed fell from her hand to the floor.

"I do not quite understand you, sir," she said. "Do you mean to say that you are not engaged to Miss Levinger?"

"Engaged to Miss Levinger! Certainly not. Whatever may happen to me if I get out of this, at the present moment I am under no obligations of that sort to any human creature."

"Then I am sorry that I said so much," answered Joan. "Please forget my silly

talk: I have made a mistake. I—think that I hear my aunt coming, and—if you will excuse me, I will go out and get a little air."

"All this is Greek to me," thought Henry, looking after her. "Surely Ellen cannot have been right! Oh, it is stuff and nonsense, and I will think no more about it."

CHAPTER XI.

ELLEN GROWS ALARMED.

On the morrow Henry had his first long interview with his mother and Ellen, who again detailed to him those particulars of his illness of which he had no memory, speaking more especially of the events of the afternoon and evening when he was supposed to be dying. To these Ellen added her version of the incident of Emma's fainting fit, which, although it was more ample, did not differ materially from that given him by Joan.

"I have heard about this," said Henry, when she paused; "and I am sorry that my illness should have pained Miss Levinger so much."

"You have heard about it? Who told you—Dr. Childs?"

"No; Joan Haste, who is nursing me."

"Then I can only say that she had no business to do so. It is bad enough that this young woman, to whom we certainly owe no gratitude, should have thrust herself upon us at such a terrible moment; but it is worse that, after acting the spy on poor Emma's grief, she should have the hardihood to come and tell you that she had done so, and to describe what passed."

"You must really excuse me, Ellen," her brother answered; "but I for one owe a great deal of gratitude to Joan Haste—indeed, had it not been for her care, I doubt if I should be here to be grateful to-day. Also it does not seem to have struck you that probably she took some interest in my case, and that her motive was not to spy upon you, but to hear what the doctor had to say."

"A great deal of interest—too much, indeed, I think," said Ellen drily; and then checked herself, for, with a warning glance at her daughter, Lady Graves suddenly changed the conversation.

A few minutes afterwards his mother went out of the room to speak to Mrs. Gillingwater, leaving Ellen and Henry alone.

"I am sorry, dear, if I spoke sharply just now," said Ellen presently. "I am afraid that I am an argumentative creature, and it is not good for you to argue at present. But, to tell the truth, I was a little put out because you took the story of dear Emma's distress so coolly, and also because I had wished to be the first to tell it to you."

"I did not mean to take it coolly, Ellen, and I can only repeat that I am sorry. I think it a pity that a girl of Miss Levinger's emotional temperament, who probably has had no previous experience of illness threatening the life of a friend, should have been exposed to such a strain upon her nerves."

"A friend—a friend?" ejaculated Ellen, arching her eyebrows.

"Yes, a friend—at least I suppose that I may call myself so. Really, Ellen, you mystify me," he added petulantly.

"Really, Henry, you astonish me," his sister answered. "Either you are the most simple of men, or you are pretending ignorance out of sheer contrariness."

"Perhaps if you would not mind explaining, it would simplify matters, Ellen. I

never was good at guessing riddles, and a fall off a church tower has not improved my wits."

"Oh, how can you talk in that way! Don't you remember what I told you when you came home?"

"You told me a good many things, Ellen, most of which were more or less disagreeable."

"I told you that Emma Levinger was half in love with you, Henry."

"Yes, I know you did; and I didn't believe you."

"Well, perhaps you will believe me now, when I say that she is wholly in love with you—as much in love as ever woman was with man."

"No," said Henry, shaking his head; "I don't wish to contradict, but I must decline to believe that."

"Was there ever so obstinate a person! Listen now, and if you are not satisfied of the truth of what I say, ask mother, ask Mr. Levinger, ask the girl herself." And word for word she repeated the passionate confession that had been wrung from poor Emma's agony. "Now will you believe me?" she said.

"It seems that I must," he answered, after a pause; "though I think it quite possible that Miss Levinger's words sprang from her nervousness, and did not mean what they appeared to convey. I think also, Ellen, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for repeating to me what slipped from her in a moment of mental excitement, and thus putting her in a false position. Supposing that the doctor, or Joan Haste, were to tell you every foolish thing which I may have uttered during my delirium, what would you think of them, I wonder? Still, I dare say that I led you on and you meant it kindly; but after this I am sure I do not know how I shall dare to look that poor girl in the face. And now I think I am a little tired. Would you call Mrs. Gillingwater or some one?"

Ellen left her brother's room in a state of irritation which was not the less intense because it was suppressed. She felt that her *coup* had not come off—that she had even made matters worse instead of better. She had calculated, if Henry's affections were not touched, that at least his vanity would be flattered, by the tale of Emma's dramatic exhibition of feeling: indeed, for aught she knew, either or both of these conjectures might be correct; but she was obliged to confess that he had given no sign by which she could interpret his mind in any such sense. The signs were all the other way, indeed, for he had taken the opportunity to lecture her on her breach of confidence, and it angered her to know that the reproof was deserved. In truth, she was so desperately anxious to bring about this marriage as soon as possible, that she had allowed herself to be carried away, with the result, as she now saw, of hindering her own object.

Ellen had a very imperfect appreciation of her brother's character. She believed him to be cold and pharisaical, and under this latter head she set down his notions concerning the contraction of marriages that chanced to be satisfactory from a money point of view. It did not enter into her estimate of him to presume that he might possess a delicacy of feeling which was lacking in her own nature; that the idea of being thrust into marriage with any woman in order to relieve the pecuniary necessities of his family, might revolt him to the extent of causing a person, whom perhaps he would otherwise have loved, to become almost distasteful to him. She did not understand even that the premature and unsought declaration of affection for himself on the part of the lady who was designed by others to be his wife, might produce a somewhat similar effect. And yet a very slight consideration of the principles of human nature would have taught her that this was likely to be the case.

These were solutions of Henry's conduct that did not suggest themselves to Ellen,

or, if they did, she dismissed them contemptuously in her search for a more plausible explanation. Soon she found one which seemed to explain everything: Joan was the explanation. Nothing escaped Ellen's quick eyes, and she had noticed that Joan also was distressed at Henry's danger. She had marked, moreover, how he clung to this girl, refusing to be parted from her even in his delirium, and with what tenderness she nursed him; and she knew how often men fall in love with women who tend them in sickness.

Now, although she did not like Joan Haste, and resented as an impertinence, or worse, her conduct in following Dr. Childs to the parlour and reporting what took place there to Henry, Ellen could not deny that she was handsome, indeed beautiful, or that her manners were refined beyond what was to be expected of one in her station, and her bearing both gracious and dignified. Was it not possible, Ellen reflected, that these charms had produced an effect even upon her puritan brother, who already expressed his gratitude with such unnecessary warmth?

The thought filled her with alarm, for if once Henry became entangled with this village beauty, she knew enough of him to be sure that there would be an end of any prospect of his engagement to Emma—at least for the present. Meanwhile the girl was about him all day and every day, and never had a woman a better opportunity of carrying her nefarious schemes to a successful issue; for that Joan had schemes she soon ceased to doubt.

In this dilemma Ellen took counsel with her *fiancé*, whom she knew to possess a certain shrewdness; for she preferred to say nothing to her mother, and Sir Reginald was so unwell that he could not be troubled with such matters. By this time Edward Milward was aware that the Graves family desired greatly to bring about a match between Henry and Emma, though he was not aware how pressing were the money difficulties which led them to be anxious for this alliance. He listened with interest to Ellen's tale, then chuckled and said,—

"Depend upon it you have knocked the right nail on the head as usual, Ellen. Those sanctimonious fellows like your brother are always the deepest, and of course he is playing his little game."

"I don't know what you mean by 'his little game,' Edward, and I wish that you would not use such vulgar expressions to me; nor can I see how Henry can be playing anything, considering that he never saw this person till the day of his accident, and that he has been laid up in bed ever since."

"Oh, well, he is getting ready to play it, which is much the same thing, and of course it puts him off the other girl. I am sure I don't blame him either, for I think that Joan—what's her name—is about the loveliest woman I ever saw, and one can't wonder that he prefers her to that thin ghost of a Miss Levinger with her die-away airs and graces. After all flesh and blood is the thing, and you may depend upon it Henry thinks so."

In this speech, had he but known it, Edward contrived to offend his betrothed in at least three separate ways, but she thought it prudent to suppress her resentment, at any rate for the moment.

"Do you think, dear," Ellen said blandly, "that you could manage to remember that you are not in a club smoking-room? I did not ask for these reflections; I asked you to give me your advice as to the best way to deal with a difficulty."

"All right, love: please don't look so superior; and save up your sarcasm for the wicked Henry. As for my advice, here it is in a nutshell: get the girl out of his way, and then perhaps he will begin to think of the other one, to whom you are so anxious to tie him up, though I can't say that I consider the connection desirable myself."

Having delivered himself thus, Edward put his hands into his pockets and strolled

off in a huff. Although he was not thin-skinned, to tell the truth Ellen's slings and arrows sometimes irritated this young man.

"I wonder if she will always go on like this after we are married?" he thought to himself. "Perhaps she'll get worse. What's that about a green and a dry tree? She's dry enough anyway when she likes, and sometimes I think that I am pretty green. By George! if I believed that she always meant to keep up this game of snubs and sharp answers, fond as I am of her, I think I would cut the show before it is too late. There are a good many things that I don't like about it; I sometimes suspect that the whole set of them are pretty well broke, and I don't want to marry into a bankrupt family. Then that fellow Henry is an infernal prig,—not but what I would be careful to see precious little of him. I wonder why Ellen is so anxious that he should take up with the Levinger girl? From all I can find out the father is a disreputable old customer, who made a low marriage, and whom everybody declines to know. It is shady, deuced shady," and, filled with these gloomy musings, Edward made his way into the dining-room to lunch.

Here Ellen, who in the interval had bethought herself that she was showing a little too much of the iron hand, received him graciously enough: indeed, she was so affectionate and pleasant in her manner, that before the afternoon was over Edward's doubts were dispelled, and he forgot that he had that morning contemplated a step so serious as the breaking off of his engagement.

However coarsely he might express himself, Ellen had wit enough to see that Edward's advice was of the soundest. Certainly it was desirable that Joan Haste should be got rid of, but how was this to be brought about? She could not tell her to go, nor could she desire Mrs. Gillingwater to order her out of the house. Ellen pondered the question deeply, and after sleeping a night over it she came to the conclusion that she would take Mr. Levinger into her counsel. She knew him to be a shrewd and resourceful man; she knew, moreover—for her father had repeated the gist of the conversation between them—that he was bent upon the marriage of Henry with his daughter; and lastly she knew that he was the landlord of the Crown and Mitre, in which the Gillingwaters lived. Surely, therefore, if any one could get rid of Joan, Mr. Levinger would be able to do so.

As it chanced upon this particular morning, Ellen was to drive over in the dogcart to lunch at Monk's Lodge, calling at the Crown and Mitre on her way through Bradmouth in order to hear the latest news of Henry. This programme she carried out, only stopping long enough at the inn, however, to run to her brother's room for a minute while the cart waited at the door. Here she discovered him propped up with pillows, while by his side was seated Joan, engaged in reading to him, and, worse still, in reading poetry. Now, for poetry in the abstract Ellen did not greatly care, but she had heard the tale of Paolo and Francesca, and knew well that when a young man and woman are found reading verses together it may be taken as a sign that they are very much in sympathy.

"Good morning, Henry," said Ellen. "Good gracious, my dear! what are you doing?"

"Good morning, Ellen," he answered. "I am enjoying myself listening to Joan here, who is reading me some poetry, which she does very nicely indeed."

Ellen would not even turn her head to look at Joan, who had risen and stood book in hand.

"I had no idea that you wasted your time upon such nonsense, especially so early in the morning," she said, glancing round, "when I see that your room has not yet been dusted. But never mind about the poetry. I only came in to ask how you were,

and to say that I am going to lunch with the Levingers. Have you any message for them?"

"Nothing particular," he said precisely, and with a slight hardening of his face, "except my best thanks to Miss Levinger for her note and the fruit and flowers she has so kindly sent me."

"Very well, then; I will go on, as I don't want to keep the mare standing. Good-bye, dear: I shall look in again in the afternoon." And she went without waiting for an answer.

"I wished to ask her how my father was," said Henry, "but she never gave me a chance. Well, now that the excitement is over, go on, Joan."

"No, sir; if you will excuse me, I don't think that I will read any more poetry."

"Why not? I am deeply interested. I think it must be nearly twenty years since I have seen a line of 'Lancelot and Elaine.'" And he looked at her, waiting for an answer.

"Because," blurted out Joan, blushing furiously, "because Miss Graves doesn't wish me to read poetry to you, and I dare say she is right, and—it is not my place to do so. But all the same it is not true to say that the room wasn't dusted, for you know that you saw me dust it yourself after aunt left."

"My dear girl, don't distress yourself," Henry answered, with more tenderness in his voice than perhaps he meant to betray. "I really am not accustomed to be dictated to by my sister, or anybody else, as to who should or should not read me poems. However, as you seem to be upset, quite unnecessarily I assure you, let us give it up for this morning and compromise on the *Times*."

Meanwhile Ellen was pursuing her course along the beach road towards Monk's Lodge, where she arrived within half an hour.

Monk's Lodge was a quaint red-brick house of the Tudor period, surrounded on three sides by plantations of Scotch firs. To the east, however, stretching to the top of the sea cliff, was a strip of turf, not more than a hundred yards wide, so that all the front windows of the house commanded an uninterrupted view of the ocean. Behind the building lay the gardens, which were old-fashioned and beautiful, and sheltered by the encircling belts of firs; but in front were neither trees nor flowers, for the fierce easterly gales, and the salt spray which drifted thither in times of storm, would not allow of their growth.

Descending from the dogcart, Ellen was shown through the house into the garden, where she found Emma seated reading, or pretending to read, under the shade of a cedar; for the day was hot and still.

"How good of you to come, Ellen!" she said, springing up,—"and so early too."

"I can't take credit for any particular virtue in that respect, my dear," Ellen answered, kissing her affectionately; "it is pleasant to escape to this delightful place and be quiet for a few hours, and I have been looking forward to it for a week. What between sickness and other things, my life at home is one long worry just now."

"It ought not to be, when you are engaged to be married," said Emma interrogatively.

"Even engagements have their drawbacks, as no doubt you will discover one day," she answered, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "Edward is the best and dearest of men, but then he can be a wee bit trying at times: he is too affectionate and careful of me, if that is possible, for you know I am an independent person and do not like to have some one always running after me like a nurse with a child."

"Perhaps he will give up that when you are married," said Emma doubtfully. Somehow she could not picture her handsome and formidable friend—for at times

the gentle Emma admitted to herself that she *was* rather formidable—as the constant object and recipient of *petits soins* and sweet murmured nothings.

"Possibly he will," answered Ellen decisively. "By the way, I just called in to see Henry, whom I found in a state of great delight with the note and roses which you sent him. He asked me to give you his kindest regards, and to say that he was much touched by your thought of him."

"They were lilies, not roses," anwered Emma, looking down.

"I meant lilies,—did I say roses?" said Ellen innocently. "And, talking of lilies, you look a little pale, dear."

"I am always pale, Ellen; and, like you, I have been a good deal worried lately."

"Worried! Who can worry you in this Garden of Eden?"

"Nobody. It is—my own thoughts. I dare say that even Eve felt worried in her garden after she had eaten that apple, you know."

Ellen shook her head. "I am not clever, like you," she said, smiling, "and I don't understand parables. If you want my advice you must come down to my level and speak plainly."

Emma turned, and walked slowly from the shadow of the cedar tree into the golden flood of sunlight. Very slowly she passed down the gravel path, that was bordered by blooming roses, pausing now and again as though to admire some particular flower.

"She looks more like a white butterfly than a woman, in that dress of hers," thought Ellen, who was watching her curiously; "and really it would not seem wonderful if she floated away and vanished. It is hot out there, and I think that I had better not follow her. She has something to say, and will come back presently."

She was right. After a somewhat prolonged halt at the end of the path, Emma turned and walked, or rather flitted, straight back to the cedar tree.

"I will speak plainly," she said, "though I could not make up my mind to do so at first. I am ashamed of myself, Ellen—so bitterly ashamed that sometimes I feel as though I should like to run away and never be seen again."

"And why, my dear?" asked Ellen, lifting her eyes. "What dreadful crime have you committed, that you should suffer such remorse?"

"No crime, but a folly, which they say is worse,—an unpardonable folly. You know what I mean,—those words that I said when your brother was supposed to be dying. You must have heard them."

"Yes, I heard them; and now that he is not dying, they please me more than any words that I ever listened to from your lips. It is my dearest wish that things should come about between Henry and you as I am sure that they will come about, now that I know your mind towards him."

"If they please you, the memory of them tortures me," Emma answered, passionately clenching her slim white hands. "Oh! how could I be so shameless as to declare my—my love for a man who has never spoken a single affectionate word to me, who probably looks on me with utter indifference, or, for aught I know, with dislike! And the worst of it is I cannot excuse myself: I cannot say that they were nonsense uttered in a moment of fear and excitement, for it was the truth, the dreadful truth, that broke from me, and which I had no power to withhold. I do love him; I have loved him from the day when I first saw him, nearly two years ago, as I shall always love him; and that is why I am disgraced."

"Really, Emma, I cannot see what there is shocking in a girl becoming fond of a man. You are not the first person to whom such a thing has happened."

"No, there is nothing shocking in the love itself. So long as I kept it secret it was good and holy, a light by which I could guide my life; but now that I have blurted it, it is dishonoured, and I am dishonoured with it. That I was myself half dead with the agony of suspense is no excuse: I say that I am dishonoured."

To the listening Ellen all these sentiments, natural as they might be to a girl of Emma's exalted temperament and spotless purity of mind, were as speeches made in the Hebrew tongue—indeed, within herself she did not hesitate to characterise her friend as "a high-flown little idiot." But, as she could not quite see what would be the best line to take in answering her, she satisfied herself with shaking her head as though in dissent, and looking sympathetic.

"What torments me most," went on Emma, who by now was thoroughly worked up—"I can say it to you, for you are a woman and will understand—is the thought that those shameless words might possibly come to your brother's ears. Three people heard them,—Lady Graves, yourself and my father. Of course I know that neither you nor your mother would betray me, for, as I say, you are women and will feel for me; but, oh! I cannot be sure of my father. I know what he desires; and if he thought that he could advance his object, I am not certain that I could trust him—no, although he has promised to be silent: though, indeed, to tell your brother would be the surest way to defeat himself; for, did he learn the truth, such a man would despise me for ever."

"My dear girl," said Ellen boldly, for she felt that the situation required courage, "do calm yourself. Of course no one would dream of betraying to Henry what you insist upon calling an indiscretion, but what I thought a very beautiful avowal made under touching circumstances." Then she paused, and added reflectively, "I only see one danger."

"What danger?" asked Emma.

"Well, it has to do with that girl—Joan somebody—who brought about all this trouble, and who is nursing Henry, very much against my wish. I happen to have found out that she was listening at the door when Dr. Childs came into the room that night, just before you fainted, and it is impossible to say how long she had been there, and equally impossible to answer for her discretion."

"Joan Haste—that lovely woman! Of course she heard, and of course she will tell him. I was afraid of her the moment that I saw her, and now I begin to see why, though I believe that this is only the beginning of the evils which she will bring upon me. I am sure of it: I feel it in my heart."

"I think that you are alarming yourself quite unnecessarily, Emma. It is possible that this girl may repeat anything that she chances to overhear, and it is probable that she will do her best to strike up a flirtation with Henry, if he is foolish enough to allow it; for persons of this kind always avail themselves of such an opportunity—generally with a view to future compensation. But Henry is a cautious individual, who has never been known to commit himself in that fashion, and I don't see why he should begin now; though I do think it would be a good thing if that young lady could be sent about her business. At the worst, however, there would only be some temporary entanglement, such as happens every day, and means nothing serious."

"Nothing serious? I am sure it would be serious enough if that girl had to do with it: she is not a flirt—she looks too strong and earnest for that kind of thing; and if once she made him fond of her, she would never let him go."

"Perhaps," answered Ellen; "but first of all she has to make him fond of her, and I have reasons for knowing, even if she wishes to do this, that she will find it a little difficult."

"What reasons?" asked Emma.

"Only that a man like Henry does not generally fall in love with two women at the same time," Ellen answered drily.

"Is he—is he already in love, then?"

"Yes, dear; unless I am very much mistaken, he is already in love—with you."

"I doubt it," Emma answered, shaking her head. "But even if it should be so, there will be an end of it if he hears of my behaviour on that night. And he is sure to hear: I know that he will hear."

And, as though overcome by the bitterness of her position, Emma put her hands before her eyes, then turned suddenly and walked into the house.

CHAPTER XII.

ELLEN FINDS A REMEDY.

When Emma had gone Ellen settled herself comfortably in a garden chair, sighed, and began to fan her face with a newspaper which lay at hand. Her mind was agitated, for it had become obvious to her that the position was full of complications, which at present her well-meant efforts had increased rather than diminished.

"I only hope that I may be forgiven for all the white lies I have been forced to tell this morning," she reflected. Ellen did not consider her various embellishments of the truth as deserving of any harsher name, since it seemed to her not too sensitive conscience, that if Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries, he must dismiss with a casual smile the prevarications of those who wish to help other people to become lovers.

Still Ellen felt aggrieved, foreseeing the possibility of being found out and placed in awkward positions. Oh, what fools they were, and how angry she was with both of them—with Emma for her schoolgirlish sentiment, and with Henry for his idiotic pride and his headstrong obstinacy! Surely the man must be mad to wish to fling away such a girl as Emma and her fortune, to say nothing of the romantic devotion that she cherished for him, little as he deserved it—a devotion which Ellen imagined would have been flattering to the self-conceit of any male. It was hard on her that she should be obliged to struggle against such rank and wrong-headed stupidity, and even driven to condescend to plots and falsehoods. After all, it was not for her own benefit that she did this, or only remotely so, since she was well provided for; though it was true that, should she become involved in an immediate financial scandal, her matrimonial prospects might be affected.

No, it was for the benefit of her family, the interests of which, to do her justice, Ellen had more at heart than any other earthly thing, her own welfare of course excepted. Should this marriage fall through, ruin must overtake their house, and their name would be lost, in all probability never to be heard again. It seemed impossible to her that her brother should wish to reject the salvation which was so freely proffered to him; and yet, maddening as the thought might be, she could not deny that she saw signs of such a desire. Well, she would not give up the game; tired as she was of it, she would fight to the last ditch. Were she to draw back now, she felt that she should fail in her most sacred duty. As Ellen came to this determination she saw Mr. Levinger walking towards her. He was leaning on his stick, as usual, and looked particularly refined in his summer suit and grey wideawake hat.

"How do you do, Miss Graves?" he said, in his gentle voice: "I heard that you were here, but did not come out because I thought you might wish to have a chat with Emma. Where has she gone?"

"I don't know," Ellen answered, as they shook hands.

"Well, I dare say that she will be back presently. How hot it is here! Would you like to come and sit in my study till luncheon is ready?" And he led the way to a French window that opened on to the lawn.

Mr. Levinger's study was a very comfortable room, and its walls were lined with books almost to the ceiling. Books also lay about on the desk. Evidently he had risen from reading one of them, and Ellen noticed with surprise that it was Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living."

"How is your brother to-day?" he asked, when they were seated.

Ellen reflected a moment, and determined to take advantage of the opportunity to unbosom herself.

"He is doing as well as possible, thank you. Still I am anxious about him."

"Why? I thought that he was clear of all complications except the chance of a limp like mine."

"I did not mean that I was anxious about his health, Mr. Levinger. I am sure that you will forgive me if I am frank with you, so I will speak out."

He bowed expectantly, and Ellen went on:

"My father has told me, and indeed I know it from what you have said to me at different times, that for various reasons you would be glad if Henry and Emma —made a match of it."

Again Mr. Levinger bowed.

"I need not say that our family would be equally glad; and that Emma herself would be glad we learned from what she said the other day. There remains therefore only one person who could object—Henry himself. As you know, he is a curiously sensitive man, especially where money matters are concerned, and I believe firmly that the fact of this marriage being so greatly to his advantage, and to that of his family, is the one thing that makes him hesitate, for I am sure, from the way in which he has spoken of her, that he is much attracted by Emma. Had he come here to stay, however, I fancy that all this would have passed off, and by now they might have been happily engaged, or on the verge of it; but you see, this accident happened, and he is laid up—unfortunately, not here."

"He will not be laid up for ever, Miss Graves. As you say, I am anxious for this marriage, and I hope that it will come about in due course."

"No, he will not be laid up for ever; but what I fear is, that it may be too long for Emma's and his own welfare."

"You must pardon me, but I do not quite understand."

"Then you must pardon me if I speak to you without reserve. You may have noticed that there is a singularly handsome girl at the Bradmouth inn. I mean Joan Haste."

At the mention of this name Mr. Levinger rose suddenly from his chair and walked to the end of the room, where he appeared to lose himself in the contemplation of the morocco backs of an encyclopedia. Presently he turned, and it struck Ellen that his face was strangely agitated, though at this distance she could not be sure.

"Yes, I know the girl," he said in his usual voice—"the one who brought about the accident. What of her?"

"Only this: I fear that, unless something is done to prevent it, she may bring about another and a greater accident. Listen, Mr. Levinger. I have no facts to go on, or at least very few, but I have my eyes and my instinct. If I am not mistaken, Joan Haste is in love with Henry, and doing her best to make him in love with her—an effort in which, considering her opportunities, her great personal advantages, and the fact that men generally do become fond of their nurses, she is likely

enough to succeed, for he is just the kind of person to make a fool of himself in this way."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Levinger, with evident anxiety.

"A hundred things: when he was not himself he would scarcely allow her out of his sight, and now it is much the same. But I go more by what I saw upon her face during all that day of the crisis, and the way in which she looks at him when she fancies that no one is observing her. Of course I may be wrong, and a passing flirtation with a village beauty is not such a very serious matter, or would not be in the case of most men; but, on the other hand, perhaps I am right, and where an obstinate person like my brother Henry is concerned, the consequences might prove fatal to all our hopes."

Mr. Levinger seemed to see the force of this contention, and indeed Ellen had put the case very sensibly and clearly. At any rate he did not try to combat it.

"What do you suggest?" he asked. "You are a woman of experience and common sense, and I am sure that you have thought of a remedy before speaking to me."

"My suggestion is, that Joan should be got out of the way as quickly as possible; and I have consulted you, Mr. Levinger, because your interest in the matter is as strong as my own, and you are the only person who can get rid of her."

"Why do you say that?" he asked, rising for the second time. "The girl is of age, and I cannot control her movements."

"Is she? I was not aware of her precise age," answered Ellen; "but I have noticed, Mr. Levinger, that you seem to have a great deal of authority in all sorts of unsuspected places, and perhaps if you think it over a little you may find that you have some here. For instance, I believe that you own the Crown and Mitre, and I should fancy, from what I have seen of her, that Mrs. Gillingwater, the aunt, is a kind of person who might be approached with some success. There goes the bell for luncheon, and as I think I have said everything that occurs to me, I will run up to Emma's room and wash my hands."

"The bell for luncheon," mused Mr. Levinger, looking after her. "Well, I have not often been more glad to hear it. That woman has an alarming way of putting things; and I wonder how much she knows, or if she was merely stabbing in the dark? Gone to wash her hands, has she? Yes, I see, and left me to wash mine, if I can. Any way, she is sharp as a needle, and she is right. The man will have no chance with that girl if she chooses to lay siege to him. Her mother before her was fascinating enough, and she was nothing compared to Joan, either in looks or mind. She must be got rid of: but how?" and he looked round as though searching for a clue, till his eye fell upon the book that lay open before him.

"'Holy Living,'" he said, shutting it impatiently: "no more of that for me to-day, or for some time to come. I have other things to think of now, things that I hoped I had done with. Well, there goes the bell for luncheon, and I must go too, but without washing my hands," and he stared at his delicate fingers. "After all, they do not look so very dirty; even Ellen Graves will scarcely notice them"; and laughing bitterly at his own jest he left the room.

That afternoon Mr. Levinger had a long conversation with Mrs. Gillingwater, whom he sent for to see him after Ellen had gone.

With the particulars of this interview we need not concern ourselves, but the name of Samuel Rock was mentioned in it.

On the following morning it chanced that Mr. Samuel Rock received a letter from Mr. Levinger referring to the erection of a cattle-shed upon some fifty acres of grass

land which he held as that gentleman's tenant. This cattle-shed Samuel had long desired; indeed, it is not too much to say that he had clamoured for it, for he did not belong to that class of tenant which considers the landlord's pocket, or makes shift without improvements when they can be had by importunity. Consequently, as was suggested in the letter, he hastened to present himself at Monk's Lodge on that very afternoon, adorned in his shiniest black coat and his broadest-brimmed wideawake.

"The man looks more like a Methodist parson than ever," thought Mr. Levinger, as he watched his advent. "I wonder if she will have anything to say to him? Well, I must try."

In due course Samuel Rock was shown in, and took the chair that was offered to him, upon the very edge of which he seated himself in a gingerly fashion, his broad hat resting on his knee. Mr. Rock's manner towards his landlord was neither defiant nor obsequious, but rather an unhappy combination of these two styles. He did not touch his forehead according to the custom of the old-times tenant, nor did he offer

"He seated himself in a gingerly fashion."

to shake hands. His greeting consisted of a jerky bow, lacking alike dignity and politeness, a half-hearted salute which seemed to aim at compromise between a certain respect for tradition and a proper sense of the equality of all men in the sight of Heaven.

"How do you do, Mr. Rock?" said Mr. Levinger cheerfully. "I thought that I would ask you to have a chat with me on the matter of that cowshed, about which you spoke at the audit last January—rather strongly, if I remember."

"Yes, Mr. Levinger, sir," answered Samuel, in a hesitating but mellifluous voice. "I shall be very glad to speak about it. A shed is needed on those marshes, sir, where we look to let the cattle lie out till late in autumn, untempered to all the winds of heaven, which blow keen down there, and also in the spring; and I hope you see your way to build one, Mr. Levinger, else I fear that I shall have to give you notice and find others more accommodating."

"Really! do you think so? Well, if you wish to do that, I am ready to meet you

half way and accept short service, so that you can clear out next Michaelmas; for I don't mind telling you that I know another party who will be glad to take the land."

"Indeed, sir, I was not aware," answered Samuel, running his fingers through his straight hair uncomfortably—for the last thing that he desired was to part with these particular marshes. "Not that I should wish to stand between a landlord and a better offer in these times. Still, Mr. Levinger, I don't hold it right, as between man and man, to slip like that behind a tenant's back as has always paid his rent."

The conversation, which was a long one, need not be pursued further. Samuel was of the opinion that Mr. Levinger should bear the entire cost of the shed, which the latter declined to do. At length, however, a compromise was effected that proved mutually satisfactory; the "said landlord" agreeing to find all material necessary, and to pay the skilled labour, and the "said tenant" undertaking to dig the holes for the posts and to cut the reed for thatch.

"Ah, Mr. Rock," said Levinger, as he signed a note of their contract, "it is very well for you to pretend that you are hard up; but I know well enough, notwithstanding the shocking times, that you are the warmest man in these parts. You see you began well, with plenty of capital; and though you rent some, you have been wise enough to keep your own land in hand, and not trust it to the tender mercies of a tenant. That, combined with good farming, careful living and hard work, is what has made you rich, when many others are on the verge of ruin. You ought to be getting a wife, Mr. Rock, and starting a family of your own, for if anything happened to you there is nowhere for the property to go."

"We are in the Lord's hands, sir, and man is but grass," answered Samuel sententiously, though it was clear from his face that he did not altogether appreciate this allusion to his latter end. "Still, under the mercy of Heaven, having my health, and always being careful to avoid chills, I hope to see a good many younger men out yet. And as for getting married, Mr. Levinger, I think it is the whole duty of man, or leastways half of it, when he has earned enough to support a wife and additions which she may bring with her. But the thing is to find the woman, sir, for it isn't every girl that a careful Christian would wish to wed."

"Quite so, Mr. Rock. Have a glass of port, won't you?"—and Mr. Levinger poured out some wine from a decanter which stood on the table and pushed it towards him. Then, taking a little himself by way of company, he added, "I should have thought that you could find a suitable person about here."

"Your health, sir," said Samuel, drinking off the port and setting down the glass, which Mr. Levinger refilled. "I am not saying, sir," he added, "that such a girl cannot be found,—I am not even saying that I have not found such a girl: that's one thing, marrying is another."

"Ah! indeed," said Mr. Levinger.

Again Samuel lifted his glass and drank half its contents. The wine was of the nature that is known as "full-bodied," and, not having eaten for some hours, it began to take effect on him. Samuel grew expansive.

"I wonder, sir," he said, "if I might take a liberty? I wonder if I might ask your advice? I should be grateful if you would give it to me, for I know that you have the cleverest head of any gentleman in these parts. Also, sir, you are no talker."

"I shall be delighted if I can be of any service to an old friend and tenant like yourself," answered Mr. Levinger airily. "What is the difficulty?"

Samuel finished the second glass of wine, and felt it go ever so little to his head; of which he was not sorry, for it made him eloquent.

"The difficulty is this, sir. Thank you—just a taste more. I don't drink wine myself, as a rule—it is too costly; but this is real good stuff, and maketh glad the heart

of man, as in the Bible. Well, sir, here it is in a nutshell: I want to marry a girl; I am dead set on it; but she won't have me, or at least she puts me off."

"Why not try another, then?"

"Because I don't want no other, Mr. Levinger, sir," he answered, suddenly taking fire. The wine had done its work with him, and moreover this was the one subject that had the power to break through the cold cunning which was a characteristic of his nature. "I want this girl or none, and I mean to have her if I wait half a lifetime for her."

"You are in earnest, at any rate, which is a good augury for your success. And who may the lady be?"

"Who may she be? Why, I thought you knew! There's only one about here that she could be. Joan Haste, of course."

"Joan Haste! Ah! Yes, she is a handsome and attractive girl."

"Handsome and attractive? Eh! she is all that. To me she is what the sun is to the corn and the water to the fish. I can't live without her. Look here: I have watched her for years, ever since she was a child. I have summered her and wintered her, as the saying is, thinking that I wouldn't make no mistake about her, whatever I might feel, nor give myself away in a hurry, seeing that I wanted to keep what I earn for myself, and not to spend it on others just because a pretty face chanced to take my fancy."

"Perhaps you have been a little too careful under the circumstances, Mr. Rock."

"Maybe I have: anyway, it has come home to me now. A month or so back I spoke out, because I couldn't keep myself in no longer."

"To Joan Haste?"

"Yes, to Joan Haste. Her aunt knew about it before, but she didn't seem able to help me much."

"And what did Joan say?"

"She said that she did not love me, and that she never would love me nor marry me; but she said also that she had no thought for any other man."

"Excuse me, Mr. Rock, but did this interview happen before Captain Graves and Joan Haste met with their accident in Ramborough Abbey? I want to fix the date, that's all."

"It happened on that same afternoon, sir. The Captain must have come along just after I left."

And Samuel paused, passing his white hands over each other uneasily, as though he were washing them, for Mr. Levinger's question seemed to suggest some new and unpleasant idea to his mind.

"Well?"

"Well, there isn't much more to say, sir, except that I think I was a bit unlucky in the way I put it to her; for it slipped out of my mouth about her father never having had a name, and that seemed to anger her."

"Perhaps it was not the best possible way to ingratiate yourself with the young woman," replied Mr. Levinger sweetly. "So you came to no understanding with her?"

"Well, I did and I didn't. I found out that she is afraid for her life of her aunt, who favours me; so I made a bargain with her that, if she would let the matter stand open for six months, I'd promise to say nothing to Mrs. Gillingwater."

"I see: you played upon the girl's fears. Doubtful policy again, I think."

"It was the best I could do, sir; for starving dogs must eat offal, as the saying is. And now, Mr. Levinger, if you can help me, I shall be a grateful man all my days. They do say down in Bradmouth that you know something about Joan's beginnings,

and have charge of her in a way, and that is why I made bold to speak to you; for I only promised to be mum to her aunt."

"Do they indeed, Mr. Rock? Truly in Bradmouth their tongues are long and their ears open. And yet, as you are seeking to marry her, I do not mind telling you that there is enough truth in this report to give it colour. As it chances, I did know something of Joan's father, though I am not at liberty to mention his name. He was a gentleman, and has been dead many years; but he left me, not by deed but in an informal manner, in a position of some responsibility towards her, and entrusted me with a sum of money—small, but sufficient—to be employed for her benefit, at my entire discretion, which was only hampered by one condition—namely, that she should not be educated as a lady. Now, Mr. Rock, I have told you so much in order to make matters clear; but I will add this to it: if you repeat a single word, either to Joan herself or to anybody else, you need hope for no help from me in your suit. You see I am perfectly frank with you. I ask no promises, but I appeal to your interests."

"I understand, sir; but the mischief of it is, whether you wished to or not, that you *have* made a lady of her, and that is why she looks down on me; or perhaps, being in her blood, it will out."

"It would be possible to suggest other reasons for her unwillingness to accept your offer," replied Mr. Levinger drily; "but this is neither here nor there. On the whole I approve of your suit, provided that you are ready to make proper settlements upon Joan, for I know you are a thriving man, and I see that you are attached to her."

"I'll do anything that I can, sir, for I have no mind to stint money in this matter. But though you are so kind as to wish me well, I don't see how that sets me any forrarder with Joan."

"Perhaps you will in a few days' time, though. And now I've got a bit of advice to give you: don't you bother about that six months' promise. You go at her again—in a week, let us say. You know how she is employed now, do you not?"

"I have heard that she is helping to nurse the Captain."

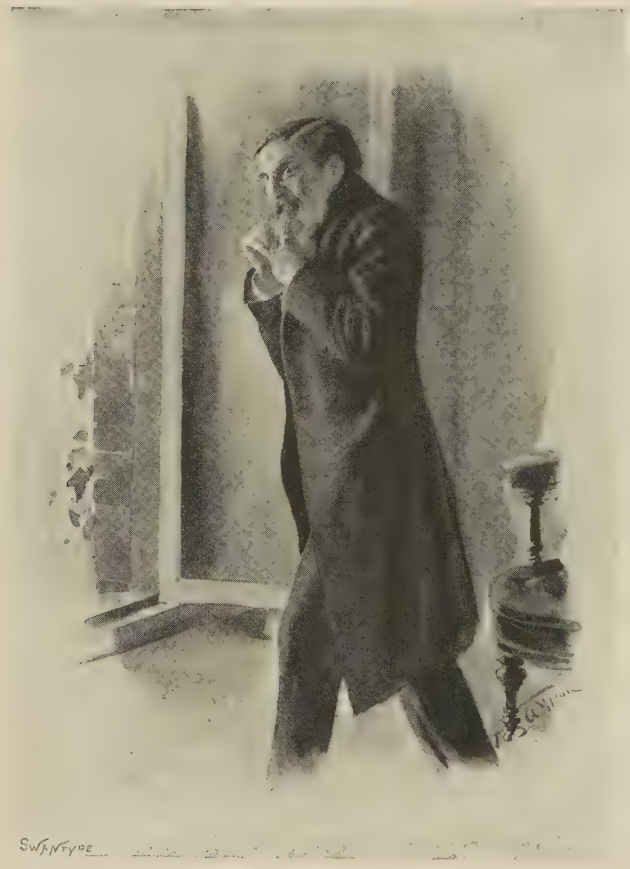
"Quite so: she is helping to nurse the Captain. Now, please understand that I make no imputations, but I don't know if you consider this a suitable occupation for a beautiful young woman whom you happen to wish to marry. Captain Graves is a very fine fellow, and people sometimes grow intimate under such circumstances. Joan told you that she cared for no man on the tenth of June. Perhaps if you wait till the tenth of December she may not be able to say so much."

By this time the poison of Mr. Levinger's hints had sunk deep into his hearer's mind; though perhaps, had he known Samuel's character more thoroughly, he might have thought the danger of distilling it not worth any advantage that was to be gained thereby. Indeed, a minute later he regretted having said so much, for, glancing at him, he saw that Rock was deeply affected. His sallow face had become red, his quivering lips were livid, and he was snatching at his thin beard.

"Damn him!" he said, springing to his feet: "if he leads her that way, fine fellow or not, I'll do for him. I tell you that if he wants to keep a whole skin, he had better leave my ewe-lamb alone."

In an instant Mr. Levinger saw that he had set fire to a jealousy fierce enough to work endless mischief, and too late he tried to stamp out the flame.

"Sit down, sir," he said quietly, but in the tone of one who at some time in his career had been accustomed to the command of men; "sit down, and never dare to speak before me like that again. Now," he added, as Samuel obeyed him, "you will apologise to me for those words, and you will dismiss all such thoughts from your mind.



"He was snatching at his beard."

Otherwise I tell you that I take back everything I have said, and that you shall never even speak to Joan Haste again."

Samuel's fit of passion had passed by now, or perhaps it had been frightened away, for his face grew pale, paler than usual, and the constant involuntary movement of his furtive hands was the only sign left of the storm that shook him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said in a whining voice: "the Lord knows I beg your pardon; and what's more, I didn't mean nothing of what I said. It was jealousy that made me speak so, jealousy bitter as the grave; and when I heard you talk of her getting fond of that Captain—my Joan fond of another man, a gentleman too, who would be bound to treat her as her mother was treated by some villain—it seemed as though all the wickedness in the world bubbled up in my heart and spoke through my mouth."

"There, that will do," answered Mr. Levinger testily. "See that you do not let such wickedness bubble again in your heart or anywhere else, that's all; for at the first sign of it—and remember I shall have my eye on you—there will be an end of your courtship. And now you had better go. Take my advice and ask her again in a week or so; you can come and tell me how you get on. Good-day."

Samuel picked up his broad hat, bowed, and departed, walking delicately, like Agag, as though he expected at every moment to put his foot upon an egg.

"Upon my word," thought Mr. Levinger, "I'm half afraid of that fellow! I wonder if it is safe to let the girl marry him. On the whole I should think so; he has a great deal to recommend him, and this kind of thing will pass off. She isn't the woman to stand much of it. Anyway, it seems necessary for everybody's welfare, though somehow I doubt if good will come of all this scheming."

H. Rider Haggard.

(To be continued.)

GUESSES AT FUTURITY.—NO. 2.
THE HOUSETOP GARDEN

IN THE LIBRARY.

The Rosicrucian Theory.

THE most fascinating of all occupations is the secret elaboration of a great purpose, the solitary study of its detail, the patient consideration of the difficulties to be overcome, and the thrilling contemplation of the results to be attained. To our innate love for such meditations is largely due the attraction which the mysterious prestige of the Rosicrucians has so long exercised. We rightly suspect this stealthy brotherhood of having pondered some project far in advance of the comprehension of their time, and we long to measure our aims with theirs. The books which profess to lay bare their craft, and of which we have a shelf full, tell us nothing, and are for the most part dull reading. We learn chiefly from their perusal that this singular fraternity contrived to keep its secrets so well that little can now be known concerning it. Moreover, the subject has been so veneered with unintelligible symbolism, so mixed with modern occult science and astrology and phallicism, as to discourage all but the most earnest students.

The company of the Rosy Cross appears to have existed during about a hundred years. It was necessarily shrouded in mystery, because its little body of members deliberately applied themselves to the study of phenomena which even to name was sin, and which popular ignorance ascribed directly to Satan. It must be remembered that to meddle with things not included within the narrow comprehension of the mediæval Church was the most heinous offence of which a human being could be guilty. Converse with Evil Spirits, or with Science, in the days of the power of the Church, was punished with torture and death. It was the Church that put Galileo upon the rack, and burnt Giordano Bruno at the stake. Under priestly influence human intelligence sank to a level of pitiable brutishness. Learning

came from the cloister, and took the form of superstition. Belief in witchcraft and in possession by unclean spirits was universal, and it was gravely argued that an animal might be guilty of heresy. People in all countries tormented themselves with interminable and unintelligible doctrinal discussions, and it was accounted meritorious to throw stones at a cock on Sunday, because since Peter's denial the cock was "the devil's bird."

In spite of the mental obscurity of the age, men here and there, the pioneers of an intellectual renaissance, pursued their studies in secrecy, or at rare intervals consulted stealthily with one another. The discovery of America, the invention of printing, and the Reformation, were three events that thrilled many keen and solitary reasoners, as well as startled the dwarfed and stunted intelligence of the multitude. It is no wonder that, in an age of such wonderful awakening, the minds of the wisest should have been haunted by fallacies and visions. After the discovery of a new world there seemed nothing impossible in Elixirs of life and Philosopher's stones. Hence the few individuals who in each of half a dozen countries were commencing to interrogate Nature, to study medicine, to glean the principles of mechanics, to apply mathematics to astronomy, to reason from facts towards a theory—only by degrees shook off the vagaries with which the most rudimentary learning had been clouded. One of the first, and surely one of the most valuable discoveries, was that man is not in conflict with himself, nor with Nature, and that the Christian theory of the vileness of the body is but an evidence of the self-degradation to which asceticism can lead. Hence, in place of the doctrine of filth commended by monkish austerity, revived the Greek perception of the sublime triumph of self-mastery, of the clean and healthy and perfect body dominated by a temperate and reasoning mind.

It is at this psychological point, chronologically about the year 1600, that the first indication of the Rosicrucians is found, and it is one hundred years later that the last trace of them disappears. They seem to have addressed themselves to the solution of philosophical problems of the most tremendous import, and to have relieved these labours by searches for a touchstone that would convert base metals into gold. Around everything within their intellectual domain they wrapped the mantle of a jargon that must have added not a little to the obscurity of their task. We enter upon this realm of spiritual alchemy with the obvious certainty that in the laborious grinding together of the principles of Nature with those of magic the latter will gradually be demolished, until the former alone survive. By degrees the fundamental evidences of Natural Law became established, and the cabala of the Rosicrucians, with all its curious gibberish, fell to pieces, only to be recalled now in such fragmentary and incoherent writings that, did not we remember the times in which these men lived and the sanguinary persecutions to which they were exposed, we should be tempted to attribute their "Confessions of Faith" to the madhouse. It seems probable, however, that this society served a useful purpose while it lived. The lives of its members were dedicated to groping about the first distinguishable evidences of scientific truth. The mystical treasures whereof they fancied they were to enjoy a monopoly shrivelled into dust beneath their touch. But in the process of arduous studies and experiments, required to demonstrate the fallacy of their favourite theories, they arrived at a perception of far grander and more valuable principles than those whereof they were in search. In the labyrinth within which the human intelligence then wandered—a labyrinth of blind alleys that led to unexpected openings, and of alluring paths that ended in disappointment—even to learn the negative wisdom that certain roads led astray, was of itself a vast advance. The philosopher's stone passed from the reach of possibility, but in its place rose a hundred truths of incomparable import, upon whose force and relation one to another the attention of students became

fixed. Probably the most graceful relic attributed to the Rosicrucians is the principle of the subordination of our appetites and desires to the nobler aspirations with which a fraction of mankind is endowed. There is something grand and inspiring in the theory that life is lengthened in proportion as our baser nature is subdued, and it might have been well for the destiny of the race had all our speculations and purposes been cast in so pure a mould. One cannot but see a sublime, yet infinitely pathetic, meaning in these tentative graspings after knowledge, each one of which is a fossil that tells of years of painful endeavour by dark and narrow paths of thought. And for this motive, if for no other, the memory of the followers of the Rosy Cross is worth preserving, in that, during an age of great intellectual darkness, their aims were high, their lives clean, and the tortuous course they pursued serves as an index of the strength and weakness of the human mind.

Anglo-Saxon Federation.

FROM the "American Notes" of Charles Dickens to Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is a long intellectual stride. The first was composed under the influence of a personal grievance resulting from the piracies of trans-Atlantic publishers: it was a caricature rather than an exaggeration, and its author had the good sense, thirty years after, to retract its offensiveness as unworthy of his pen. The second is a comprehensive, just and able study of the American republic. It is written with absolute impartiality, and praises or censures with great accuracy. The spirit of animosity that, at the period of the American civil war, characterised the writings of most Englishmen, is wholly absent. Similarly, on the American side there has been a salutary enlightenment during the last twenty years. The 4th of July vapourings of a generation nurtured under the influence of the war of 1812 would now be listened to with the forbearance accorded to undergraduate eloquence. Spread-eagle talk is a thing of the past among educated people, and it long ago dawned upon the mind of a community where slavery prevailed, and which presents the extremes of affluence and destitution, that the opening words of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are born free and equal," is a grotesque and cruel sarcasm.

A broader study of one another, conducted under the mellowing influence of historic and literary affinities, has brought the two nations into such kindlier relations, that some tender-hearted souls are beginning to deplore their severance, and to speculate whether, amid the many improbable events that come to pass, some unlooked-for turn of Fortune's wheel might not reunite them. A curious phase of this discussion is the query as to the length of time the colonists might have continued in a state

of dependence, had not the collision upon taxation without representation been precipitated in 1775. One writer advances the opinion, with some appearance of plausibility, that by a policy of liberal concession the dominion of the colonies might have been retained for half a century longer. In considering this statement, the reader will bear in mind how vastly their development would have been retarded by the swaddling clothes of home tutelage. Emigration to America would have been at a far smaller ratio, and such decisive events as the opening of the Erie Canal, which gave ascendency to New York and established a water-route to the West, would have been greatly delayed. By a slow and gradual expansion the thirteen colonies would have added to their number, their population, their resources, until manifest destiny had carried them insensibly beyond the limit of control, and the new nation would have entered upon its independent life as naturally as the young bird one day flies beyond the parental horizon.

It has recently been argued by so notable a reformer as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, writing in the *North American Review*, that even at this late hour the hands of Time can be set back, and that Great Britain and the United States may once more be joined together. To facilitate this consummation, he cuts loose India, Australia, and the Cape, and converts England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Canada, into states of the American Union. The Church of England and the House of Lords vanish, and the British Isles send "Senators and Representatives" to Washington. A large undertaking this, even for a man of such commanding personality as Mr. Carnegie. We are glad to share the views put forward by him and by other writers upon this grandiose project, so far as to affirm our conviction that a renewed strife between the two countries would be the greatest misfortune that could befall humanity. Moreover, it is obvious that much may be done to improve the better feeling already existing, and that the adoption of a commercial treaty, to the advantage of both nations, would do more to produce this result than any amount of friendly protestation. But this appears to be the limit that common sense prescribes. The form of government of both countries is a fixed fact, and its subversion in either case would mean dismemberment and ruin,—a conclusion before which all but the most hare-brained Radical will pause. God grant that Great Britain may remain a monarchy for many centuries to come! The United States will continue a republic so long as it remains the United States. Within these limitations, we will vie with the most aspiring in our wish to see a federation that will include the Anglo-Saxon race the wide world over. It would be an auspicious day for mankind should such an event be attained, and its accomplishment would be a subject for a nobler and surely a more inspiring monument than that which on Bunker Hill commemorates the beginning of a strife between men of the same faith, the same race, the same blood.

Italian Despots of the Quattro Cento.

IN the midst of the commonplace bustle and wordy circumlocution of these journalistic *fin-de-siècle* days, it is refreshing to the distraught attention to turn to the silence of mediæval times in Italy and pass an hour in the company of that group of brilliant and daring men, the witchery of whose dramatic lives rings like remembered music in our ears. Borgia, Macchiavelli, Sforza, De Medici, Malatesta, Petrucci, Faliero,—what picturesque and thrilling memories these names have power to wake! We can easily portray them, these inimitable cracksmen, despite all the mystifications and misconceptions with which historians have befogged their careers, and trace their fateful hours, their hidden strife, their perilous achievements as readily in the unvarnished records of their era, as we can read their concentrated nature in the furtive, self-contained, sinister portraits of them which Time has spared.

It is true that Victor Hugo and Donizetti and others have done much to render these figures, whether of men or women, morbid or unreal. Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia, in particular, have been represented for two centuries, on the stage and off, as rabid monsters, and it is only in recent years that Gregorovius and Yriarte have patiently tried their lives upon the evidence of fact alone. Macaulay was the first to do justice to the character of Macchiavelli; and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the crime and vice attributed to the Italian despots originated a century or more after their deaths in the fancy of their biographers. We will take but a single conspicuous instance—that of Lucretia Borgia, wife of Alfonzo d'Este, Duke of Ferrara. The legend which attaches to her name depicts her as a frenzied adultress, using poniard and poison in all directions, and consumed by bursts of tremendous passion. As a matter of fact she never caused or connived at the death of a single human being. On the operatic stage Lucretia dies in a house of ill repute at the climax of a poisoning scene: the truth is that she died in child-bed surrounded by her husband and her children.

The Italian despot has been drawn for us in the ideal by the master-hand of Macchiavelli in his famous essay upon force and fraud—"Il Principe." The Prince, according to this conception, is of necessity a soldier, and as a matter of fact had often risen from the *condottieri*. He should be moderate in self-indulgence, given to physical exercise, of active mind and body, an opulent patron of the Arts, magnificent in hospitality. In point of ethics Macchiavelli is less particular, and expediency is to govern where, in these fastidious days, statesmen might be supposed

to hold to their engagements. We cannot but smile at the gusto with which he dwells upon the trapping and killing by Cæsar Borgia of his mutinous lieutenants Vitellozzo, Oliverotto, and the Orsini, which he manifestly considers the crowning masterpiece of the statecraft of his age. A crime such as this, which the delightful rascals of whom he writes find it necessary to commit, is to be compensated by the ruler's political ascendency, his intellectual attainments, his graceful and courtly ways, and his zeal for the little state whose rightful lord he has perhaps garrotted. For he wishes his ideal ruler to be intensely earnest, practical, generous, liberal-minded—as, in fact, many of the Italian despots were.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were periods of extraordinary political upheaval in Italy. Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth of France seamed the peninsula with blood and fire. The Spaniards possessed themselves of Naples, the Pope made a league with the Turk, Swiss and German *Lanzknechts* thronged to the standard that promised plunder. Venice and Genoa were engaged in a life-and-death struggle, Guelph and Ghibelline had one another by the throat, the smaller republics and principalities were in a state of convulsion. In the desperate game for power that resulted, life was usually at stake, and through the startling ups and downs we read of, and the conspiracies, stiletto gleams and lurid crimes that half disclose themselves, we divine something of the nature of those redoubtable men whom Macchiavelli holds up for our admiration. We can faintly imagine what must have been the thrill of so intense a life, the tragic dream of direful revenge, the reverie of sweet loves past and possibly to come, the prospect of tremendous triumph that filled those bold hearts with joy.

The Italian princeling was not concerned with Parliaments or Deputies; but the mob might be at his palace gate to-morrow, and the river hard by would receive his mutilated body. His ally was very probably scheming to deliver him into the clutches of their common foe; or else, some dark night, the friend with whose wife he had intrigued—a friend who shared his counsels and his secrets—would stab him in the back. All this and more we read in the intent, watchful, self-concentrated portraits of the Quattro Centro, whose type has passed out of existence in these talkative days,—leaving only a few sweet-sounding names to remind the tourist by the Arno and the Tiber of long bygone strifes and loves.

Such a face—the face of Cæsar Borgia—imprint with perfect self-possession, with ready resource, with heroic resolve, with the habit of suave dissimulation—gazes down upon us from our library mantel. We glance from the open page of our Sismondi to that masterful countenance, and fancy the original living in the midst of refined intellectual attainments, possessed, for all his studied repose, of demoniac activity, dividing his leisure between astrologers and fair women, an accomplished *spadaccino*, adjusting the threads of his intricate diplomacy with artistic nicety, and maturing in silence some scheme of subtle craft that shall burst like a bolt from the blue upon an unsuspecting neighbour. And in the thrilling story those mute lips may not tell, but which it is easy to imagine, we gather our best impression of those tragic times and of the extraordinary men who made them.

W. W. A.

TURGENEV'S NOVELS—THE HUMOURS OF VENTNOR—TOM SAWYER AGAIN—MR. MOWGLI KIPLING—ARE SERPENTS SLIMY?—THE PENALTIES OF CELEBRITY—AN ANGRY BARD—MISS WILKINS' PECULIAR PEOPLE.

AWAKING this morning with a bad taste in my mouth, I instantly understood why Turgenev's novels leave a good one. For, in consequence of the same indigestion, I had been dreaming wildly. I had fought for my life; I had strangled men by the dozen, and, fleeing through houses, had kept them at bay in the corners of dark staircases, whirling my trusty sword like a lightning-storm in the gloom. I had leapt out of windows and slid down spouts. I had done business in secret panels and deeds of derring-do on drain-pipes. And yet, on awaking, what profit had I of all this mighty pother? Here had I been living a novel of fighting and adventure, running to and fro and fussing about, and doing all those things that delight the heart of Mr. Andrew Lang; and lo! it was all the insubstantial pageant of a dream, leaving not a rack behind for the intellect to lay hold on. Now, had I dreamt a novel of Turgenev's, thought I, snuggling more comfortably into the bedclothes, for the air was raw—had I dreamt "Fathers and Sons," or "Dmitri Rudin," or "Virgin Soil," I should have been left with a distinct idea after the smoke of the incidents had cleared away. I should have had a fine intellectual after-taste. For all great Continental novels are the exposition of an idea. They are built upon an intellectual groundwork. But then, mark you, I am incapable of dreaming anything but incidents irrelevant to the

higher reason ; for it is the mark of a dream that, whatever degree of coherency it attain to, it pursues its course unimpeded by intellectual considerations, and without the rudder of reason. Wherefore it seemed to me, lying meditating under the spreading sheet, that the common English novel, which is merely an amplified anecdote, belongs to a lower order of art, could be almost dreamed

with the cerebellum in the absence of the soul, and that they are justified who look upon novel-reading as a pastime for women. Even the delightful novels of Mr. Stevenson add nothing to the interpretation of life, unless it be that the world is a meaningless welter, from which, however, scraps may be fished up capable of being pieced together by artists into entertaining stories ; one is not astonished to hear that he dreams a good deal of his own entertaining stories, nor to find him ranking the novelist with the "Daughters of Joy," with the gay creatures who make sport for the multitude and are rewarded with the silver and gold of commerce and the sugarplums of fame.

BUT surely no great novelist, whatever the pleasure he gives, could be classed with the "Daughters of Joy." That rank belongs to the herd, those who toil with typewriters and spin serials for syndicates ; the men of talent, to whom novel-writing is a profession. These have nothing to do with literature, are divorced from literature almost as much as the dramatist who feeds the programmes of the stock theatres. Their works are such stuff as dreams are made on, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. But the gods of literature are and have always been they who use imaginative moulds for the expression of their thought, their observation, and their interpretation of life. Of such were Shakespeare and Cervantes, of such are Tolstoï and Turgenev. Those whose vision is merely artistic, who see only anecdotes in life, and whose highest endowment is irrelevant imagination, may occupy a high place as wielders of language and incident ; but they do not come into the pantheon. For the world is incurably thoughtful. The man who asked of *Paradise Lost*, "what does it prove ?" does not deserve all the scorn that has been heaped upon him. A work of art that has no general relations to reality is only a toy, a luxury, and the maker thereof is veritably a "Daughter of Joy." In his hands fiction and the drama are literally in their anecdotage. No one would call Turgenev a "Daughter of Joy." His work is, as Stepniak says, not even written for the masses. It is the work of an artist who is also a thinker, and it interprets the Russia of his day through characters that, apart from their local truth, are as universally typical as Hamlet and Sancho Panza. Rudin, the hero of the book whose issue by Mr. Heinemann in an excellent English translation has set me thinking about Turgenev and altering my spelling of his name (Dear, dear ! when will these Russians settle how to spell themselves ?), is a character that deserves to stand side by side with these world-famous types. Indeed, there is something of the Hamlet in him, as there is in all educated Russians. Rudin is the man of words : he overflows with talk, with ideals, with aspirations, which find little, if any, issue in action. Life is too big for him—he cannot grapple with its crude realities. And yet, after we have learnt to despise him, as a braggart and a sponger, Turgenev by some wonderful touches wins back our sympathy for him, and leads us to understand his true and his valuable place and function in the social economy. It is his to keep alive the flame of the ideal in those who would otherwise sink into the slough of domestic comfort. If he appears to live at other people's expense, it is not that he is a Skimpole or a *schnorrer*, but a child. He is always sincere; and when, shabby and old and poor, he dies on a Paris barricade in a last ludicrously impotent attempt at action, he leaves the memory of a pathetic, unforgetable figure, a figure in the vein of great comedy, whom we laugh at through our tears. No, he is not quite wasted, this gentle, quarrelsome, foolish creature, any

more than those student-gatherings were quite wasted which are described in the marvellous passage I must give myself the luxury of transcribing :—

"Imagine a party of five or six lads gathered together, one tallow candle burning. The tea was dreadful stuff, and the cake was stale—very stale; but you should have seen our faces, you should have heard our talk! Eyes were sparkling with enthusiasm, cheeks flushed and hearts beating, while we talked of God, and truth, of the future of humanity, and poetry. . . . Often what we said was absurd, and we were in ecstacies over nonsense; but what of that? . . . Pokorsky sat with crossed legs, his pale cheek on his hand, and his eyes seemed to shed light. Rudin stood in the middle of the room and spoke—spoke splendidly, for all the world like the young Demosthenes by the resounding sea; our poet, Subotin of the dishevelled locks, would now and then throw out some abrupt exclamation as though in his sleep; while Scheller, a student forty years old, the son of a German pastor, who had the reputation among us of a profound thinker, thanks to his eternal, inviolable silence, held his peace with more rapt solemnity than usual; even the lively Shtchitof, the Aristophanes of our reunions, was subdued and did no more than smile, while two or three novices listened with reverent transports. . . . And the night seemed to fly by on wings. It was already the grey morning when we separated, moved, happy, aspiring, and sober (there was no question of wine among us at such times), with a kind of sweet weariness in our souls. . . . And one even looked up at the stars with a kind of confidence, as though they had become nearer and more comprehensible. Ah! that was a glorious time, and I can't bear to believe it was altogether wasted! And it was not wasted, not even for those whose lives were sordid afterwards. How often have I chanced to come across such old college friends! You would think the man had sunk altogether to the brute, but one had only to utter Pokorsky's name before him, and every trace of noble feeling in him was stirred at once; it was like uncorking a forgotten phial of fragrance in some dark and dirty room."

The simple enthusiasm revealed in this passage never quite deserts the maturer Russian. He retains always something of childishness, of that *naïveté* which seems to be the background of the Moujik's character, of that freshness which has given a new literature to jaded Europe. When a semi-enlightened race with vast reservoirs of mental vigour awakes to the larger thought of a *blasé* world, saturated with culture, the product of this fusion of the raw with the over-ripe must be unique and wonderful. This, I take it, is the secret of the influence of Scandinavia, too. It is the startled awakening of a young giant. Literature is now happily becoming so international that Europe as a whole benefits by the infusion of fresh blood; and publishers like Mr. Heinemann do good work in correcting our insular impudence and conceit. Seen in its due perspective to the artistic output of Europe, much of our "great work" is sadly provincial.

BUT, an it please you, I am still thinking in bed, for you will remember that the morning is raw, and you must not forget that this is Ventnor. I did not get to Ventnor without a struggle. Everybody that I met held up hands of horror. "What! Going to Ventnor? You will be roasted before your time." My friends grieved, my very publishers wrung their hands, my newsvendor took me aside and besought me to live on a high hill. Yet through the whole of August I sat coolly writing on a low terrace. There is a superstition about Ventnor, and none of the people who talk glibly about its temperature have ever been there. But I think I have discovered the origin of the great Ventnor myth. The place is a winter resort of consumptives; and Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who is the chief charm of Ventnor, tells me that you may take coffee on your lawn in November. The town, then, is warm in winter. The popular mind, with its hasty logic, thinks that this is tantamount to saying it is broiling hot in summer. I fancy there is a similar fiction about Bournemouth. But as a rule the British climate pays no heed to guide-books. By the natives Ventnor, though as beautiful as a little Italian town, seems to be regarded as a good place to go away from, for every other man keeps a coaching

establishment (I don't mean a school), and you cannot walk two yards without being accosted by a tout, who resents your walking

the next two. Its regatta is a puerile affair, its own boating crews going off by preference to rival regattas. But in illuminations it comes out far better than Cowes, whose loyal inhabitants throw all the burden of fireworks upon the royal and other yachts anchored in the bay. And besides, Ventnor has a carnival, which I saw in the shop-windows in the shape of comic masks. Bonchurch, the suburb of Ventnor, which plumes itself upon a very artificial pond, furnished in the best style with sycamores, Scotch firs, elms and swans, is more interesting for containing the old churchyard by the sea which received the bones of John Sterling and inspired the finest poem of Philip Bourke Marston :—

"Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?"

IT WAS married in Ventnor. At least so I gather from the local newspapers, in whose visitors' lists there figures the entry, "Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill." I do not care to correct it, because, the lady being my mother, it is perfectly accurate and leads to charming misconceptions. "There, that's he," loudly whispered a young man, nudging his sweetheart, "and there's his wife with him." "That! why, she looks old enough to be his mother," replied the young lady. "Ah!" said her lover, with an air of conscious virtue and a better bargain, "they're awfully mercenary, these literary chaps." The reverse of this happened to a young friend of mine. He married an old lady who possessed a very large fortune. During the honeymoon his solicitous attentions to her excited the admiration of another old lady, who passed her life in a bath-chair. "Dear me!" she thought: "how delightful in these degenerate days to see a young man so attentive to his mother!" and, dying soon after, left him another large fortune.

IT is astonishing how soon one becomes reconciled to living without newspapers, and how little of importance has happened in a month when one resumes acquaintance with the contemporary. Like an old bonnet, which becomes in the fashion if the owner only keeps it long enough, one finds oneself quite up to date, because numerous things which one ought to have known are already forgotten. The chief function of newspapers, as some one says in Mark Twain's latest, "Tom Sawyer Abroad" (Chatto), is to worry you with the misfortunes of strangers. There are not so many good things, by the way, in the second Tom Sawyer as in the first, with its delightful fooling about the King and the Duke; but there are not a few memorable passages—notably that in which Tom and Huck and

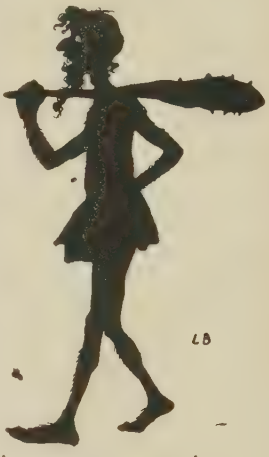
the nigger Jim are bowling over the Sahara in their wonderful balloon at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. They are in the centre of a great circle of sand and sky, and despite their prodigious speed they seem to be quite motionless. For hours and hours they cannot get out of this uniform circle. This is a picture as vivid as any of Dante's. What a mistake to imagine Mark Twain a "Daughter of Joy"! He hardly ever writes a chapter without a purpose, and is quite as much set upon scarifying the superstitions of his day as Rabelais, with the versatility of whose life, by the way, his own has had a curious affinity. To judge from a long drawl he once favoured me with, his chief interest is in hospitals. What a misunderstood man! But the humourist is always misunderstood, even by those who understand his jokes. By the way, the end of the new "Tom Sawyer" is a flash of the old genius. Tom, having forgotten his old pipe, sends Jim to fetch it, and camps out on Mount Sinai with Huck Finn what time Jim goes back to America for the pipe. In twenty-four hours the balloon is back with the old corn cob; but he tells Tom, who has become a sort of king of the air, defying space and time, looking down on all the kingdoms of the earth, and surveying mankind from China to Peru, that he was detected by Tom's Aunt Polly furtively removing the pipe; and, says he, "Mars Tom, she's out on de porch, wid her eye sot on de sky a-layin' for you, en she say she ain't gwyne to budge from dah till she gits hold of you. Dey's gwyne to be trouble, Mars Tom, 'deed dey is." And then the book concludes with this delicious stroke of humour and human nature: "So then we shoved for home, and not feeling very gay neither."

THERE is no falling-off of any kind in Mr. Kipling's latest book. His jungle tales, one of which appeared in this Magazine, are a sheer delight. Rousseau's writings gave Voltaire a yearning to go down on all-fours, and a perusal of Mr. Kipling's book has left me merely undecided as to which animal I should like to become. I am

hesitating between a seal and a mongoose. Beast stories are as old as the Vedas, but the beasts in them have almost always existed for moral ends, and for the edification of the ethical mind. Even *Reynard the Fox*, the great beast-epic of the Middle Ages, which Goethe worked up into *Reineke Fuchs*, was a satire on the state of Germany. In other cases the animals have been creatures of fantasy, to show off the writer's drollery. In Mr. Kipling's stories the animals exist for their own ends, and we sympathise with their joys and sorrows, and grow familiar with their customs and cradle-songs. There is, in fact, a basis of real scientific truth, about which his imagination has played, and the result is a transfiguration of the lower creation, which brings its essential humanity home to our bosoms. People speak of the theory of Evolution as if it degraded man. But even if the theory were true I should prefer to look upon it as elevating the beasts, into the skins of which Mr. Kipling so skilfully helps us to get. Children, who I am credibly informed will not read fairy tales, will perhaps find this quasi-realistic treatment of the beast-world more to their sophisticated taste. At any rate, it cannot but enlarge their sympathies. It will enable them to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. In reading *The Jungle Book* (Macmillan) myself, I have paused to wonder why my own sympathies were going with one class of animal rather than with another. After reading "Kaa's Hunting," I shall never be friends again with monkeys, so ineffaceably has Mr. Kipling's imagination interpreted monkeydom. The python is rather rehabilitated, on the other hand, but his cousin the cobra remains a shuddering horror; though no doubt when Mr. Kipling comes to tell that other story from the cobra's point of view, we shall begin to see that he is not such a cold-blooded crawler after all. The serpent has always been hardly entreated; perhaps we cannot forgive him for his share in our eviction from Eden, and

the Laocoön, too, is a prejudicial memory. Natheless he is grossly libelled. There is an impression he is slimy. A lady snake-tamer at the Aquarium, whom I once chanced upon flirting with her serpents in a private room, told me that this was a delusion. She said that their skin was hard, and besought me to verify her statement. So while she held the jaws I grasped the snake. I did not hold it long, because it seemed to object; but I certainly had no sense of sliminess. Is it not, again, the hasty logic of the populace, the false analogy with the common or garden worm? Natural history teems with exposures of slanders against our defenceless inferiors, who cannot even bring libel actions. No greater catastrophe could befall the earwig than to find itself embedded in a human ear. The rattlesnake is a peaceful, easy-crawling fellow, who never bites anything he doesn't want to eat. But "*cet animal est très méchant,—quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*" Even the lion will rarely attack man, except it fear for its whelps; and as for the majestic and awe-inspiring roar of the king of beasts, that can hardly, according to Livingstone, be distinguished from an ostrich's.

Mowgli, who, like the famous Roman twins, was suckled by a wolf, though he has had frequent foreshadowings both in fiction and in fact, is essentially a new creation. Wild boys and wild men of the woods are not unknown to us. Macaulay's schoolboy is well up in the wild boy of Hameln (the youthful Nebuchadnezzar, who exercised the pens of Dr. Arbuthnot and Lord Monboddo till it was demonstrated that he was not "The Man of Nature," but a dumb idiot driven out by his wicked stepmother); and bestialised specimens of humanity are still discovered in the silly season. But Mowgli is not of these. He knows the languages of birds, beasts, and fishes. He knows the pass-words of the woods and waters. He seems to me, like the heroes of so many books, an idealised projection of the author's personality. Mowgli is what Mr. Kipling would like to be; he is the incarnation of Mr. Kipling's strenuous yearning after omniscience, the complete wisdom of Solomon. By the way, the ancient rabbinical story of King Solomon and the butterfly is quite in the vein of *The Jungle Book*. The all-wise monarch heard a male butterfly talking to his mate on the dome of the temple. "If I were only to stamp my



foot the whole temple would collapse," said he. Solomon, annoyed, called the butterfly to him, and asked him why he had made such a preposterous statement. "I only did it to impress the missus," replied the trembling butterfly. "Well, don't do it again," said Solomon. Back went the butterfly to his wife, who was pale with fright at the thought that the great King was going to kill her mate. "What did he say?" she asked. "He asked me not to do it," replied the butterfly airily.

THE young gentleman at Ventnor who enlightened his sweetheart on the mercenariness of "littery gents" had perhaps warrant for his words. Mayhap he had sent some one a stamped envelope with the request for an autograph, and the author had kept the stamp. What enemies every celebrity must have! The gentle art

of making enemies needs no tuition. Every unanswered request, every refused favour, converts a stranger into a foe. People are so ungrateful for what one doesn't do for them. In France a new penalty has now been added to fame. Discontented correspondents parade their grievances on public posters, and call upon their fellow-citizens to spend their time in despising some pretended friend of humanity. M. François Coppée, than whom French literature possesses no tenderer spirit, is the latest to be pilloried in the public highway, for refusing to read an aspirant's manuscripts. "Blessed are the

Poor" is the title of one of his charming stories. He must now be inclined to cry, with "Ouida," "Blessed are the Obscure!" I don't know but that I ought to call for police protection myself, having refused to collaborate in writing a play with a leading London Anarchist. It seemed doubtful whether he would be willing to obey the laws of dramatic construction or allow prepositions to continue to govern the accusative case. *Apropos* of Anarchists, it is curious how they have come to the front as a social bugbear. First there were the Radicals, who stood for the apogee of human villainy, though it now appears that they were Conservatives of the mildest type. Then came the turn of the Atheists, who, for all I have been able to discover, were very respectable creatures full of religious ardour, who spelt God with a small "g" and justice with a capital "J." Then the Socialists had their innings. But "we are all Socialists now," and the empty mantle of villainy has fallen upon Anarchism, which, as far as I can make out, is the simplest and most innocent creed ever invented, and which debars its adherents from exercising any compulsion upon anybody else, relying upon the natural moral working of the human heart. How this is compatible with bombs it is for *Messieurs les Anarchistes* to explain. Needless to say, the assassinous Anarchists are disavowed by their philosophical brethren.

THERE is another gentleman, not an Anarchist but a Poet, whose ire I have succeeded in arousing. One day I received a letter which stood out even among the many curious communications that the post drifts to my door. It set forth that on a certain day early in the year 1891, in a certain defunct literary newspaper, I, the undersigned, had criticised a fairy-tale book of the genus of "Alice in Wonderland," and that I had said of it I doubted "if children would be taken in by it." "Now," continued the triumphant author, "if you will read the enclosed extract" (and at this point I became aware of a scrap of paper, torn from some unnamed provincial print) "you will see that Miss Dorothy Drew, the much-talked-of granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, has expressed herself as delighted with the book." "Probably," he went on, with a delicious touch, "the child inherits some of her grandfather's genius. Please read the extract and return it to me." "Good heavens!" I groaned: "does this man, himself an author, imagine that I have borne in mind my criticism of him for more than three long years, and that in the midst of my multifarious business I am to reopen the subject with him? and is my word of so much weight that, even when printed in a dead-and-gone journal, this man has carried it about in his bosom and brooded over it through all the changes and chances of the years? and do they who glibly call for signed criticisms ever dimly dream of the direful perspectives thereby opened up? Nevertheless, the man has written pretty poems in his time; and knowing from my classics that the poet is of an irritable breed, I obeyed his instructions implicitly. I read the extract (from which I gathered that he had presented the "infant phenomenon" with the book that took her in), and I sent it back to the proud possessor. I even exceeded my instructions, and prepaid the postage. Alas! I only brought down upon my head a bitterer scorn and more reverberate thunders. "Sir," wrote the bard with irate italics, "your returning the extract

I sent you *in re* my fairy tale and Miss Dorothy Drew *without a word of comment* is enough for *me*. I would not *care* to say what I think of you *after that*! Silence on my part is wisest here. But I *will* say that your forecast of my tale has been completely falsified by events, though you are not *candid* enough to acknowledge it! I thought at the time your review was an inane one, and now my opinion is justified. Yours, etc." How my forecast of (*sic*!) his tale has been "completely falsified by events" because one child likes his book is still mysterious to me. But that any being in his senses, and one too, who professes the humorous, should think that I care twopence whether I was right or wrong in doubting if children would be taken in by an unimportant fairy tale reviewed three and a half years ago (and amply praised too for the matter of that)—this is even darker to me.

CAN it be that my contemptuous correspondent hails from Pembroke, U.S.A.? That hypothesis would afford a partial solution of his psychology. For if we may credit Miss Mary E. Wilkins' brilliant study of the peculiar people who inhabit that New England village, they are all made on this poet's pattern. They brood over their wrongs for a lifetime. If they have said a thing, they cannot take it back though the happiness of their life be at stake. They are the slaves of their own wills: which adds a new complication to the already maddening free-will puzzle. They cannot go out of their groove; and a man will court a girl a quarter of a century without proposing unless something extraordinary happens to give him the idea. If, by chance, the girl is out on one occasion, that interrupts his groove altogether, and he never comes again. There is a world of minute observation in Miss Wilkins' study of these monotonous people, these slow, obdurate, granitic Puritans, who have the virtues of their sturdy stock as well as its defects. I know scarcely any other writer who gives so vivid a sense of life, whose vision is so microscopic and so true. Though no doubt Miss Wilkins uses her material artistically, striking as she does with equal hand the chords of humour and pathos, I find it no strain to believe in the actuality of her *dramatis personæ*. Everybody must know cases of long-standing sulks, though few of us may have acquaintance with a whole village thus infected. This monotony of mood is depressing to the reader of *Pembroke*, who would like to shake each of the characters in turn as they go about spoiling one another's lives. Miss Wilkins has hitherto been known as a writer of short stories; and this she continues to be in her first long novel, for, though they are welded together, the stories of all the various couples might have been told independently. The book is written with an admirable, even a dainty literary touch, and fiction has few things finer than the scene where Deborah Thayer discovers her daughter's shame, or where her sickly boy, Ephraim, all his natural instincts starved by the stern Puritan *régime*, has the first and last enjoyment of his life in surreptitiously coasting down the slopes at midnight—a magnificent imprudence of which he dies on the morrow. Though her range seems limited, few Englishwomen are doing as durable work as Miss Wilkins. The ladies on her side of the Atlantic seem to be free from the tendency to ephemeral pamphlet-fiction, which is here characteristic of the "New Womanhood" of letters.

I. ZANGWILL.

VENUS AND MARS

ONE night, on my balcony leaning,
I read in the burning stars
How they were loving in Venus,
How they were fighting in Mars.

I saw in that lawless kingdom
Where the shrine of the Goddess stands,
Laden with gold, and silver told,
In a Temple made with hands,

How the flames on each altar flicker,
As its votaries dance and sing,
And the gift of self is the only
Burnt sacrifice no men bring.

But they offer up Health and Honour—
They serve till they faint, and fall
At the shrine of the despot Goddess there,
Who drinketh the strength of all.

All—whether young or aged—
All, in that planet above,
Who are tortured slaves, and worship
The Goddess they miscall "Love."

For the soul that ennobles woman
They know not, who kneel in the dust
And lift up a graven image
To sit on a throne of Lust!

When the rose on the flesh is faded,
When the midnight hair turns grey,
What do they know of the spirit
That burns in the lamp of clay?

And when the lamp is broken,
  And out its flame is blown,
Can they dream of a light still living,
  Who worship the lamp alone?

Can they hope for a life's devotion?
  Can they fancy its deathless grace,
Who stand in the courts of Venus,
  And pray to her changing face?

"Ah! happy on earth," I murmured,
  "Are we, in enlightened days,
With our nobler crown for women,
  Our worthier song of praise

"With the type of the Blessèd Mary
For ever before our eyes,
We Christians are surely purer
Than those Pagans in the skies!"

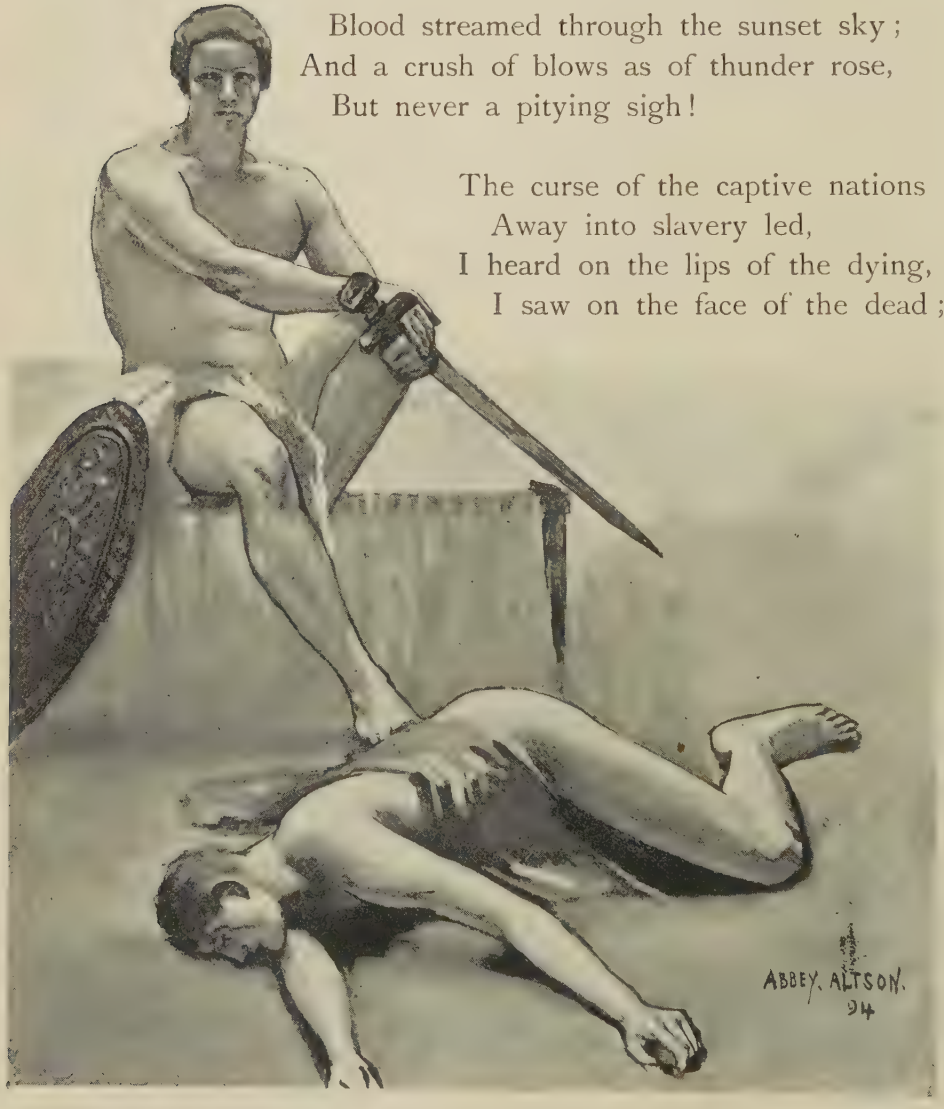
Then, lo! like a poisoned arrow
Shot, through the tangled mesh
Of my boasts, the shame that on earth, the name
Was but changed for worship of flesh.

"Venus still rules one half the world,"
I said with a sigh; and turned
To where up high, in the windless sky,
The God of Battles burned.

On the edge of a blood-stained river
His brazen temple stood,
And the cohorts passed before his throne,
Their spear-heads dyed with blood.

Blood flowed from the marble altar,
Blood streamed through the sunset sky;
And a crush of blows as of thunder rose,
But never a pitying sigh!

The curse of the captive nations
Away into slavery led,
I heard on the lips of the dying,
I saw on the face of the dead;



And I murmured, "How much longer
Shall this Tyrant's kingdom last?
Till his sword be sheathed, or broken—
His oppression be overpast?

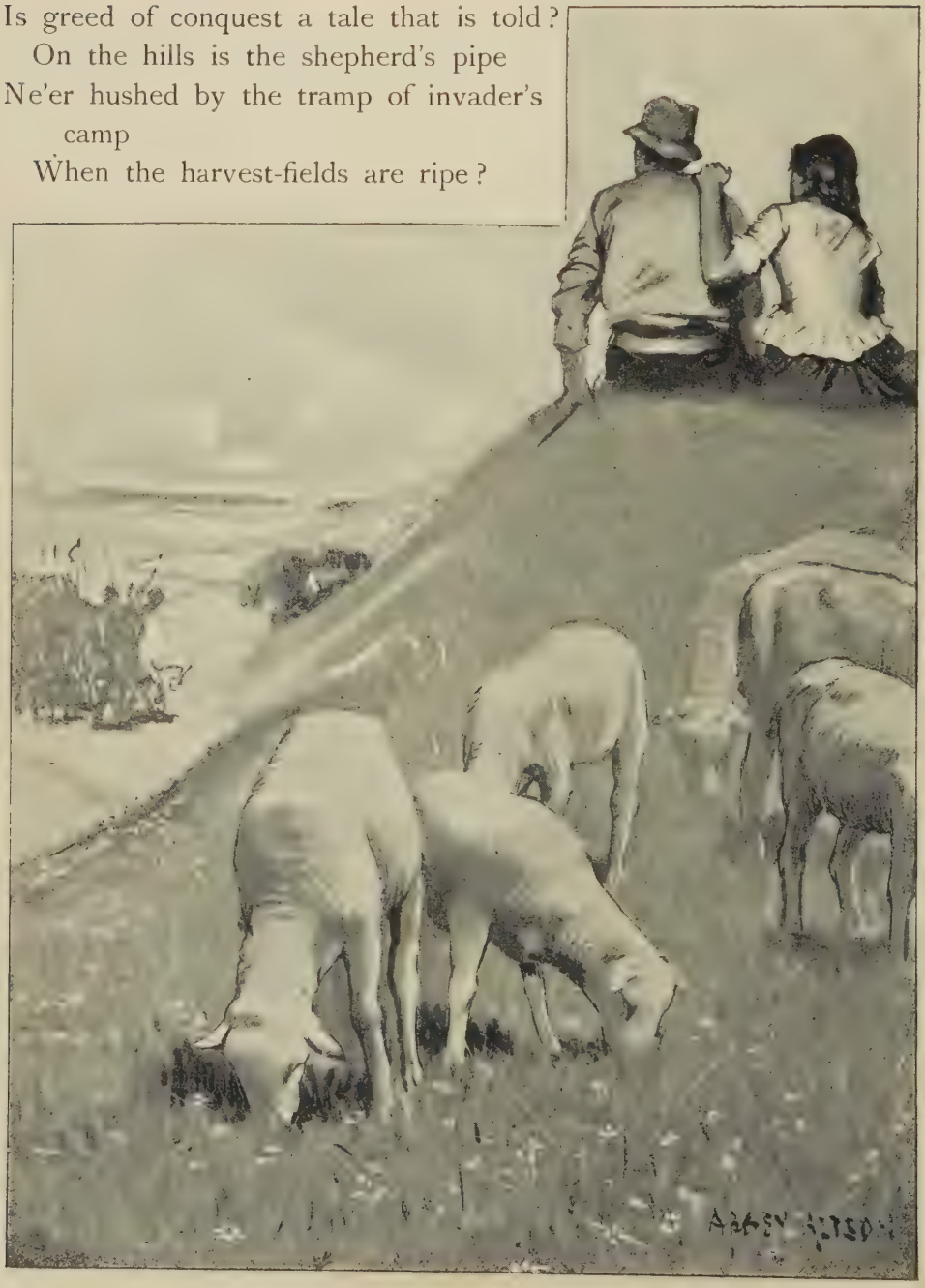
Alas! for those poor Pagans
In the great red planet there,
Who have never heard glad tidings
Borne on the star-lit air,—

First to the shepherds watching
Their flocks by night, and then
Through the countless homes of suffering,—
"Peace and good-will to men."

Peace? . . . Once again I shrank abashed!
Since first to man was brought
News that the Prince of Peace was born,
What had the message wrought?

'Twas eighteen hundred years ago
That the shepherds were thus hailed;
Are *all* things so much better here
Since the Gods of old prevailed?

Is greed of conquest a tale that is told?
On the hills is the shepherd's pipe
Ne'er hushed by the tramp of invader's camp
When the harvest-fields are ripe?



In the struggle of wealth and poverty here,
  Where dwells "Good-will"? Redress
Anarchists seek in murder now,—
  "Peace" is to dispossess!

And though nor slave nor empress more
  A Roman triumph swells,
And Christians cry to God on high
  No more in Roman cells,

Does Love reign universal here,
When we at Christmas time
Sing out, like birds, the Angel's words,
In the tongues of every clime?

. . I wonder, as I look upward
At those passionate courts in heaven,
If the message had been sent to Mars
Which unto us was given,
And, in Venus, those benighted souls
Pure love had learnt to know,
Whether they on high, in the midnight sky,
Might be better than we below!

HAMILTON AÏDE.

Buckingham Palace from St. James's Park.

SOME NOTABLE PORTRAITS OF THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THROUGHOUT the course of a long and eventful reign, replete with incidents of supreme moment, national demonstrations of peace and war, thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral for her son's recovery from a well-nigh fatal illness and at Westminster Abbey for a jubilee attained, no public act of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria ever touched the hearts of all present, and demonstrated the perfect confidence existing between ruler and ruled, so much as the presentation of the newly married Duke and Duchess of York from the historic balcony of Buckingham Palace on July 6th, 1893.

Centuries ago, the occupant of a throne was but a personal abstraction to the million, regarded by them as a mysterious being whose decrees were sternly carried into effect by a visible and all-powerful executive. Even in modern times kings and queens lived in jealously guarded seclusion, their personal habits and domestic surroundings being left to conjecture.

To Her Majesty Queen Victoria, however, has fallen the lot of entirely changing the old conception of monarchy, by force of personal influence and her own excellency of disposition. Her reign is a long record of active sympathy with her

View from the Balcony, Buckingham Palace, July 6, 1893.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

subjects, and of ever-increasing devotion and affection towards herself and her family on their part. As the Prince Consort remarked in one of his "unique speeches," at the Trinity House banquet in 1853, "It is a blessing attending the monarchical institutions of this country that the domestic relations and the domestic happiness of the Sovereign are inseparable from the relations and happiness of the people at large. In the progress of the Royal Family through life is reflected, as it were, the progress of the generation to which they belong; and out of the common sympathy felt for them arises an additional bond of union amongst the people themselves."

Innumerable portraits of Her Majesty, ever since the death of Princess Elizabeth of Clarence in 1821 rendered it most probable that she would eventually ascend the throne, testify to the immense interest taken in her career. Of the earlier likenesses, one of the most charming—though perhaps least known—is that by W. Fowler, representing the Princess Victoria at the age of six, holding a rose in her hand. Thirteen years later, the sweet little child of six grown up into womanhood, yet still looking, as Mr. James Gordon Bennett has told us, quite girlish, formed the central figure, the "observed of all observers," in that stately pageant the Coronation, bearing herself throughout the fatigue and tremendous excitement of the day with the utmost composure and self-possession.

A curious old lithograph of the period shows "Her Most Gracious Majesty and Escort leaving the Palace, St. James's Park," on the morning of June 28th, 1838.

By the Queen's own desire a circuitous route to the Abbey had been selected, and the countless thousands who lined the way on either side cheered her rapturously and continuously. No such procession of magnificent state carriages and splendid horses had been seen for many a long day. In this print the Marble Arch forms the approach to the Palace, from which it was not removed to its present site until 1851, when Blore's uninteresting east front took its place, thus completing the quadrangle of the building. Constitution Hill is made to appear with a most formidable incline. Belgravia—not then called into existence—is represented only by a mass of distant foliage. The triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner is there, but at that date the colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington had not been placed on the top.

Londoners were privileged, ere two years had elapsed, to witness another and

The Queen, aged Six.
(After a painting by W, Fowler.)

The Queen, aged Twelve.

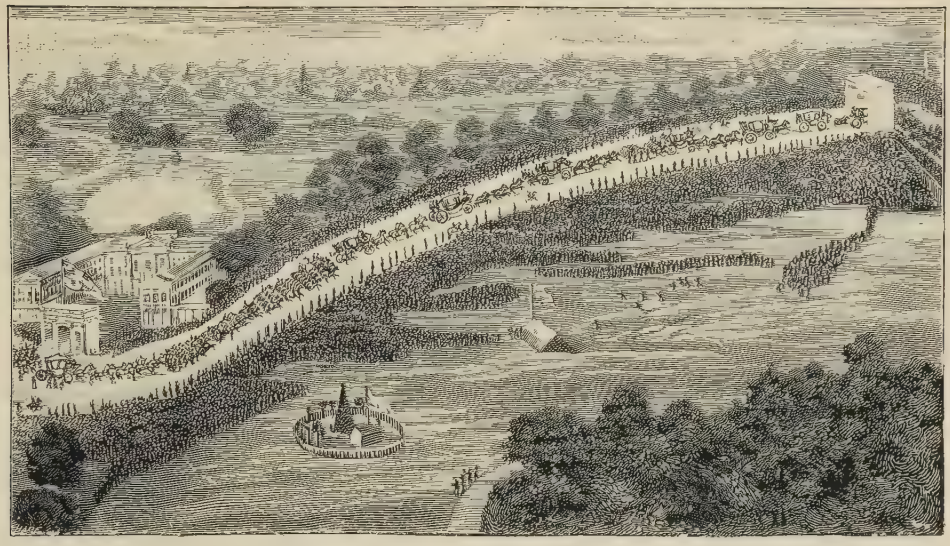
deeply interesting sight; and again a mighty concourse of people assembled in the Park, in spite of the wet weather, to evince their enthusiasm for the royal bride and bridegroom. The ceremony was performed in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, by Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London. At that point in the service where the "Wilt thou? ask'd" awaits reply, Her Majesty pronounced the assenting words in accents full of music and softness, yet distinctly audible throughout the sacred building, and the confiding look with which she accompanied her promise to "love, cherish and to obey" was beyond expression chaste and beautiful.

Though popularly called Honiton, the exquisite lace of the Queen's bridal dress was made at Beer, a small village in Devonshire. Under the direction of a Miss Bidney, a native of the hamlet, who had come down from London on purpose to superintend the work, two hundred persons were employed upon it for eight months. The lace which formed the flounce of the dress measured four yards, and was three-quarters of a yard in depth; and as upon completion of the task the design was immediately destroyed by the manufacturer, something quite unique was the result. For more than six weeks the bridal veil, of the same material and a yard and a half square, afforded employment to the lace-workers.

Of this royal union the author of the "Principal Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince Consort" most truly says:—

"The Prince's marriage was singularly felicitous. The tastes, the aims, the hopes, the aspirations of the royal pair were the same. Their mutual respect and confidence went on increasing. Their affection grew, if possible, even warmer and more intense as the years of their married life advanced. Companions in their domestic employments, in their daily labours for the State, and indeed in almost every occupation, the burthens and the difficulties of life were thus lessened more than by half for each one of the persons thus happily united in this true marriage of the soul."

During the London season of 1845 the chief event was a grand ball illustrating the dress and manners of King George II., and given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on the night of June 6th. Its announcement created the greatest excitement in fashionable society. Antique jewellery attained an adventitious value; one sword



Departure of the Queen for the Coronation Ceremony.
(From a print of the period.)

hilt alone, worn by a nobleman of distinction, costing £2500. Twelve hundred guests were present; and the scene, as "Sir Roger de Coverley" was danced in the splendid picture-gallery, surpassed all expectations. The Queen's dress (of which Louis Haghe gives us a very fair idea) consisted of a bodice and tunic in cloth of woven gold and silver, with a running sky-blue pattern brocaded with bouquets of marguerites and poppies; the bodice square and tight, with stomacher of silver cloth. The tunic was looped up with scarlet ribbons; the skirt of the dress made of silver cloth, trimmed with two flounces of magnificent point-lace, headed by quiltings of scarlet ribbon in festoons and rosettes surrounded with diamonds. Her Majesty's hair was powdered, and surmounted by a diamond tiara. Her shoes were of white satin with high heels, and scarlet rosettes ornamented in the centre with diamonds. She wore also the ribbon and order of the Garter. Prince Albert's costume was of the same period, with the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, and that of the Golden Fleece in brilliants, said to be of immense value.

Early in December 1850 the Court removed from Osborne to Windsor, where Christmas was kept, and the New Year—which was to be made memorable by the opening of the Great Exhibition—greeted.

What a glorious sight is the royal borough approached from Virginia Water by the Long Walk, especially in early summer! That Anglo-Saxon must be sadly deficient in imagination who can look unmoved upon the fair prospect beneath him. Glance down the "long drawn aisle" of verdure until your vision rests upon the Castle, whose outlines can be faintly discerned on the eminence beyond. Then turn aside from this noble avenue and wander amongst the ferns, whence many a startled doe springs up and leads her newly born fawn away. Blackbirds, warblers and cuckoos are doing their best to swell the harmony of Nature's midday choral service. On this giant beech tree, fresh from its annual resurrection to life, myriads of tender leaves, delicately poised upon slender leaf-stalks, are gently stirred by light airs which play about the tree top ninety feet aloft. This beech and its companions are living witnesses of two hundred years of English history. During their

The Queen in Bridal Dress.

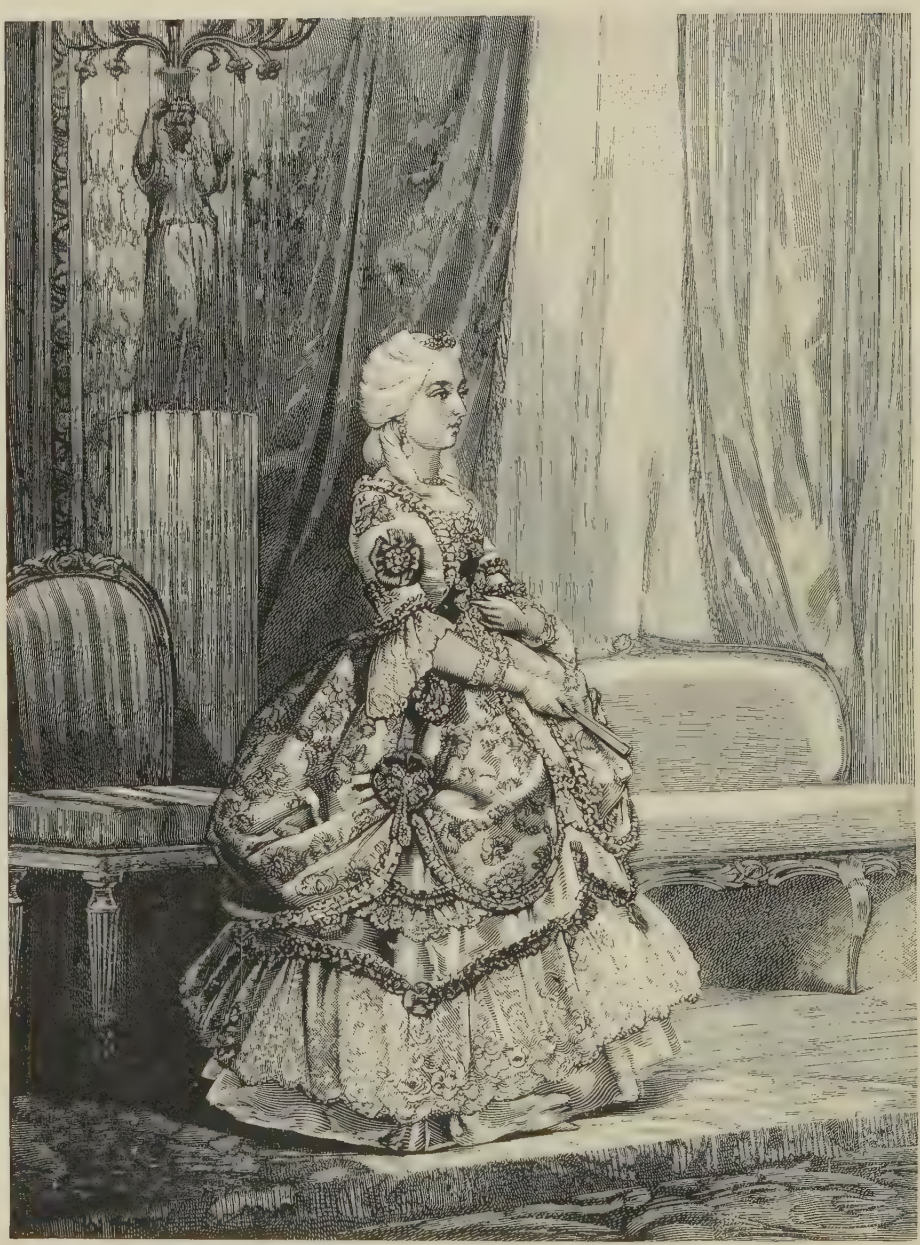
babyhood William of Orange landed at Torbay, and the great and bloodless Revolution followed. In their adolescence the Stuart dynasty faded away for good and all, as Queen Anne's successor was proclaimed King of Great Britain at St. James's Palace. Through critical times the country of their birth passed in triumph, emerging from every struggle stronger and more prosperous. All these changes the trees have seen, themselves untouched by time, and fresh to-day as when years ago they attained their maturity.

One of the chief features in the Castle is the noble corridor, twenty-two feet wide, running round two sides of the quadrangle which its numerous windows overlook, and forming a fine promenade of some five hundred and twenty feet in length. At dusk the stately candelabra of gilt brass, like tall sentinels on each side, illuminate the gilded ceiling and the treasures of art beneath. Here are cabinets lined with quilted white satin, containing absolutely priceless specimens of Sèvres and Old

The Long Walk, Windsor.
(By permission of Messrs. Valentine & Co., Dundee.)

Chelsea china. In a crystal case is Gordon's pocket-Bible, well-worn with assiduous perusal, annotated and marked by his own hand. Sir Walter Scott's three-quarter-length portrait by Sir T. Lawrence is surrounded by Canallettis with their well-known church-towers, canals overflowing with gondolas, and crowds of people on the quays. On the same wall hangs Winterhalter's picture "The First of May, 1851." The Queen holds in her arms the one-year-old Prince Arthur. H.R.H. Prince Albert, in the uniform of a Field Marshal, stands by, and his infant son almost springs from his royal mother's grasp as he endeavours to handle the golden box or bonbonnière which the Duke of Wellington respectfully presents to him as a birthday gift, and for which he appears to be offering in exchange a sprig of lily-of-the-valley.

This richly chased golden box has excited much comment and speculation. Wild rumour had it that therein were the title-deeds of some great estate to be inherited when the young Prince came of age. But prosaic fact has dispelled the halo of



The Queen (1845) in Fancy Costume of the Period of George II.
(After a portrait by Louis Haghe.)

"The First of May." (*After Winterhalter.*)
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)

romance and mystery with which Winterhalter's desire to represent something more artistic had surrounded it: the *real* gift was a plain cup weighing 7·35 ounces of solid 22-carat gold. It was manufactured for the Duke by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard & Co., the famous Crown jewellers of the Haymarket, by whom others of a similar pattern were afterwards sold as the "Wellington Cup." In the strong-room at Bagshot Mansion, amongst rare presentation-plate and centrepieces of highly wrought silversmith's work, this memento of his childhood is preserved and treasured by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

On each side of the fireplace in the "Artists' Room"—one of the smaller private apartments at the Castle—hang portraits of the Court painters, Winterhalter and Angeli, so well known by their multitudinous works.

Franz Xavier Winterhalter was born at Menzenschwand, in St. Blasier, April 20th, 1806—the year of Jena, Prussia's humiliation, and the French entry into Berlin. At the age of seventeen he went to Munich, where he was instructed in portrait painting by Slieber; but, as his means were limited, he had to maintain himself by working at a lithographic establishment of which Piloty was the head. A successful picture of the Grand Duke Leopold proved to be the turning-point in his career, as he was thereupon appointed Court painter, and with increased resources was enabled to travel in Italy and France and assiduously study his profession. He settled in Paris about the year 1834, and his fame as a portrait painter speedily became known. Most of the European Royalties were limned by him—Louis Philippe and his consort Queen Maria Amélie, the Empress Eugénie and the

H.M. The late Emperor Frederick. 1874. (After Angeli.)
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

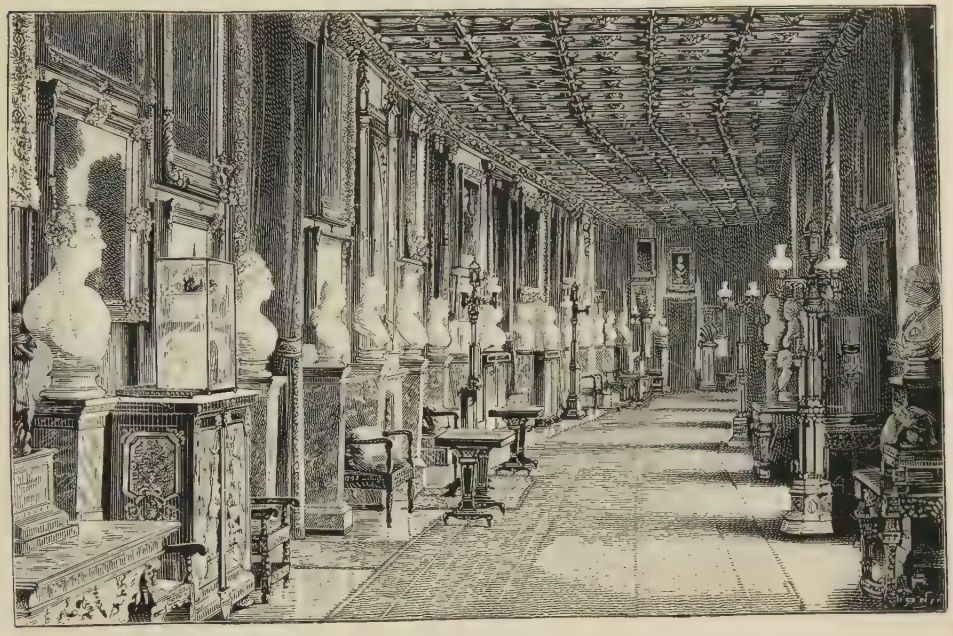
H.M. The Empress Frederick. 1874. (After Angeli.)
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

Prince Imperial, King Leopold of Belgium, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and many other lesser lights. Winterhalter passed most of his time in France, alternated with visits to the principal capital cities of Europe. By the English Royal Family he was extensively patronised, and he has left at Windsor and Buckingham Palace much of his best work. His style somewhat resembles that of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His composition and organisation are excellent, and he possesses the peculiar power of suggesting dignity and elegance in the portraiture of his "sitters"; while in brilliancy of colouring, and broad treatment of the grand material he had to deal with, he has few rivals.

"At ten minutes before two o'clock, November 21st, 1840, Mrs. Peyley entered the room where the Privy Councillors were assembled with the 'young stranger,' a beautiful, plump and healthful princess wrapped in flannel, in her arms. Her Royal Highness was for a moment laid upon the table for the observation of the assembled authorities; but the loud tones in which she indicated her displeasure at such an exposure, while they proved the soundness of her lungs and the maturity of her frame, rendered it advisable that she should be returned to her chamber to receive her first attire." Such was the announcement made in one of the leading journals of the birth of the Princess Victoria, Princess Royal of England, whose marriage in 1858 to Prince Frederick William of Prussia is characteristically described by Her Majesty in her "Journal" as "the second most eventful day in my life as regards feeling."

The ceremony was performed in St. James's Palace with great splendour, in the presence of a brilliant gathering of the Royal Family. The Queen was surrounded by all her children, with the exception of the infant Princess Beatrice, born the

The Princess Royal, aged Seventeen Months, and Prince of Wales, aged Five Months.



The Corridor, Windsor Castle.
(By permission of Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.)

year before. Most manfully did the bridegroom (on an occasion when few men are seen at their best) bear himself. Wearing the uniform of the Prussian Guards, and carrying his helmet of polished silver in his hand, he entered the Chapel, and advancing to the altar, made a profound obeisance to his royal mother, and afterwards to Her Majesty; then knelt down and passed a few moments in solemn devotions. "Then," says the Queen's Journal, "came the bride's procession; and our darling Flower looked very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confident and serious expression, her veil hanging back on her shoulders, walking between her beloved father and dearest Uncle Leopold."

Almost beyond precedent were the bridal gifts in costliness. A necklet of the rarest pearls, valued at £5000 sterling, was the bridegroom's offering to his lovely young bride. Of the Princess Royal –the "Rose of England" as she was called— it may be said, without exaggeration, that the candour, excellence and goodness of her nature had won all hearts. Obedience, gentleness and affection characterised her as a daughter; while to servants, dependants and to her household her manner was always most affable, gracious and condescending.

There were great rejoicings in the streets of London after the wedding. A grand illumination took place at night, and a State concert at Buckingham Palace brought the Court festivities of the day to a close.

At a banquet given in the Trinity House, July 3rd of the same year, the Prince Consort, referring to the wedding, said:

"Our eldest child has—united to a husband of her choice, and I may say worthy of her choice—passed to a distant country, where I was happy to find her the other day, in the possession of every domestic blessing."

In process of time the Princess Frederick of Prussia in the "distant country" had attained not only to the full happiness of home-life, but had gained the admiration of all classes. Sir Theodore Martin tells us that Lord Clarendon, writing

H.M. The Empress Frederick. 1885. (After Angeli.)
(By permission of Hofrath Franz Haufstaengle, Munich.)

H.M. The late Emperor Frederick. 1885. (After Angeli.)
(By permission of Hofrath Franz Haufstaengle, Munich.

Gold Cup presented by the Duke of Wellington to Prince Arthur. 1851.

to the Queen in 1861 on the occasion of the King of Prussia's coronation at Königsberg, observes :—

"The great feature of the ceremony was the manner in which the Princess Royal did homage to the King. Lord Clarendon is at a loss for words to describe to Your Majesty the exquisite grace and the intense emotion with which Her Royal Highness gave effect to her feelings on that occasion."

And in a further communication to Her Majesty, he says :—

"Lord Clarendon has had the honour to hold a very long conversation with Her Royal Highness, and has been more than ever astonished at the *statesmanlike* and comprehensive views which she takes of the policy of Prussia, both internal and foreign, and of all the *duties* of a constitutional King. Lord Clarendon is not at all astonished, but very much pleased, to find how thoroughly appreciated and beloved Her Royal Highness is by all classes. Every member of the Royal Family has spoken of her to Lord Clarendon in terms of admiration, and through various channels he has had the opportunities of learning how strong the feeling of educated and enlightened people is towards Her Royal Highness. All persons say most truly that any one who saw Her Royal Highness yesterday can never forget her."

Professor von Angeli has given us an excellent idea of the personal appearance of this right regal couple in after years. Painted in 1874, the hero of Königgrätz, Wörth and Sedan stands before us on canvas the very beau-ideal of a soldier. His charming consort, in Venetian costume, radiant with full perfection of womanly beauty and dignity, looks most natural and graceful, holding in her shapely hands a jewelled fan. In the later full-length portrait of the illustrious couple, dated 1885, the Princess rests one arm lightly on a chair, while with the other she holds back her magnificent train. The famous necklet of pearls accentuates, but can hardly add to, her personal attractions. Of tall stature, with a calm and placid expression, his dilated nostrils and keen blue eyes giving ample evidence of the energy of his disposition, dignified and graceful in his bearing, well-formed and upright, Prince

Franz Xavier Winterhalter.

Professor von Angeli.

Frederick, in the Angeli of 1885, looks—as he was destined to be—the ruler of a great nation: alas! for how brief a time, a few short years revealed. The most striking figure in that historic jubilee procession on June 21st, 1887, towering above all his compeers who formed the Queen's body-guard, the very impersonation of a successful warrior full of strength and health, there rode with him "on that day of triumph, a grimmer conqueror, who before another year had passed laid that stately form in the dust." To San Remo was borne the news of the aged Emperor William's death; and fourteen weeks later came the sad end at Potsdam, where, surrounded by his broken-hearted family, and tended to the last moment by the Empress with the most untiring devotion, Frederick the Noble breathed his last, at 11 a.m., on June 15th, 1888. "Thus passed away," writes the eminent English specialist who attended him during his last illness, "the noblest specimen of humanity it has ever been my privilege to know." He possessed moral qualities of a very high order. His care of the soldiers under his command in time of war, and his desire to promote national freedom in time of peace, evinced that kindness of heart which was perhaps his chief characteristic. From childhood he was the hero of the soldiers

Osborne House.
(By permission of Messrs. Valentine & Co., Dundee.)

The Queen in State-robes. (*After Winterhalter.*)
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co.)

H.R.H. The Prince Consort. (After Winterhalter.)
(By permission of Messrs H. Graves & Co.)

of Prussia and Germany. Innumerable anecdotes of his homely and friendly sympathy with the people, from the highest to the lowest, abound throughout the "Fatherland."

On the Empress Frederick, during the stress of trouble laid upon her, no higher praise can be bestowed than to record the fact that she followed in the footsteps of her illustrious mother. The tireless energy, the self-sacrifice, the doing of any Imperial duty which it seemed right for her to undertake while her beloved husband lay dying—all these things are never to be forgotten. It is well known how gracious is her manner, how quickly everybody is set at ease in her presence, how enlightened are her views on every possible subject; and the high estimation in which she has ever been held in the land of her birth and in her own adopted country can readily be understood.

The Royal Family at Osborne. (*After Winterhalter.*)

Reference to the works of the celebrated painter Angeli would not be complete without a presentment of the artist himself and a brief notice of his life. He was born July 8th, 1840, at Oedenburg, in Hungary. His family, originally from Padua, had been ennobled centuries ago, and the Emperor Maximilian II. confirmed the patent in 1565. When but a boy Angeli showed unmistakable signs of great talent for drawing and painting, as without any instruction he made excellent portraits at the early age of twelve. In 1856 he was at the Academy of Düsseldorf, where he studied under Emanuel Leutze, historical and portrait painter; and again at Munich, where, like Winterhalter, he enjoyed the friendship, and to some extent the guidance, of Piloty. After 1871 Angeli became exclusively a painter of portraits,

The Last Portrait taken of the Prince Consort.
(By permission of Messrs. Mayall & Co., Ltd.)

and settled down at Vienna, where he built himself a most magnificent studio, decorated with genuine Gobelin tapestry, choice bric-à-brac, masterpieces of the Italian and Dutch schools, and works of his own. Most of the crowned heads in Europe have been painted by him; also the late Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil; and, amongst a host of celebrities, the late Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. H. M. Stanley. His style is excellent. Especially does he excel in the painting of women, and in the subtle, poetical and yet true characterisation of hands. His picture of Her

H.R.H The Prince of Wales, K.G. (After a portrait by Archibald Stuart-Wortley).
(By special permission.)

Majesty the Queen holding a black fan, painted about the year 1885, is one of his best productions, and few of her portraits have equalled it for dignity and commanding grace of royal bearing.

At the top of the Ministers' staircase at Buckingham Palace are two remarkable pictures by Winterhalter of the Queen and Prince Albert, painted the year after the Princess Royal's marriage. The sovereign is seated in state robes of crimson velvet bordered with gold, her foot resting on a crimson footstool, and a splendid

diamond coronet on her head. Her dress is of white satin flounced with gold embroidery, and beside her lies the crown on a velvet cushion. Prince Albert, whose full-length picture faces hers, stands bare-headed, in rifle uniform, with his left hand resting on his sword.

As a contrast to these portraitures, the Royal Family at Osborne, by the same artist, and the photograph by Mayall of the Prince Consort taken in 1861, reveal to us another aspect of royal life. In the former the Prince sits with the Queen surrounded by his children, the remarkable gracefulness of his figure being admirably brought out. The latter is invested with singular and pathetic interest, it being the last ever taken of His Royal Highness, and the period is that critical moment in the national history when his share in the production of the famous despatch to Lord Russell prevented war between Great Britain and the United States.

No wonder that Osborne has always been a favourite resort of England's august ruler. On a lovely site, the house in the Italian style, with terraced garden and lawns stretching down to the waters of the Solent, designed by and laid out under the personal superintendence of the Prince Consort, must ever recall the days of their early married life.

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, 1884.
(By permission of Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin.)

In the third month of 1861 the Queen suffered the unspeakable affliction of losing her beloved mother, the Duchess of Kent; and the "Shadow fear'd of man" commenced to glide all too imperceptibly athwart the sunshine of her domestic life. This year was destined to be big with the fate of nations and with the destinies of millions of mankind. The Czar had emancipated the serfs, Victor Emmanuel had been hailed King of Italy with acclamation, President Davis had been proclaimed at Montgomery, and throughout the United States the air was full of rumours of a great fratricidal war. The Trent affair was occupying public attention, and demanding the closest and nicest discrimination on the part of Her Majesty and her ministers, when the Prince Consort, towards the end of November, was assailed by the fatal malady which his physical power was so ill qualified to resist. Anxiety, deepening every day, alternated with gleams of hope that all might yet be well. But an All-wise Will, before whom the lowly and the exalted alike must bend, had otherwise decreed.

Saturday, December 14th, dawned over Windsor. The day slowly came to its appointed end—and night settled down upon the Castle. "In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber," says Sir Theodore Martin, "there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped would long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality of which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-man, was passing into the silent land; and

H.R.H. The late Grand Duchess of Hesse.
(From a Photograph by Backofen, Darmstadt.)

his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm, manly thought, should be known among them no more. The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn; and that great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for his aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where the spirits of the just are made perfect."

Thirty-three long years have passed since the Prince Consort was taken from amongst us, and the nation's loss is as great now as in that fatal year of 1861. The spotless tomb of the Emperor Shah Jehan's wife at Agra, absolutely perfect in its way—unique record of the undying devotion of an inconsolable husband—has been paralleled in modern times by the costly memorials of inextinguishable affection raised by the Queen to the memory of her beloved consort. But when rich mosaics and marbles have crumbled into dust, when the ruthless hand of time has effaced inscriptions cut deep into stubborn granite, and that unyielding material itself has succumbed to the process of slow decay, the memory of Albert the Good, and the influence of his life on others, will remain imperishable. Virtuous and devoted in his domestic relations, his foresight and wisdom in public matters were conspicuous. Avoiding with most scrupulous nicety the slightest interference with the constitution of the country, he used his influence only when it was beneficial. "Of the highest natural intelligence, he exerted all his great gifts for the general good, and to him the welfare of the nation was supreme. He was tender, thoughtful and anxious in his efforts for the welfare of the labouring man. His constancy of purpose in that, as in other things, was worthy of all imitation. He did not become tired of benevolence. It was not the fancy of a day for him: it was the sustained purpose of a life!" "Personally the Prince had a noble presence. His carriage was erect, his figure betokened strength and activity, and his demeanour was dignified. He had a staid, earnest, thoughtful look when he was in a grave mood; but when he smiled

H.R.H. The late Grand Duke of Hesse.
(From a photograph by Backofen, Darmstadt.)

(and this is what no portrait can tell of a man) his whole countenance was irradiated with pleasure, and there was a pleasant sound and a heartiness about his laugh which will not soon be forgotten by those who were wont to hear it. He was very handsome as a young man; but, as often happens with thoughtful men who go through a good deal, his face grew to be a finer face than the early portraits of him promised; and his countenance never assumed a nobler aspect, nor had more real beauty in it, than in the last year or two of his life." Prince Albert was deeply religious: "all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven." Like Goldsmith's village preacher, the Prince, by force of his own example, "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." In State affairs he was an ever-ready guide and counsellor to the Queen; and in the sacred privacy of his family circle—

H.R.H. Princess Christian.
(From a photograph by Backofen, Darmstadt.)

"Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To nobler manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

Rising up from the depths of this great affliction towards the path of duty with a fortitude which few under the circumstances would have shown, the Queen consented that the wedding of Princess Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse should be celebrated in the summer of 1862. July 1st witnessed their union at Osborne, the bride being given away by her uncle, the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Her Majesty attending in a most private manner, clad in deepest mourning. Strong beyond her years, the youthful Princess in the dark hours of the previous December had, with ceaseless assiduity, attended upon her father, and with loving piety consoled the Queen in the first agony of her great loss. Near seventeen years were destined to come and go, and on the fatal December 14th, 1878, the sweet Princess, devoted wife and mother, succumbed to the malady she had striven in vain to ward off from her husband and children—a noble martyr in the cause of self-sacrifice and unselfishness.

H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.
(From a photograph by Pilartz, Kissingen.)

Of all the recent portraits taken of the Prince of Wales, none has been so successful as the very latest, painted last year

The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.

by Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley, by whose courtesy it is reproduced in the pages of this Magazine. Mr. Wortley has already made his mark by an excellent full-length likeness of the Prince, cane in hand, quite in the Vandyck style, which adorns the walls of the Junior Carlton Club. But in the present work, destined for the Duke and Duchess of York's "apartment" at St. James's Palace, he has surpassed his previous efforts. Mr. Wortley is a scion of Lord Wharncliffe's family,—whose seat is the ancient Wortley Hall, near Sheffield,—and is famed, irrespective of his artistic talent, as being one of the first authorities on partridge-shooting in England. Traces of the sorrow he has passed through are plainly visible on the genial and kindly face of the Prince; but not one jot of his usual dignity of bearing is wanting as he smiles upon us in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, wearing the Star of the Garter and that of the Bath, also a small Jubilee medal, and, round his neck, the order of St. John of Jerusalem, which he is said to highly value.

As a man of business the Prince has proved himself an expert. His labours in the promotion of exhibitions, his unceasing efforts on behalf of innumerable institutions, are well known. His geniality and generous disposition are "household words," but he has also evidenced the possession of large ideas, with a capacity (not so commonly met with) of taking wide and liberal views on every subject of national interest.

In the most recent photograph of the Princess of Wales it may be observed that she looks as youthful as ever. Time has dealt very gently with her, and the sweet expression, always characteristic of her face, has become still more attractive. The charming manner which won all hearts in 1863 fascinates as of old; while her solicitude for the suffering, the poor and the afflicted — deepened with the experience intervening years have brought—her readiness to be foremost in every good work of charity and benevolence, have more than confirmed the anticipations of thirty-one years ago.

Want of space forbids more than a passing reference to the marriages of the Queen's other children. In 1866 Princess Helena was united in the private Chapel of Windsor Castle to Prince Christian of

H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).

Schleswig-Holstein. In St. George's Chapel the Marquis of Lorne, on March 21st, 1871, with great pomp and splendour, was married to Princess Louise, the bride being given away by Her Majesty in person.

On a bleak March day in 1874, as the snow fell in large flakes upon her open carriage, the Queen drove through London with the newly wedded Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who had been joined together in holy matrimony at St. Petersburg on the 23rd of the preceding January.

The Duke of Connaught—always a favourite child of the Queen — was married to the Princess Louise of Prussia, daughter of the famous "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, at Windsor, in the year 1879. Of the Duke it may be said that he has everywhere won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. One who has served him faithfully for forty years has stated that throughout that long service he had never heard His Royal Highness say one unkind word or exhibit the least trace of ill-temper.

H.R.H. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg.
(By permission of Messrs. Russell & Sons.)

H.R.H. Prince Leopold made choice of the Princess Helena of Waldeck as his future wife; and in April of 1882 his highest hope was fulfilled in St. George's Chapel. His wedded happiness was not destined to be of long continuance; for in the spring of 1884 the nation was startled with the mournful intelligence that the Prince, so singularly sweet of disposition and so universally beloved, had died quite suddenly at Cannes. The Queen was prostrated with this fresh affliction, and her people mourned with her. So earnest were the expressions of sympathy on every side that Her Majesty declared, in a published letter, how deeply she and her daughter-in-law had been touched by the fellow-feeling of her subjects.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.
(By permission of Messrs. Uhlenhuth, Coburg.)

Lastly, Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's family, was united to Prince Henry of Battenberg, at Whippingham Church, in the Isle of Wight, July 23rd, 1885; but in this case Her Majesty did not entirely lose the society and companionship of her daughter.

The Queen has been blessed in

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.
(By permission of Messrs. Hills & Saunders.)

her children; but they have been privileged in the possession of a mother who has displayed more than ordinary maternal merit, and who as a wife pre-eminently excelled in goodness. To the misfortunes of the very humblest of her subjects the Queen has ever lent an attentive and sympathetic ear. Exalted personages are not—as it once was the custom to imagine—exempt from the joys and sorrows of ordinary humanity, and Her Majesty's life is a proof of this.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres."

Whether it be to indite a letter of condolence to the highest in the land, or to lay a floral tribute upon the coffin of some humble domestic attendant at the close of a special funeral service, the Queen's active warmth of feeling for others is constantly manifested. To say that she lives in the hearts of her people in all parts of the world, respected and admired by thousands of those who do not own her sway, is but to utter a truism. And if the title of "Good" has fitly been added to the name of that noblest of men the Prince Consort, with equal reason may the Queen be called Victoria the "*Greatly Beloved.*"

The year 1887 witnessed the Jubilee of Great Britain's Sovereign; and London was fuller of kings, queens, princes and princesses than at any period since the peace rejoicing in 1814.

Fifty years: a mere point in the vast revolution of time; yet what ages of advance have been made since the early morn of June 20th, 1837, when the youthful Princess sleeping in the Palace—which she recently spoke of as her "dear old home at Kensington"—was aroused, and greeted as Queen of England by the great officers of state! Duels are completely obselete, manners and language softened and improved, and the heavy drinking habits of half a century ago are unheard of in polite society. Sanitation is a science; and Professor Koch's researches and discoveries in bacteriology have materially helped towards stamping out epidemic diseases. A system of gratuitous education covers the land with board-schools, and no

H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught.
(By permission of Messrs. Hills & Saunders.)

one can plead lack of means as an excuse for absence of elementary knowledge on the part of their children.

During that half-century, what a splendid procession of statesmen, warriors, actors, singers, musicians, painters, *literati* and scientists, defiled past Her Majesty! In 1841 she trusted the destinies of England to Sir Robert Peel; and close upon five decades later the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone—his youthful follower, who had made his first speech in Parliament in 1833, becoming vice-president of the Board of Trade in the Peel Ministry of 1841—was summoned for the third time to preside over her Ministry, five years after the tomb had closed over his great political contemporary and opponent, the twice Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield.

H.R.H. The late Duke of Albany.
(By permission of Messrs. Hills & Saunders.)

The Great Duke stood near his Sovereign at the coronation; but she has lived to honour a Lord Lawrence and to mourn the untimely death of a General Gordon. In her early days at Buckingham Palace she sang before Mendelssohn "quite charmingly" one of his exquisite productions—"Schöner und schöner schmückt sich," and now listens to a perfectly new school of music, of which Wagner was originator and head. Pasta, Sontag, Tamburini and Lablache delighted the opera-frequenters in the days when Her Majesty and Prince Albert were the constant supporters of the lyric stage. Jenny Lind, Grisi, Mario and Titiens—whom they had heard at their best—sang their farewells after careers of unexampled success; and Sims Reeves, the unrivalled tenor, Patti and Albani alone remain to remind the Queen of the older musical traditions. Macready occupied the theatrical boards at the death of King William IV., and—*longo intervallo*—Henry Irving, born in the year of the Queen's coronation, and representative of the new school, has achieved the great honour of performing *Becket* at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty with his entire Lyceum company.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany.
(By permission of Messrs. Hills & Saunders.)

The spirits of Wordsworth, Longfellow, Browning and Tennyson have failed "from off the globe." Wilkie, Turner and Landseer, after enriching the Victorian era with their works of art, have laid aside palette and brush for ever. Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens now

The Queen. 1885. (After Angeli.)
(By permission of Hofrath Franz Haufstaengl, Munich.)

sleep in Poet's Corner, and Carlyle is gathered to his fathers in a distant Scottish kirkyard. Faraday has been succeeded by Huxley and Tyndall, the latter of whom, born in 1820 at a little village in Ireland, recently died by a lamentable misadventure. Agassiz, Owen and Darwin have enlightened the biological, and Murchison the geographical world; and the Queen has seen and heard the marvellous discoveries of Thomas Alva Edison.

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.
(By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.)

On the great Metropolis those fifty years have left their mark more than anywhere else. So altered are its buildings, to such an extent have ancient landmarks vanished, that could the refined and gentle Addison have risen from the "immortals" in Westminster Abbey, and have mingled with the throngs who assembled to greet Her Majesty as she went in state to give thanks in that glorious old fane,—could he have followed the crowd and revisited his accustomed haunts, he would have recognised once familiar localities only by such few remaining buildings as the Monument and the Tower, St. Paul's and some others of Wren's churches, St. James's Palace, Westminster Hall, and that grand Minster of the West where he himself had been laid to rest in the year 1719.

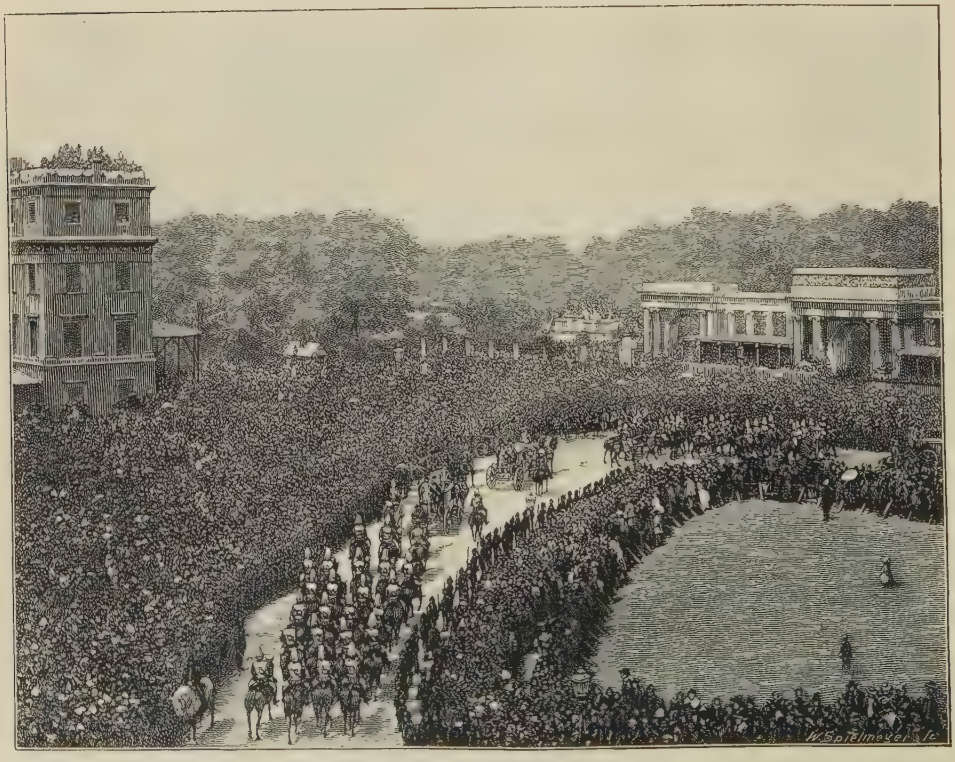
For full seven-and-fifty years Queen Victoria has borne the burden of royalty and lived in the "fierce light that beats upon a throne." No private affliction, however great, not even the thick cloud that blotted out the sunshine of her married happiness and left its shadow on all her after-life, has caused her to fail in the fulfilment of a single public duty. Perhaps when the complete history of her reign comes to be written—and may that day be long distant!—it will be found that she was ever ready to ascribe all the glory and success of her notable career to the guiding influence of a Higher Power.

H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg.
(By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.)

Thus, when Sir W. Tite rebuilt the Royal Exchange after its destruction by fire, it is said that H.R.H. the Prince Consort suggested the singularly appropriate inscription which all may see to this day over the main entrance—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." And on a memorable occasion when Her Majesty, Queen and Empress, inaugurated the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in

the Albert Hall, stirred by emotion too deep for utterance as the National Anthem sounded with mighty diapason while she sat the central figure in that vast assemblage of the great and noble of her Empire, and realised in a special manner the fact of her rulership over one-fifth part of the human race and a territory of nine million square miles in extent, it is conceivable that the words carved on the City Bourse silently came back to her memory, supplemented by King David's immortal utterance as he dedicated all his vast treasure to the building of the Temple: "Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over all."

ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.



The Jubilee Procession, 1887, at Hyde Park Corner.

No. 1 Buyers.

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The Bishop of Eucalyptus.

"NOW, that's very finely expressed," said the Doctor.

I lowered my copy of the *Times*—the London morning papers do not arrive in these parts until eight p.m.—and glanced across at the speaker, who had set down his book, and was staring up reflectively into the rays of the reading-lamp. The Doctor, who in his youth has travelled much and known many cities and men, is now, at forty, the most silent and stay-at-home of my acquaintance. Six years back he descended suddenly upon Porthlooe with his hands behind him; some days later a portmanteau and a brass plate followed by carrier's van; and from that time the rare visits he pays me—sailing his small boat across the bay to Troy, and returning the next morning—have been his farthest excursions. On these occasions it is his rule after dinner to light a pipe, subside into an easy chair, reach up a hand for Mr. Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," and read in it for two hours or so. I suppose him to be the very slowest reader in the world. On each and every sentence, grave or trivial, he bestows the same serious attention, and (I am convinced) would take Newton's "Principia" and the conversations in "La Dame de Monsoreau" at precisely the same pace. He had been reading a full hour before he broke silence with this, the only literary "appreciation" I had ever heard him utter.

"That's very finely expressed," he repeated slowly, bringing his finger-tips together and staring over them at the tips of his varnished shoes. The Doctor, whose only neighbours are fishermen and fishermen's wives and families, is meticulous in the matter of dress. Presently he picked up the book again. "Listen," he said, and began to read in a dry, level tone:—

"'O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill-top, and but a little way farther, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.'"

"Thank you," said I, shortly, getting up and filling a pipe. "I observe that your labours have carried you as far as page 190 in that volume."

"A red-pine shanty it was."

Some years since, finding that it tended to reconcile me with sundry of my minor failings, I had been at pains to get "Virginibus Puerisque" by heart; and the Doctor's delivery smoothed all the music out of this "sudden freshet" of Mr. Stevenson's eloquence.

He laid the open book face downwards on his knee, and sank back with his face in the reading-lamp's penumbra.

"It reminds me——" he began.

My pipe was lit, and my attention refixing itself upon the *Times*, when it suddenly occurred to me that the Doctor was telling a story.

". . . on the eastern slope of the Rockies. It will be fourteen years back this autumn. The coach dropped me at Eucalyptus somewhere about nine in the evening, and Hewson, who was waiting, took me straight to his house, high up among the foot-hills. A red-pine shanty it was, neatly screened from all but the southerly winds, with stabling behind it more than enough for the three horses that Hewson kept. The front seemed to hang over the edge of a waterfall, down which Hewson sent his logs with a pleasing certainty of their reaching Eucalyptus sooner or later. All this I saw the next morning; but the noise of the fall was such that twice before daybreak I woke wondering why Hewson should keep a cellarful of trumpeting elephants, and how he contrived to get them up to this height above sea-level.

"I must admit that the Cornice House, as he called it, was worth travelling to

see. Right at the back of it the pines climbed away up to the snow-line; and the front—well, do you remember the story of Daniel O'Rourke; how an eagle carried him up to the moon, and how he found it as smooth as an egg-plum, with just a reaping-hook sticking out of its side to grip hold of and prevent yourself slipping off into space? To sit in Hewson's verandah was like sitting astride that reaping-hook; and, as a matter of fact, the cliff was so deeply undercut that a plummet, if it could be let through between your heels, would drop clean into the basin below the fall. With the wind blowing from any point around the south-east you couldn't sit out there for the spray. These pine contraptions weigh less than you would think; but Cornice House was something out of the common in size and style, and I am bound to say its architect must have had a nerve.

"It was none of Hewson's building. Hewson was a bachelor, and could have done with a two-roomed cabin for himself and his men. He had bought the place dog-cheap off a New Englander, who had made his pile by running the lumbering business up here and a saw-mill down in the valley at the same time. At least the place seemed dog-cheap at the time, but after a while it began to dawn upon Hewson that the Yankee had the better of the deal. Eucalyptus had not come up to early promise. In fact, it was slipping back and down the hill with a run. Already five out of its seven big saw-mills were idle and rotting. Its original architect had sunk to a blue-faced and lachrymose bar-loafer, and the roll of plans which he carried about with him—with their unrealised boulevards, churches, municipal buildings and band-kiosks—had passed into a sufficiently dismal standing joke. Hewson was even now deliberating whether to throw up the game or to pitch good money after bad by buying up a saw-mill and running it as his predecessor had done.

"'It's like a curse,' he explained to me at breakfast. 'The place is afflicted like one of those unfortunate young South Sea potentates, who flourish up to the age of fourteen and then die down and cypher out, and not a soul to know why. First of all, there's the lumbering. Well, here's the timber all right; only Bellefont farther down the valley has nipped in and cut us out. Then we had the cinnabar mines—you may see them along the slope to northward, right over the west end of the town. They went well for about sixteen months; and then came a panic and a stampede fit to make you cry. A joker in the *Bellefont Sentinel* wrote that the miners up in Eucalyptus were complaining of the "insufficiency of exits"; and upon my soul he wasn't far out. Last there were the "Temperate Airs and Reinvigorating Pine-odors of America's Peerless Sanatorium. *Come and Behold: Come and be healed!*" The promoters billed that last cursed jingle up and down the States till as far south as Mexico it became the popular formula for an invitation to drink. Well, for three years we averaged something like a couple of hundred invalids, and doctors in fair proportion; and I never heard that either did badly. It was an error of judgment, perhaps, to start our municipal works with a costly Necropolis, or rather the gateway of one; two marble pillars, if you please—the only stonework in Eucalyptus to this day—with "Campo" on one side and "Santo" on the other. No healthy-minded person would be scared by this; but the invalids complained that we'd made the feature too salient, and the architect has gone ever since by the name of "Huz and Buz," bestowed on him by some wag who meant "Jachin and Boaz," but hadn't Scripture enough to know it. Anyhow the temperate airs and pine-odours are a frost. There's nobody, I fancy, living at Eucalyptus just now for the benefit of his health, and I believe that at this moment you're the only doctor within twenty miles of the place.'

"'Altogether,' said I, 'this is a soft spot you're inviting me to settle in.'

"Hewson's eyebrows went up at that word. '"Settle in!" And who the dickens asked you to settle anywhere? You were invited here to pitch your moving tent and contemplate the everlasting hills, and share my food and tobacco, and sling yarns with me until such time as your soul tires of it, as in time it will. Meanwhile, if you can put in some professional attendance at Eucalyptus it may give a zest to the hours of idleness. They're all sick down there; but you won't cure them except by shutting up all the saloons: and as the place is nothing but saloons, it follows that you can only become of use by abolishing your sphere of usefulness. But "settle"! Man, you must be getting old.'

"Each step I took was a discovery and a delight.'

"'Well,' I answered, 'I'll step down this morning anyway, and take a look at the place.'

"'You can saddle the brown horse whenever you like. You were too sleepy to take note of it last night, but you came up here by a track fit for a lady's pony-carriage. My predecessor engineered it to connect his two places of business. In its way it's the most palatial thing in the Rockies—two long legs with a short tack between—gentle all the way—and it brings you out by the Necropolis gate. You can hitch the horse up there.'

"By ten o'clock I had saddled the brown horse, and was walking him down the track at an easy pace. Hewson had omitted to praise its beauty, and each step I took was a discovery and a delight. Pine-needles lay underfoot as thick and soft as a Persian carpet; and what with the pine-tops arching and almost meeting overhead, and the red trunks raying out left and right into aisles as I went by, and the shafts of light breaking the greenish gloom here and there with glimpses of aching white snowfields high above, 'twas like walking in a big cathedral with bits of the real heaven shining through the roof. The river ran west for a while from Cornice House, and then tacked north-east with a sudden bend round the base of the foot-hills; and since my track formed a sort of rough hypotenuse to this angle, I heard the voice of the rapids die away and almost cease, and then begin again to whisper and murmur, until, as I came within a mile or so of Eucalyptus, they were loud at my feet, though still unseen. I am not a devout man, more's the pity; but

"She was not rigged out to escape notice."

have feelings enough to take off my hat, now and then, in God's big solitudes: and as a matter of fact all the way that morning a couple of sentences were ring-dinging in my head: 'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them up unto the Lord.' You know where they come from, I dare say.

"By-and-by the track took a sharp and steep trend down hill, then a curve; the trees on my right seemed to drop away; and we found ourselves on the edge of a steep bluff overhanging the valley, the whole eastern slope of which broke full into sight in that instant, from the river tumbling below—by sticking out a leg I could see it shining through my stirrup—to the rocky *arêtes* and smoothed-out snowfields around the peaks. It was a big spectacle, and I suppose I must have stared at it till my eyes were dazzled, for, on turning to pursue the track, which at once dived among the pines and into the dusk again, I did not observe, until quite close upon her, a woman coming towards me.

"And yet she was not rigged out to escape notice. She had on a scarlet Garibaldi, a striped red-and-white skirt bunched up behind into an immense polonaise, and high-heeled shoes that tilted her forward at an alarming angle. She wore no hat, but carried a scarlet parasol over her shoulder. Her hair, in a touzled chignon, was golden, or rather had been dyed to that colour; her face was painted; and she was glaringly drunk.

"This sudden apparition shook me down from my high self-communings with a jerk; and it is to be supposed the sight of me had something of the same effect on the woman, who staggered to the side of the track, and, plumping down amid her flounces, beckoned me feebly with her parasol. I pulled up, and asked what I could do for her.

"'You're the doctor?' she said slowly, with a tight hold on her pronunciation.

"'That's so.'

"'From Cornice House?'

"I nodded.

"She nodded back. 'That's so. Oh, dear, dear! *you* said that. I can't help it: I'm drunk, and it's no use pretending!'

"She fell to wringing her hands, and the tears began to run from her bistred eyes.

"'Now, see here, Mrs.—Miss——'

"'Floncemorency.'

"'Miss Florence Montmorency?' I hazarded as a translation.

"'That's so. Formerly of the Haughty Coal.'

"'I beg your pardon? Ah, yes, I see: of the Haute École?'

"'That's so: *'questrienne.*'

"'Well, you'll take my advice, and return home at once and put yourself to bed.'

"'Don't you worry about me. It's the Bishop you've got to prescribe for; and I allowed I'd reach Cornice House and fetch you down to him if it took my last breath. Pete Stroebel at the drug store told me this morning that Mr. Hewson had a doctor come to stop with him, so I started right along.'

"'And how far did you calculate to reach in those shoes?'

"'I didn't calculate at all: I just started along. If the shoes hurt, I'd have kicked them off and gone without, or maybe crawled.'

"'Very good,' said I. 'Now, before we go any farther, will you kindly tell me who the Bishop is?'

"'He's a young man, and he boards with me. See here, mister,' she went on, pulling herself together and speaking low and earnest, 'he's good; he's good right through: you've got to make up your mind to that. And he's powerful sick. But what you've got to lay hold of is that he's good. The house is No. 67, West Fifteenth Street, which is pretty easy to find, seeing it's the only street in Eucalyptus. The rest haven't got beyond paper, and old Huz-and-Buz totes them round in his pocket, which isn't good for their growth.'

"'Won't you take me there?'

"'Not to-day. I guess I've got to sit here till I feel better. Another thing is, you'll be doing me a kindness if you don't let on to the Bishop that you found me in this—this state. He never saw me like this: he's good, I tell you. And he'd be sick and sorry if he knew. I'm just mad with myself, too; but I swear I never meant to be like this to-day. I just took a dose to fix me up for the journey; but ever since I've been holding off from the whisky the least drop gets into my walk. You didn't happen to notice a spring anywhere hereabouts, did you? There used to be one that ran right across the track.'

"'I passed it about a hundred yards back,' said I.

"Guessing her purpose, I dismounted and led her to the spring, where she knelt and bathed her face in the water, cold from the melting snowfields above; then pulled out a small handkerchief, edged with cheap lace, and fell to dabbing her eyes.

"'Hullo!' she cried, breaking off sharply.

"'Yes,' I answered, 'you had forgotten that. But another wash will take it all off, and, if you'll forgive my saying so, you won't look any the worse. After that you shall soak my handkerchief and bandage it round your forehead till you feel better. Here, let me help.'

"'Thank you,' she said, as I tied the knot. 'And now hurry along, please. Sixty-seven, West Fifteenth Street. I'll be waiting here with your handkerchief.'

"I mounted and rode on. At the end of half a mile the track began to dip more steeply, and finally emerged by a big clearing and the two marble pillars of

which Hewson had spoken; and here I tethered the brown horse, and had a look around before walking down into Eucalyptus. Within the clearing a few groups of Norfolk pines had been left to stand, and between these were burial lots marked out and numbered, with here and there a headstone or a painted wooden cross; but the inhabitants of this acre were few enough. Behind and above the 'Necropolis' the hill rose steeply, and there, high up, were traces of the disused cinnabar mines,—patches of orange-coloured earth thrusting out among the pines.

"Then pulled out a small handkerchief . . . and fell to dabbing her eyes."

"The road below the cemetery ran abruptly down for a bit, then heaved itself over a green knoll and descended upon what I may call a very big and flat meadow beside the river. It was here that Eucalyptus stood; and from the knoll, which was really the beginning of the town, I had my first good view of it—one long street of low wooden houses running eastward to the river's brink, where a few decayed mills and wharves straggled to north and south,—a T, or headless cross, will give you roughly the shape of the settlement. From the knoll you looked straight along the main street; with a field-gun you could have swept it clean from end to end, and, what's more, you wouldn't have hurt a soul. The place was dead empty—not so much as a cur to sit on the sidewalk—and the only hint of life was the laughing and banjo playing indoors. You could hear that plain enough. Every second house in the place was a saloon, and every saloon seemed to have a billiard-table and a banjo player. I never heard anything like it. I should say, if you divided the population into four parts, that two of these were playing billiards, one tum-tumming 'Hey, Juliana' on the banjo, and the remaining fourth looking on and drinking whiskey, and occasionally taking part in the chorus. All the way down the sidewalk I had

these two sounds—the *click, click* of the balls and the *thrum, thrum, tinkle, tinkle* of 'Juliana'—ahead of me, and left silence in my wake, as the inhabitants dropped their occupations and sauntered out to stare at 'the Last Invalid,' which was the name promptly coined for me by the disheartened but still humorous promoters of America's Peerless Sanatorium.

"You don't know 'Juliana'—neither tune nor words? Nor did I when I set foot in Eucalyptus; but I lived on pretty close terms with it for the next two months, and it ended by clearing me out of the neighbourhood. It was a sort of nigger camp-meeting song, and a hybrid at that. It went something like this:

"'Oh, de lost ell-an'-yard is a-huntin' fer de morn'—

The lost ell-and-yard is Orion's sword and belt, I may tell you—

'Hey, Juliana, Juli-he-hi-holy!
An' my soul's done sicken fer de Hallelujah horn,
Hey, Juliana, Juli-he-hi-ho!
Was it weary there,
In de wilderness?
Was it weary-y-y, 'way down in Goshen?

"'Oh, de children shiver by de Jordan's flow,
Hey, Juliana, Juli-he-hi-holy!
An' it's time fer Gaberl to rack up an' blow,
Hey, Juliana, Juli-he-hi-ho!
For it's weary here
In de wilderness;
Oh, it's weary-y-y, 'way down in Goshen!'

That was the sort of stuff, and it had any number of verses. I never heard the end of them. Also there were variants—most of them unfit for publication. The tune had swept up the valley like an epidemic disease; and, after a while, it astonished no dweller in Eucalyptus to find his waking thoughts and his whole daily converse jigging to it. But the new-comer was naturally a bit startled to hear the same strain ascending from a score of houses as he walked down the street.

"I found the house, No. 67, easily; and knocked. It looked neat enough, with a fence in front and some pots of flowers in a little balcony over the porch, and clean muslin curtains to the windows. The fence and house-front were painted a bright blue, but not entirely; for here and there appeared patches of green daubed over the blue, much as if a child had been around experimenting with a paint-pot.

"'Open the door and come upstairs, please,' said an English voice right overhead. And, looking up, I saw a slim young man in a minister's black suit standing among the flower-pots and smiling down at me. I saw, of course, that this must be my patient; and I knew his complaint too. Even at that distance any one could see he was pretty far gone in consumption.

"As I climbed the stairs he came in from the porch and met me on the landing, at the door of Miss Montmorency's best parlour—a spick-and-span apartment containing a cottage piano, some gilded furniture of the Second Empire fashion, a gaudy lithograph or two, and a carpet that had to be seen to be believed. The place was a cockpit of internecine colours.

"'I had better explain,' said I, 'that this is a professional visit. I met Miss Montmorency just outside the town, and have her orders to call. I am a medical man.'

"Still smiling pleasantly, he took my hand and shook it.

"'Miss Montmorency is so very thoughtful,' he said; then, touching his chest

lightly, 'it's true I have some trouble here—constitutional, I'm afraid; but I have suffered from it, more or less, ever since I was fourteen, and it doesn't frighten me. There is really no call for your kind offices; nothing beyond a general weakness, which has detained me here in Eucalyptus longer than I intended. But Miss Montmorency, seeing my impatience, has jumped to the belief that I am seriously ill.' Here he smiled again. 'She is the soul of kindness,' he added.

"I looked into his prominent and rather nervous eyes. They were as innocent as a child's. Of course there was nothing unusual in his hopefulness, which is common enough in cases of phthisis—symptomatic, in fact; and, of course, I did not discourage him.

"'You have work waiting for you? Some definite post?' I asked.

"'I am a minister of the gospel.'"

"He answered with remarkable dignity; he looked a mere boy too.

"'I am a minister of the gospel, as you guess by my coat: to be precise, a Congregational minister. At least, I passed through a Congregational training college in England. But nice distinctions of doctrine will be of little moment in the work before me. No, I have no definite post awaiting me—that is, I have not received a call from any particular congregation, nor do I expect one. The harvest is over there, across the mountains; and the labourers are never too many.'

"It was singular within my experience; but this young man contrived to speak like a book without being offensive in the least.

"'I was sent out to America,' he went on, 'mainly for my health's sake, and the voyage did wonders for me. Of course I picked up a lot of information on the way

and in New York. It was there I first heard of the awful wickedness of the Pacific Slope, the utter, abandoned godlessness of the mining camps throughout the golden and silver states. I had letters of introduction to one or two New England families —sober, religious people—and the stories they told of the Far West were simply appalling. It was then that my call came to me. It came one night—— But all this has nothing to do with my health.'

"'It interests me all the same,' said I.

"'It does one good to talk, if you're sure you mean that,' he went on, with a happy laugh. Then, with sudden gravity: 'It came one night—the clear voice of God calling me. I was asleep; but it woke me, and I sat up in bed with the voice still ringing in my ears like a bugle calling. I knew from that moment that my work lay out West. I saw that my very illness had been, in God's hands, a means to lead me nearer to it. As soon as ever I was strong enough, I started; and you may think me fanciful, sir, but I can tell you that, as sure as I sit here, every step of the way has been smoothed for me by the Divine hand. The people have been so kind all the way, for I am a poor man; and I have other signs—other assurances——'

"He broke off, hesitated, and resumed his sentence at the beginning:

"'The people have been so kind. I think the Americans must be the kindest people in the world; and good too. I cannot believe that all the wickedness they talk of out yonder can come from anything but ignorance of the Word. I am certain it cannot. And that encourages me mightily. Why, down in Bellefont they told me that Eucalyptus here was a little nest of iniquity; they spoke of it as of some abandoned City of the Plain. And what have I found? Well, the people are indeed as sheep without a shepherd; and who can wonder, seeing that there is not a single House of Prayer kept open in the municipality? There is a great deal of coarse levity, and even profanity of speech, and, I fear, much immoderate drinking; but these are the effects of blindness rather than of wickedness. From the heavier sins—from what I may call actual, conscious vice—Eucalyptus is singularly free. Miss Montmorency, indeed, tells me that in her experience (which, of course, is that of a single lady, and therefore restricted) the moral tone of the town is surprisingly healthy. You understand that I give her judgment no more than its due weight. Still, Miss Montmorency has lived here three years; and for a single lady (and, I may add, the only lady in the place) to pass three years in it entirely unmolested——'

"This was too much; and I interrupted him almost at random,—

"'You remind me of the purpose of my call. I hope, if only to satisfy Miss Montmorency, you won't mind my sounding your chest and putting a few questions to you.'

"Seeing that I had already pulled out my stethoscope, he gave way, feebly protesting that it was not worth my trouble. The examination merely assured me of that which I knew already—that this young man's days were numbered, and the numbers growing small. I need not say I kept this to myself. Some men may need time to make their peace with heaven; but not this one.

"'You must let me call again to-morrow,' said I. 'I've a small medicine chest up at the Cornice House, and you want a tonic badly.'

"Upon this he began, with a confused look and a slight stammer: 'Do you know—I'm afraid you will think it rude, but I didn't mean it for rudeness—really. Your visit has given me great pleasure; but, unless——'

"It flashed on me that he had called himself 'a poor man.'

"'I wasn't proposing to doctor you,' I put in; and it was a shameless lie.

'You may take the tonic or not; it won't do much good or much harm, anyway, A gentle walk every day—the very gentlest, nothing to overtax your strength—among the pines here will do more for you than any drugs. But if you will let me call, pretty often, and have a talk—I'm an Englishman, you know, and an English voice is good to hear——'

"His face lit up at once. 'Ah, if you would!' said he; and we shook hands.

"As I closed the front door and stepped out upon the sidewalk, a tall man lounged across to me from the doorway of a saloon across the road—a lumberer, by his dress. He wore a large soft hat, a striped flannel shirt open at the neck, a broad leathern belt, and muddy duck trousers tucked into muddy wading-boots. His appearance was picturesque enough without help from his dress. He had a mighty length of arm and breadth of shoulders; a handsome, but thin and almost delicately fair face, with blue eyes, and a surprisingly well-kept beard. The colour of this beard and of his hair—which he wore pretty long—was a light auburn. Just now the folds of his raiment were full of moist sawdust; and as he came he brought the scent of the pinewoods with him.

"'How's the Bishop?'"

"'How's the Bishop?' asked this giant, jerking his head towards the little balcony of No. 67.

"Before I could hit on a discreet answer, he followed the question up with another:

"'What'll you take?'

"I saw that he had something to say, and allowed him to lead the way to a saloon a little way down the road. 'Simpson's Pioneers' Symposium' was the legend above the door. A small, pimply-faced man in seedy black—whom I guessed at once, and correctly, to be 'Huz and Buz'—lounged by the bar inside; and across the counter the bar-keeper had his banjo slung, and was gently strumming the accompaniment of 'Hey, Juliana!'

"'Put that down,' commanded my new acquaintance; and then, turning to Huz and Buz, 'Git!'

"The architect raised the brim of his hat to me, bowed servilely, and left.

"'Short or long?'

"I said I would take a short drink.

"'A brandy sour?'

"'A "brandy sour" will suit me well.'

"He kept his eye for a moment on the bar-tender, who began to bustle around with the bottles and glasses; then turned upon me.

"'Now, then.'

"'About the Bishop, as you call him?'

"He nodded.

"'Well, you're not to tell him so; but he's going to die.'

"'Quick?'

"'I think so.'

"He nodded. 'I knew that,' he said, and was silent for a minute; then resumed, 'No; he won't be told. We take an interest in that young man.'

"'Meaning by "we"?'

"'The citizens of Eucalyptus, as a body. My name's William Anderson: Captain Bill they call me. I was one of the first settlers in Eucalyptus. I've seen it high, and I've seen it low. And I'm going to be the last man to quit; that's the captain's place. And when I say this or that is public opinion in Eucalyptus, it's got to be. I drink to your health, Doctor.'

"'Thank you,' said I. 'Then I may count on your silence? The poor chap is so powerfully set on crossing the Rockies and getting to close quarters with some real wickedness, that to tell him the truth might shorten the few days he has left.'

"Captain Bill smiled grimly.

"'Wickedness? Lord love you! *He* couldn't see any, not if he walked 'Frisco for a week. He'd go through Hell, and out at the far door, without so much as guessing the place had a seamy side to it. His innocence,' pursued the Captain, using a figure of speech that has a name of its own in the grammar-books, 'is unusual. I guess that's why we're taking so much care of him. But I must say you've been spry in tumbling to the game.'

"'Upon my word, I can't at this moment make head or tail of it. I met Miss Montmorency on the road——'

"'I guess she was looking like a Montmorency too. Flyheel Flo is her name hereabouts; alluding to her former profession of circus rider. Perhaps I'd better put the facts straight for you.'

"'I wish you would.'

"'Well, it'll be about two months back that the Bishop came to Eucalyptus. We were most of us here in Simpson's bar when the coach drove up at nine o'clock—same time as it dropped you last night—and we loafed out to have a look. There was only one passenger got down; and he seemed of no account—a weedy-looking youngster with a small valise—looked like he might have come to be bar-tender to one of the small saloons. It was dark out there, you understand: nothing to see by but the lamps of the coach and the light of the doorway; besides which the fellow was pretty well muffled up in a big coat and wraps. Anyway he didn't seem worth a second look; so when the coach moved on we just sauntered back here, and I don't reckon there was a man in the room knew he'd followed us till he lifted up that reedy voice of his. "Gentlemen," he piped out, "would some one of you be kind enough to direct me to a nice, comfortable lodging?" Old Huz-and-Buz was drinking here with his back to the door. "Great Cæsar's ghost!" he called out, dropping his glass, "what 'n thunder's that?"—and one or two others of the boys let on to be scared out of their wits at the sound of that Sabbath-school voice. "Gentlemen," says he again, "I am a stranger, this moment arrived by the coach; and it would be a real kindness to direct me to a comfortable lodging." By this time he'd unwound the muffler about his neck and unbuttoned his outer wraps generally, and we saw he was rigged out in genuine sky-pilot's uniform. We hadn't seen one of that profession in Eucalyptus for more'n two years. "I'm afraid, your reverence," says one of the boys, mimicking the poor lad's talk, "I'm afraid the accommodation of this camp will hardly reach up to your style. I guess what *you* want is a cosy little nook with a brass

"'Gentlemen, . . . I am a stranger.'"

knocker and a nice motherly woman to look after you. You oughter have sent the municipality word you was coming." "Thank you," answers the poor boy, as serious as can be; "of course I shall be glad of such comforts, but I assure you they are not indispensable. I'm an old campaigner," he says, drawing himself up to his poor little height and smiling proud-like. I tell you, that knocked the wind out of our sails. It was too big to laugh at. We just stuck for half a minute and looked at him, till the mischief put it into old Huz-and-Buz's head to cackle out, "Better send him right along to Flyheel Flo!" This put up a laugh, and I saw in half a minute that the proposition had caught on. It struck me as sort of funny, too, at the time; so, seeing Bluehill Pete was making ready to open his mouth and bungle the joke, I steps forward and says, "I know a lady who'd likely take you in and fix you up comfortable. This kind of thing ain't exactly in her line; but no doubt she'll put herself out to oblige a minister, specially if you take her a letter of introduction from me. Miss Florence Montmorency's her name, and she lives at No. 67 along the street here. Here, pass along the ink-bottle and a pen," I says (for, barring Huz-and-Buz, I was about the only sinner present that hadn't forgotten how to spell); and inside of five minutes I'd fixed up the letter to Flo, and a dandy document it was! He took it, and thanked me like as if it was a school prize; and I guess 'twas then it began to break in on me that we'd been playing it pretty low on the innocent. However, Pete caught up his valise, and two or three of us saw him along to Flo's door, and waited

out on the sidewalk while he knocked. At the second knock Flo came down and let him in. I saw him lift his hat, and heard him begin with "I believe I am addressing Miss Montmorency"; and what Flo was making ready to say in answer I'd give a dollar at this moment to know. But she looked over his shoulder, and with the tail of her eye glimpsed us loafing outside, and wasn't going to show her hand before the boys. So quick as thought she pulls the youngster in, with his valise, and shuts the door.

"'Well, *sir*, we cooled our heels outside there for a spell, but nothing occurred. So at last we made tracks back here to the saloon, owning to ourselves that Flo didn't need to be taught how to receive a surprise party. "But," says I, "you'll have the minister back here before long; and I anticipate he'll ask questions." I'd hardly said the words before the door flung open behind me. It wasn't the youngster though, but Flo herself; and a flaming rage she was in. "See here, boys," she begins, "this is a dirty game, and you'd better be ashamed of yourselves! I'm ashamed of you, Bill, anyway," she says, tossing me back my letter; and then, turning short round on Huz-and-Buz, "If old Iniquity, here, started the racket, it's nateral to him: he had a decent woman once for his wife, *and beat her.* But there's others of you oughter know that your same reasons for thinking light of a woman are reasons

"'See here boys,' she begins."

against driving the joke too hard." "You're right, Flo," says I, "and I beg your pardon." "I dunno that I'll grant it," she says. "Lord knows," she says, "it ain't for any of us here to be heaving dirt at each other; but I will say you oughter be feeling mean, the way you've served that young man. Why, boys," she says, opening her eyes wide, like as if 'twas a thing unheard of, "he's *good*! And oh, boys, he's sick too!" "Is he so?" I says; "I feel cheap." "You oughter," says she. "What's to be done?" says I. "Well, the first thing," she says, "that you've got to do is to come right along and paint my fence;" then, seeing I looked a bit puzzled—"Some of you boys have taken the liberty to write up some pretty free compliments about my premises; and as the most of you was born before spelling-bees came in fashion, I don't want my new boarder to come down to-morrow and form his own opinion about your education." Well, sir, we went off in a party and knocked up old Peter, and got a pot of paint, and titivated No. 67 by the light of a couple of lanterns; and the Bishop—as we came to call him—sleeping the sleep of the just upstairs all the time. *Un*fortunately, Peter had made a mistake and given us green paint instead of blue, and by that light none of us could tell the difference; so I guess the Bishop next morning allowed that Miss Montmorency had ideas of her own on "mural decoration," as Huz-and-Buz calls it. When we got the job fixed, Flo steps inside the gate, and says she, looking over it, "Boys, I'm grateful. And now I'm going to play a lone hand, and I look to you not to interfere. Good night." From that day to this, sir, she's kept straight, and kept off the drink in a manner you wouldn't credit. The Bishop, he thinks her an angel on earth; and to see them promenading down the sidewalk arm-in-arm of an afternoon is as good as a peepshow. I'm bound to own the boys act up to it. You wait till you see her pass, and the way the hats fly off. Old Huz-and-Buz came pretty near to getting lynched the first week, for playing the smarty and drawling out as they went by, "Miss Montmorency, I believe?" to imitate the way in which the Bishop introduced himself. I guess he won't be humorous again for a considerable spell. And now, Doctor, I hope I've put the facts straight for you?'

"'You have,' I answered, draining my glass; 'and they do several people credit.'

"'Stop a bit. You haven't heard what I'm coming to. That young man is poor.'

"'So I gather.'

"'And I'm speaking now in the name of the boys. There was a meeting held just now, while you was dropping your card on the Bishop; and I'm to tell you, as deputy, that trouble ain't to be spared over him. It's a hopeless case; but you hear?—trouble ain't to be spared; and the municipality foots the——'

"'Hold hard, there,' I broke in; and told him how the land lay. When I'd done he held out a huge but well-shaped hand, palm upwards.

"'Put it there,' he said.

"We shook hands, and walked together (still to the strain of 'Juliana') as far as the Necropolis gate. I observed that several citizens appeared at the doors of the saloons along our route, and directed interrogatory looks at Captain Bill, who answered in each case with a wink.

"'That passes you,' he explained, 'for the freedom of Eucalyptus City, as you'd say at home. When you want it, you've only to come and fetch it—in a pail, if you will. Doctor, you're among friends.'

"He backed up this assurance by shaking my hand a second time, and with great fervour. And so we parted.

"As I neared the spring on my homeward road I saw Miss Montmorency standing beside the track, awaiting me. She looked decidedly better, and handed me back my handkerchief, almost dry and neatly folded.

"'And how did you find him?' she asked.

"I told her.

"'We allowed it was that—the boys and I. We allowed he wouldn't last out the fall. Did you meet any of the boys?'

"'I've been having a short drink and a long talk with Captain Bill.'

"She nodded her head, breaking off to clap both palms to her temples.

"'My! it does ache! I'm powerful glad you seen Bill. Now you know the worst o' me, and we can start fair. I allowed, first along, that I play this hand alone; but now you've got to help. Now and then I catch myself weakening. It's dreadful choky, sitting by the hour and filling up that poor innocent with lies. And the eyes of him!' (she stamped her foot): 'I could whip his father and mother for having no more sense than to let him start. Doctor, you'll have to help me all you know.'

"I gave her my promise, and rode on.

"I rode down to Eucalyptus again next morning, and found the Bishop seated and talking with Miss Montmorency in the gaudy little parlour.

"'We were just going out for a walk together,' he explained, as we shook hands.

"'And now you'll just have to walk out with the Doctor instead; and serve you right for talking foolishness.' She moved towards the door.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I wish you would make her listen. I feel much better to-day—altogether a different man. If this improvement continues, I shall start in a week at the furthest. And I was trying to tell her—— Doctor, you can have no notion of her goodness. 'I was a stranger, and she took me in'——"

"Miss Montmorency, with her hand on the door, turned sharply round at this and shot a queer sort of look at me. I thought she was going to speak; but she didn't.

"'Excuse me,' I said to the Bishop, as the door closed, 'but that's your Bible, I take it, on the table yonder. May I have it for a moment?'

"I picked it up and followed Miss Montmorency, whom I found just outside, on the landing.

"'What's the meaning of it?' she demanded, very low and fierce.

"'I guessed that text had jerked you a bit. No, I haven't given you away. He was talking out of the Bible.' I found the place for her. 'You'd better take it to your room and read the whole passage,' said I, and went back to the parlour.

"'I have lent your Bible to Miss Montmorency,' I said.

"The Bishop seemed lost in thought, but made no remark until we were outside the house and starting for our short walk. Then he laid a hand on my arm. 'Forgive me,' he said; 'I had no idea you were earnest in these matters.' I was for putting in a disclaimer, but he went on:

"'She has a soul to save—a very precious soul. Mark you, if works could save a soul, hers would be secure. And I have thought, sometimes, God cannot judge her harshly: for consider of how much value the life of one such woman must be in such a community as this. You should observe how the men respect her. And yet we have the Divine assurance that works without grace are naught; and her carelessness on sacred matters is appalling. If, when I am gone,'—and it struck me sharply that not only the western mountains but the cemetery gate lay in the direction of his nod, and that the gate lay nearer,—'if you could speak

to her now and then—ah, you can hardly guess how it would rejoice me some day when I return, bearing'—and his voice sank here—'bearing, please God, my sheaves with me!'

"'But why,' I urged, 'go farther, when work like this lies at your hand?'

"'I have thought of that; but only for a moment. It may sound presumptuous to you: I am very young; but there is bigger work for me ahead, and I am called. I cannot argue about this. I *know*. I have a sign. Look up at the mountain, yonder—high up, above the quicksilver mines. Do you see those bright lights flashing?'

"Sure enough, above the disused works a line of sparkling lights led the eye upwards to the snowfields, as if traced in immense diamonds. The phenomenon was certainly astonishing, and I couldn't for the life of me explain it.

"'You see it? Ah! but you didn't observe it till I spoke. Nobody does. Miss Montmorency, when I pointed it out, declared that in all the time she has lived here she never once noticed it. Yet the first night I came here I saw it. My window looks westward, and I pulled the curtain aside for a moment before getting into bed. It had been dark as pitch when the coach dropped me; but now the moon was up, over opposite; and the first thing my eyes lit on was this line of lights reaching up the mountain. When I woke, next morning, it was still there, flashing in the sun. I think it was at breakfast, when I asked Miss Montmorency about it and found she'd never remarked it, that it first came into my head 'twas meant for me. Anyway, the idea's fixed there now, and I can't get away from it. I've asked many people, and there's not one can explain it, or has ever remarked it till I pointed it out.'

"His hand trembled on his stick, and a fit of coughing shook him. While we stood still I heard a banjo in a saloon across the road tinkle its long descent into the chorus of 'Juliana'—

"'Was it weary there,
In the wilderness?
Was it weary-y-y, 'way down in Goshen?'

The chorus came roaring out and across the street; ceased; and the banjo slid into the next verse.

"'I wish they wouldn't,' said the Bishop, taking the handkerchief from his lips and speaking (as I thought) rather peevishly.

"'It's a weariful tune.'

"'Is it? Now, I don't know anything about music. It's the words that make me feel wisht.'

"'And now,' said I, 'you've eased my soul of the curiosity that has been vexing it for twenty-four hours. Your voice told you were English; but there was something in it besides—something almost rubbed out, if I may say so, by your training for the ministry. I was wondering what part of England you hailed from, and I meant to find out without asking. You'll observe that as yet I don't even know your name. But Cornwall 's your birthplace.'

"'I suppose,' he answered, smiling, 'you've only heard me called "the Bishop." Yes, you're quite right. I come from the north of Cornwall—from Port Isaac; and my name's Penno—Ozias Penno. I used to be laughed at for it at the Training College, and for my Cornish talk. They said it would be a hindrance to me in the ministry, so I worked hard to overcome it.'

"'I know Port Isaac. At least, I once spent a couple of days there.'

"'Ah?' He turned on me eagerly—with a sob, almost. 'You will have seen my folks, maybe? My father's a fisherman there—Hezekiah Penno—Old Ki, he's always called: every one knows him.'

"I shook my head. 'The only fisherman I knew at all was called Tregay. He took me out after the pollack one day in his boat, the *Little Mercy*.

"'That will be my mother's brother Israel. He named the boat after a sister of mine. She's grown up now and married, and settled at St. Columb. This is wonderful! And how was Israel wearing when you saw him?'

"'You have later news of him than I can give. I am speaking of ten years ago.'

"His face fell pathetically; but he contrived a rueful little laugh as he answered: 'And I must have been a boy of nine at the time, and playing about Portissick street, no doubt! Never mind. It's good, anyway, to speak of home to you; for you've *seen* it, you know.'

"He said this with his eyes fixed on the flashing mountain; and, as he finished, he sighed.

"During the next three or four days—for a relapse followed his rally, and he had to give up all thought of departing immediately—I talked much with the Bishop; and I think that each talk added to my respect and wonder. In the first place, though I had read in a good many poetry books of maidens who walked through all manner of deadliness unhurt—Una and the lion, you know, and the rest of them—I hadn't imagined that kind or amount of innocence in a man; and it almost scared me. I verily believe Captain Bill spoke the cold truth when he said that the Bishop could have walked through hell itself without suspecting a seamy side. Another thing that startled me more and more was the size of his ambitions. 'Bishop'—*in partibus infidelium* with a vengeance—was too small a title for him. 'Twas a Peter the Hermit's part, or a Savonarola's or Whitefield's at least, he was going to play all along the Pacific Slope; and his outfit no more than a small Bible and the strength of a mouse. And with all this the poor boy was just wearying for home, and every small fibre in his sick heart pulling him back while he fixed his eyes on the lights up the mountain, and stiffened his back and talked about putting a hand to the plough and not turning back.

"'Hewson,' I said one morning, as we were breakfasting at the Cornice House, 'what's the cause of those curious lights up by the cinnabar mines, over Eucalyptus?'

"'Lights?' said he—'what lights? I never heard of any.'

"'Well, it's something that flashes, anyway—a regular line of it.'

"'I tell you what it's *not*: and that's quicksilver,' Hewson answered.

"On my way down to Eucalyptus early that morning, I hitched my horse up to the Necropolis gate and determined to explore the secret of the lights before visiting the Bishop. The track towards the cinnabar works was pretty easy to follow, first along; but when I had climbed some four or five hundred feet it grew fainter, and was lost at length under the pine-needles. Luckily some hand had notched a tree here and there, and these guided me to the dry bed of a torrent, on the far side of which the track reappeared, and continued pretty plain for the rest of the journey, though broken in several places by the rains. I had missed my way three times at the most; but it took me three-quarters of an hour to reach the lowest of the works, and another twenty minutes to get into anything like clear country. At length, on the edge of a steep depression that widened and shallowed as it neared the valley, I got a fair look up the slope. So far I had met nothing to account for the lights—nothing at all, in fact, but the broken spade-handles, old boots, empty meat-cans, and other refuse of the miners' camps; but every now and then I would catch a glimpse of the hillside high overhead: and always those lights were flashing there, though in varying numbers. Now, having a clear view, I found to my dismay that they had

shrunk to one. It was like a story in the Arabian Nights. I swore, though, that I wouldn't be cheated of this last chance. The flashing object, whatever it was, lay some two hundred yards above me on the slope; and I approached cautiously, with my eyes fixed on it, much like a child hunting grasshoppers in a hayfield. I was less than ten paces from it when the light suddenly vanished, and five paces more knocked the bottom out of the mystery. The object was a battered and empty meat-can.

"I had passed a hundred such, at least, on my way. The camps had lain pretty close to the track, and the rains descending upon their refuse heaps had washed the labels off these cans, that now, as sun and moon rose and passed over the mountain side, flashed moving signals down to Eucalyptus in the valley—signals of failure and desolation. And these had been the Bishop's pillar of fire in the wilderness.

"'Was it weary, then,
In the wilderness?'

"I turned and went down the track.

"At the Necropolis gate I found Captain Bill standing, with a heavy and puzzled face, beside my horse.

"'I was stepping up to Cornice House; but found your nag here, and concluded to wait. I've been waiting the best part of an hour. What in thunder have you been doing with yourself?'

"'Prospecting,' said I. 'What's the news? Anything wrong with the Bishop?'

"'There's nothing wrong with him; and won't be, any more. He broke a bloodvessel in the night. Flo looked in early this morning, and found him sleeping, as she thought. An hour later she took him a cup of tea, and was putting it down on the table by the bed, when she saw blood on the pillow. She's powerful upset.'

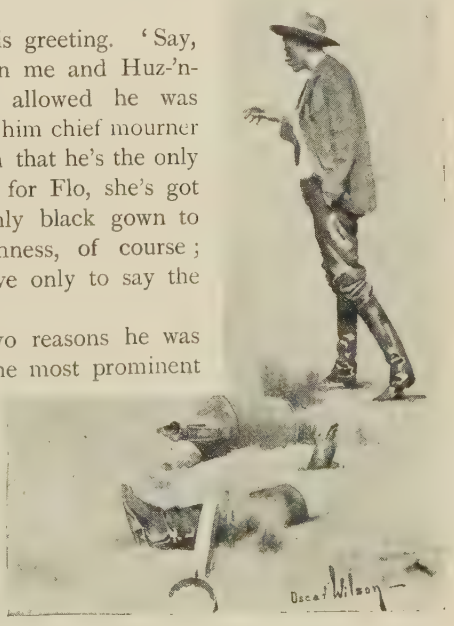
"Three days later—the morning of the funeral—I met Captain Bill at the entrance of the town. He held the Bishop's small morocco-bound Bible in his hand; but for excellent reasons had made no change in his work-day attire.

"'You're attending, of course?' was his greeting. 'Say, would you like to conduct? It lay between me and Huz-'n-Buz, and he was for tossing up; but I allowed he was altogether too hoary a sinner. So we made him chief mourner instead, along with Flo—the more by token that he's the only citizen with a black coat to his back. As for Flo, she's got to attend in colours, having cut up her only black gown to nail on the casket for a covering. Foolishness, of course; but she was set on it. But see here, you've only to say the word, and I'll take a back seat.'

"I declined, and suggested that for two reasons he was the man to conduct the service: first as the most prominent inhabitant of Eucalyptus; and secondly, as having made himself in a way responsible for the Bishop from the first.

"'As you like,' said he. 'I told him, that first night, I'd see him through; and I will.'

"He eyed the Bible dubiously. 'It's pretty small print,' he added. 'I suppose it's all good, now?'



"The object was a battered and empty meat can."

"If you mean that you're going to open the book and read away from the first full-stop you happen to light on——'

"'That's what I'd planned. You don't suppose, do you, I've had time since Tuesday to read all this through and skim off the cream?'

"'Then you'd better let me pick out a chapter for you.'

"As I took the Bible something fluttered from it to the ground. Captain Bill stooped and picked it up.

"'That's pretty too,' he said, handing it to me.

"It was a little bookmarker, worked in silk, with one pink rose, the initials M. P. (for Mercy Penno, no doubt), and under these the favourite lines that small west-country children in England embroider on their samplers:

"'Rose leaves smell
When roses thrive:
Here's my work
When I'm alive.
Rose leaves smell
When shrunk and shred:
Here's my work
When I am dead.'

I turned to the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; showed the Captain where to begin; and laid the bookmarker opposite the place.

"We walked a few paces together as far as the green knoll that I have described as overhanging Eucalyptus, and there I halted to wait for the funeral, while Captain Bill went on to the cemetery to make sure that the grave was ready and all arrangements complete. The procession was not due to start for another quarter of an hour, so I found a comfortable boulder and sat down to smoke a pipe. Right under me stretched the deserted main street, and in the hush of the morning—it was just the middle of the Indian summer, and the air all sunny and soft—I could hear the billiard balls click-click-clicking as usual, and the players' voices breaking in at intervals, and the banjoes tinkling away down the street from saloon to saloon.

"I found a comfortable boulder and sat down."

These and the distant chatter of the river were all the sounds; and the river's chatter seemed hardly so persistent and monotonous as the voices of the saloons and the unceasing question—

"'Was it weary there
In the wilderness?
Was it weary-y-y, 'way down in Goshen?'

"Suddenly, far down the street, there was a stir, and from the door of No. 67 half a dozen men came staggering out into the sunshine under a black coffin, which they carried shoulder high; and behind came two figures only—those of Miss Montmorency and the architect—arm in arm. The bearers wheeled round, got into step after one or two attempts, and the procession advanced.

"And I observed, as it advanced, that a hush came slowly with it, closing on the click of the balls and the strumming of the banjoes, as from saloon after saloon the players stepped out and fell in at the tail of the procession. Gradually these noises were penned into the three or four saloons immediately beneath me; and then these too were silenced, and the mourners began to climb the hill.

"I did not attend the funeral after all. I rose and stood hat in hand as it climbed past—the coffin, the one woman, and the many men. It was grotesque enough. Flo had on the same outrageous costume she had worn at our first meeting; but a look at the black drapery of the coffin sanctified *that*. One mourner, in pure absence of mind, had brought along his billiard cue as a walking-stick; and every now and then would step out of the ranks and distribute whacks among the five or six dogs that frisked alongside the procession. But I read on every face the consciousness that Eucalyptus was doing its duty.

"So they climbed past and up to the Necropolis, and filed in between its two pillars. I could see among the pines a group or two standing, with bent heads, and Captain Bill towering beside the grave; at times I heard his voice lifted, but could not catch the words. Down in the town for a while all was silent as death. Then in a saloon below some boy—left behind, no doubt, to look after the house—took up a banjo

"The coffin, the one woman, and the many men."

and began to pick out slowly and with one finger the tune of ''Way down upon the Swannee River,' and as it went I fitted the words to it :

"'All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, brudders, how my heart grows weary. . . .'

"The tune ceased. The only sound now came from a robin, hunting about the turf and now and then breaking out into an impatient twitter.

"The silence was broken at length by the footsteps of the mourners returning. They went down the hill almost as decorously as they had gone up. Flo stepped aside and came towards me.

"'Let me stay beside you for a bit. I can't go back there—yet.'

"This was all she said ; and we stood there side by side for minutes. Soon the tinkle of a banjo came up to us, and a pair of billiard balls clicked ; then a second banjo joined in ; and gradually, as the stream of citizens trickled back and spread, so like a stream the sound of clicking billiard balls and tinkling banjoes trickled back and spread along the main street of Eucalyptus City.

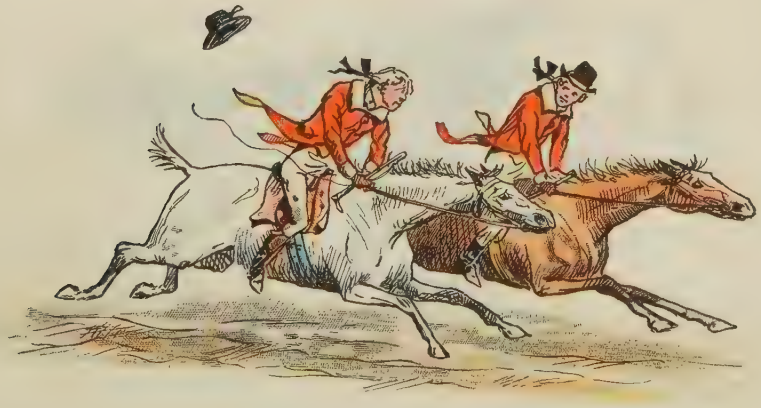
"'For it's weary here
In de wilderness. . . .'

"Miss Montmorency looked at me and put out a hand ; but drew it back before I could take it. And so, without another word, she went down the hill."

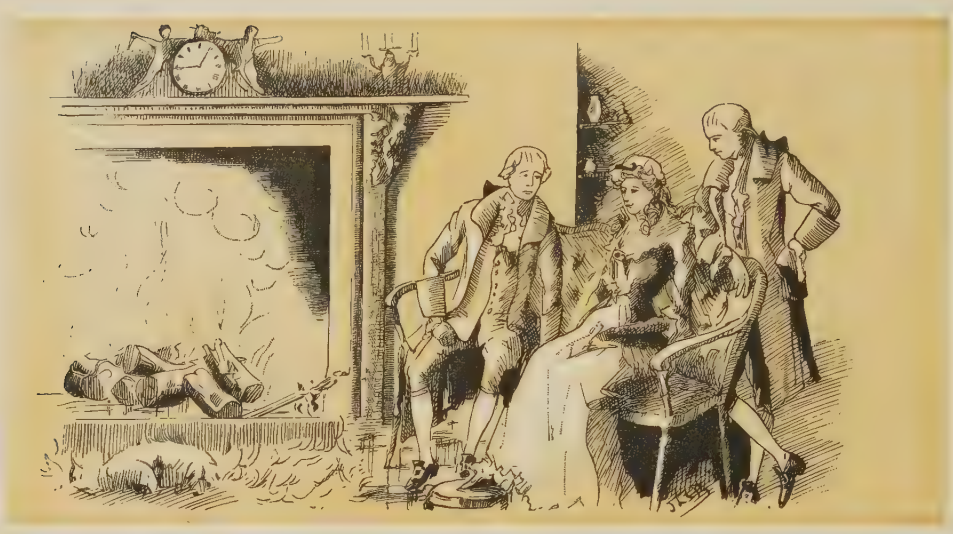
"Q."

THE FOX of the PRIORY HIN

SIR HOGANY TOPPS was a sportsman bold,
And two rollicking sons had he;
And court they paid to a fair young maid,
Whose name was Catherine Lea.

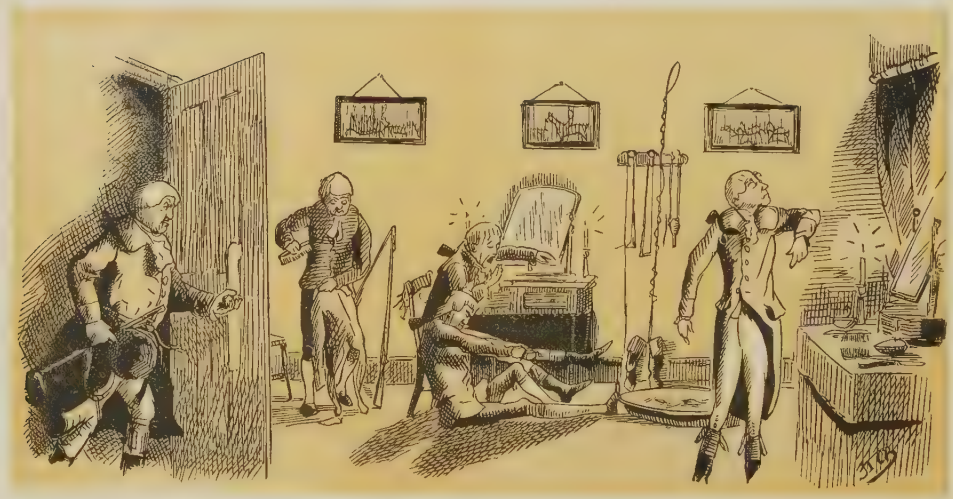


Now, though they loved her equally well,
She could not wed them both,
So they asked her to say, one Christmas Day,
To which she would plight her troth.



"To-morrow," she said, "is a Monkston meet,
And this is my decree:
Ye must both ride straight, nor go through a gate,
And the first shall marry me."

* * * * *



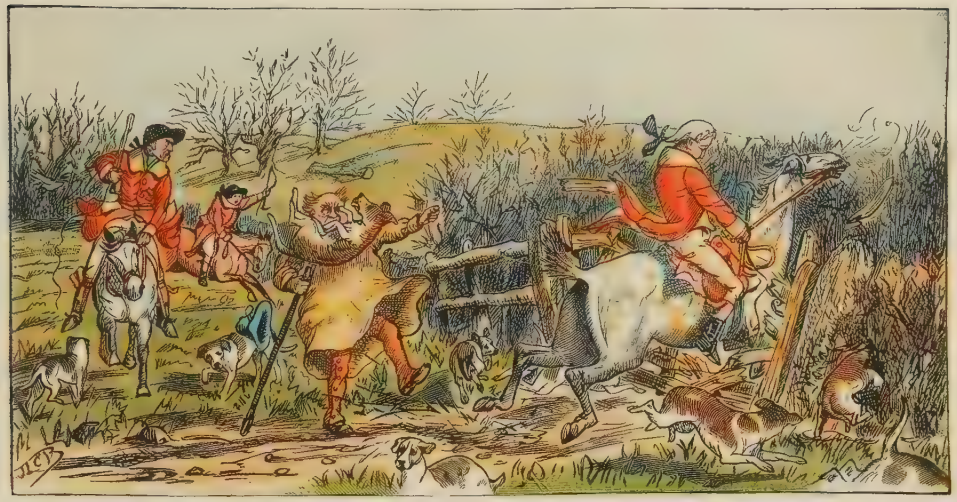
'Twas eighteen miles to Monkston town,
So they had to be up betimes;
And they left the door as half-past four
Rang out from the stable chimes.

At ten o'clock the cover was reached,—
With holloa, and crack, and rate,
The hounds streamed into the waving whin,
And they hadn't got long to wait.

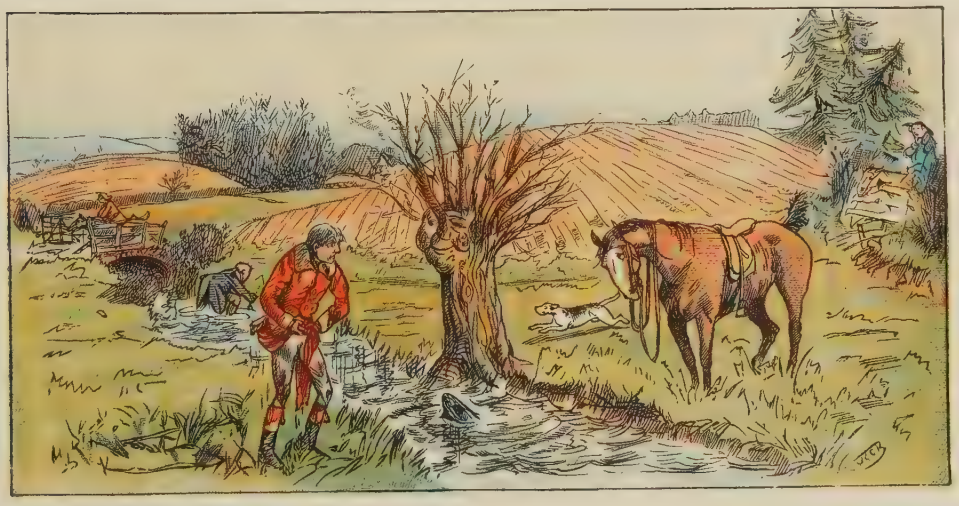
For the sound of the horn was quickly borne
To the watchful varmint's ears:
Out of covert he popped, for he's not to be chopped
Who has baffled the hounds for years.

Sir Hogany's sons were off like guns,
As jealous as jealous could be;
While each descried a line to ride
For the hand of Mistress Lea.

Now the eldest lad, whose name was Dick,
Had a horse of the steel-mouthed sort,
And by Skullanbone Heath he'd the bit in his teeth,
Which added new zest to the sport.



He raced through the pack, to the huntsman's dismay,
And frightened him out of his wits;
And then crashed straight through a five-barred gate,
And shivered it all to bits.



Young Harry, meanwhile, had jumped a stile
With a horribly ugly look,
When his mare gave a peck,—he was up to his neck
In the icy Drownem brook.

But now we must leave this rattling run,
And get forrard some miles away,
To a carriage and pair, with the lady fair
Who's the cause of all the fray.

When driving along, she suddenly heard
The melodious cry of hounds;
And old John, from his box, yelled, "Tally-ho! Fox!
A fox, for a thousand pounds!"

'Twas indeed the varmint, just dead beat,
When a refuge he espied—
"The carriage, of course!" As a last resource
He rushes and jumps inside!

The hounds come towling over the fence,
The ladies scream and rush,
The rivals screw their horses through:
A *dead heat* for the fateful brush!

"We both have won! What can be done?
'Tis for you to decide, sweet Kate!"
But Sir Hogany cries, "Dick's lost the prize,
For he rode through a five-barred gate!"

There were shouts of delight in Topps Hall that night,
And they drank with uproarious din
To the famous ride for the fair young bride,
And the Fox of the Priory Whin.

Written and illustrated by
JOHN LIONEL BOOTH.

Confidences.

AFTER A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE DE BLAAS.

Potters, Old Cairo.

STREET SCENES IN CAIRO.

IN an "antique land," on the bank of a great, softly flowing river, there lies a strange and wonderful city. The sun rises upon it each morning in a sky of clear rose, and sinks each evening leaving a magic after-glow to write his epitaph. Over the city, backed by deserts vague and trackless, watches a domed citadel; and, far away in its bed of drifting, greyish-yellow sand, a silent mystery faces a wide, vague plain with staring, sightless eyes, as if waiting with a calm patience for something great that never comes. Domes and minarets lift themselves into prominence above the flat-roofed houses, where the clouds of pigeons—often the only clouds that brood above the city—float, and the veiled ladies take the air and muse on the life that they may never know. The still atmosphere is broken, at fixed hours, by the voice of the Muezzins, calling the busy, money-getting, picturesque faithful to leave their bartering, their intriguing, and bend in prayer; and at all hours by a thousand voices of almost as many nationalities, chattering scandal in French, asking the way in German, refusing to be "done" in English, whispering soft somethings in Italian, or sometimes—only sometimes—hinting that there is such a thing as necessity, and that necessity can be alleviated by "backsheesh," in purest Arabic.

For the city is Cairo. Having written its motto, I have let out the secret. Having alluded to its presiding genius, I have given myself away. The Sphinx, and Backsheesh! There, in two words, you have the non-traveller's idea, not only of Cairo, but of Egypt. Some, probably, will throw in vaguely "the Pyramids," and a few of the better informed will add thereto the howling dervishes, the Nile, and the Khedive.

All these component parts of the whole that calls itself Egypt have their special points of interest. The Sphinx takes hold on every one. I have seen an American

pork-butcher, who had been discussing the merits of diverse bottled ales at the base of the Great Pyramid, awed into silence by its defaced majesty and ineffable meaning. I have heard a French *cocotte*, at sight of it, breathe out an "Ah! c'est——" and then positively fail for an adjective. Yes, the Sphinx reigns in its glorious ugliness more surely than any superb beauty. Praise and blame, and the chatter that mocks the tombs, decries the mosques, or lays the temples in ruins, are silent before it—silent as the deserts over which it sternly gazes, silent as its imagined eyes, behind which there surely stands erect a soul. Backsheesh, too, has its interest, both to him that gives—in half-piastres if he is wise—and him that gets; the Pyramids, hackneyed as they undoubtedly are, appeal to many, though they always disappointed me; and the howling dervishes, studiously mad, and noisy rather with a view to advertisement than to eternity, are decidedly entertaining for half an hour or so, after which time their wild, ta ra-ra-boom-de-ay movements irritate and their pious yells annoy. There

Sweetmeat Merchants.

remain the Nile and the Khedive, and of both of these I have recently seen a great deal, having spent many delightful weeks "up" the former, and been present at a certain famous review when the latter was much dissatisfied with the magnificent drill and evolutions of the famous Soudanese troops, who keep at bay the wolves of the Soudan, delight their officers by their docility and bravery, and enchant tourists by their good-nature, their black faces, and their astonishing Friday evenings in camp.

The Nile I saw under all aspects and from many points: at dawn from the great iron bridge of Kasr-el-Nil, when the dim boats lay in lines along the still, oily flood; at noon from the waste ground that lies behind the British Agency, when Cook's steamers were starting with noisy freights for Upper Egypt; at evening far away, from the heights of the Citadel; at night from a hidden nook in the mysterious gardens of the Ghesireh Palace, where a spectre of departed Ismail still seems to walk, and the cries of Cairo come very softly and magically, made almost holy by distance.

And the Nile I found always fascinating, always profoundly attractive. The aspect of his Highness the Prince Abbas, son of the courtly Tewfik, whom to know was to like, whether driving, surrounded by his guards, along the desert road from Abba-seeyah, leaning out of his curtained box to scan a pretty *danseuse* in the Esbekieh Opera-house, watching one of his horses ridden to win by Shakir at the races, receiving a deputation on board his white-and-gold steam-yacht at Luxor, or inspecting the Soudanese troops by the tall Sirdar at Assouan, was always the same—flushed, and so serious that it might almost be called lowering. Doubtless he has many merits, but a cheerful countenance is certainly not to be reckoned among them. I saw him many times, and he always looked as if something had just occurred to vex him.

Having run through the six parts that make up a whole in the mind of the non-traveller, and in the mind of many a traveller also, still there is something left to see when in Egypt, to remember when Egypt itself is but a vivid memory.

Scribes outside the Police Station.

Among other things Cairo may be mentioned: Cairo, one of the most fascinating—I am almost tempted to say the most fascinating city in the world. I have lived the life of the lotus-eater among the palms and pariah dogs of Luxor. I have dreamed in that still temple, gnome-haunted by tiny imps of children, at Philae. I have paused, with a tightened feeling at the heart, at the verge of the faint track that indicates the great desert road to lost Khartoum. I have panted in the sun at Assouan, and thrown oranges into the river for those bits of black quicksilver, the donkey-boys, to swim to. I have tried to carry on conversation with naked Shadoof men upon a mud bank near Edfou. Amid clouds of dust and clouds of anxious or jubilant cries I have processed with fifty-six of "Cook's Irregulars" to temples and to tombs. In the full heat of an almost tropical blaze of noonday sunshine I have stood with Monsieur Naville, most agreeable and informing of Egyptologists, upon an immemorial dust-heap, and listened to the melancholy love-song of his tireless, happy workmen. Eight separate times have I rolled with my

The Donkey Market, Boulak.

donkey upon various deserts, and remounted, laughing at my bruises. I have even learned to respect, if not to love, the camel, and to love, if not to respect, his lively attendant; but, among all my memories of months in Egypt, Cairo stands out—restless, amazingly picturesque, dirty, lovely Cairo. I could spend many winters in those streets of Cairo, in those silent mosques, in those noisy, embroidered bazaars—embroidered with many-coloured humanity—in those palm-shaded gardens, in those markets and courts, and never tire, never cease to feel the need and the delight of watching. For Cairo pulses with a life more varied—at any rate outwardly—than that of any other city it was ever my lot to rest in.

I once heard a little man, whose education was on the whole less forcible than his speech, declare emphatically that he would not visit Rome, his given reason for avoidance of the Eternal City being that he was "sick of mummies!" Similarly,

Native Café, Old Cairo.

but more reasonably, perhaps, I have heard a clever man declare that Egypt would be the most delightful country in the world but for its temples and its tombs. Well, if you are of the same way of thinking, come with me into the streets of Cairo—without a guide-book, if you please—come with me to the carpet groves of ceremonious Mr. Cohen, linger with me in the odorous air of the scent bazaar, tread with me through the red-and-yellow maze of a slipper forest, lounge along the crowded Mooskee, sit, just for ten minutes, in Europe and yet not in Europe, upon the verandah at Shepheard's Hotel, take an arabeeyah up to the Citadel, and down again to the Arab Library and Museum, have a cup of delicious coffee by the lake in the Esbekieh Gardens, and then tell me if Cairo is not the most fascinating, live place in all the world. You will think so unless you have spent the money that you intended should last you for months upon one of those Bagdad carpets that change

In the Garden of the Hareem.

colour like the chameleon, or a piece of embroidery that might make a rainbow hide its diminished head and blush for its comparatively inartistic colouring.

The streets of Cairo, by day or night, are perpetually amazing. At first they merely bewilder and distract. They act upon the eye and the mind like Barnum's great circus with unnumbered arenas. One does not know what to look at first. One is drawn in a hundred directions by a hundred curious or beautiful or grotesque sights. Here a vision of a barbarous funeral, the corpse exposed in a coffin in full evening dress, with varnished boots pointing heavenwards, the coffin-lid borne aloft by shouting mourners, vanishes down a side alley, and inclines you to shuddering. There a preposterous puppet show, in which two attenuated and immense figures, shrouded in black muslin, perform the most imbecile antics to the music of a long yellow pipe played by a solemn Egyptian youth robed in the palest blue, forces you to a burst of laughter. The petulant face and fretful eyes of a camel, a second-hand-looking animal at the best of times, gazing into your eyes cause you to bound backwards, brushing the stiff white ballet skirts of a big Montenegrin, and treading upon the bare twisted toes of a deformed beggar, who whines, "Me blind—finish father, finish mother!" in your ear as you turn round hastily for a way of escape. And now, at a corner, you are suddenly immersed in an ocean of donkey-boys, which threatens incontinently to drown you, which flows around and almost over you, deafening you with a pigeon-English music, stifling you with brown, gesticulating hands, and mouthing, shrieking faces. The gaily caparisoned asses, too, surge companionably to and fro with their masters, jostle you, tread upon your feet, bray in your ear more hideously than any dervish, breathe upon you until your breath almost fails and you can no longer even objurgate. In despair you at last resign yourself to a pair of lean, strong arms, that close tightly round you, hoist you in mid-air a moment, and then bump you heavily into a bright-red saddle that rises before you in a wall. Your feet are thrust with a jerk into stirrups so short that your knees mount towards your starting eyes. A whip is plied at your back. Your donkey bounds forward, cannoning against people and animals right and left. Your legs scrape against a dozen saddles, entangle themselves in as many bridles; and, amid a roar of hoarse ejaculations of disappointment and despairing

wrath from Arabs who have been skilfully cheated of their appointed prey, you emerge into the street again at a brisk jog-trot, holding on probably with both hands, and piously resigning yourself to the will of an inscrutable Providence.

What has happened?

Nothing out of the common.

You have merely engaged a donkey and started for a morning's ride through this gentle city of Cairo. At your side glides, with bare feet and smiling brown face, your energetic attendant, who tells you that his name is Said Ali, and that his donkey is called "Dodo." For the Cairo donkey-boy is becoming up-to-date, like other people, and apparently manages to learn what name is, for the time, most upon the lips of his customers. "Dodo" is a swift, though careless ass, and soon you are in the midst of the Mooskee.

When you have grown accustomed to your hunched-up posture and the somewhat abruptly varied paces of "Dodo," who performs a sort of switchback wriggle whenever her master prods her in the back, you begin to gaze around you and to take in slowly the wonders of the streets. In the distance you hear a loud shouting, and presently two lithe, upright, brown youths, clad in snowy linen trousers to the knee, with richly embroidered vests, caps, and long wands in their hands, come running past you, clearing the way for an English brougham, in which sit two of the royal ladies of the Khedival Court. How serious their great dark eyes look, gazing out over their transparent white veils! The vivacity of the streets sends no electric thrill through them. That brougham is a moving prison, and they know it. Away they go, and out of your mind, for a tap on the left side of "Dodo's" white head sends her squirming to the right. The rush and roar of the thoroughfare are suddenly hushed. You are in the busy privacy of the bazaars.

And now be careful of your money, for these grave merchants are strangely seductive, and have more winning manners than even the calling goblin-men who

Fortune-telling with Pebbles and Glass.

Fortune-telling with Sand.

came to the maidens of Miss Rossetti's fancy. They gaze at you with beseeching eyes, and, as they see you approaching, catch up their treasures and hasten to meet you in the gate. An Indian, wearing a cap stiff with gold embroidery, holds out to you his dusky hand full of uncut turquoises and sapphires. A polite Persian, with the manners of a dignified emperor, flings exquisite carpets upon the ground before you, while his attendants, with graceful haste, wave the most wonderful parti-coloured embroideries to catch the light that filters through the flat roof or steals up and down the crowded alleys. After pulling up Dodo repeatedly, you are at length persuaded to dismount and to thread the maze on foot, feasting your eyes at your leisure. You sit down with Mr. Cohen to see his tiny carpet worth a thousand pounds, and, in a dim grove of Oriental rugs, saddle-bags and prayer carpets, you drink a diminutive glass of tea like wine that is handed to you upon a brass tray, smoke a cigarette, and hear your host's comments upon his wares. For the shop-keepers of the East entertain you as an honoured guest, and, even though you do not buy, dismiss you with a salaam that falls little short of a blessing. And now you pass on, and a rhyme of your youth flits through your mind.

> "Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
> Picking up gold and silver,"

you murmur to yourself. So Tiddler was an Oriental, was he, despite his European name? And this is his ground, the gold and silver bazaar. Everywhere, all round, you see the precious metals, gleaming in massive trays on which squatting Persians and Indians are engraving beautiful devices, careless of your presence and observation, shining in bangles, rings, tall jars that might have held the forty thieves and Morgiana into the bargain. Silver scent-bottles, cigarette-cases so delicately fashioned that they look as if a touch might crush them, whip-handles, book-covers, chatelaines, belts, buckles, are here in thousands. On their narrow counters, in

lines, sit the solemn vendors, smoking, drinking coffee from tiny china cups, conversing in low tones, but always, with their long, liquid, dark eyes on the watch for your approach, always ready to stretch out their hands filled with tempting gewgaws, always waiting patiently to get the better of you in that polite and elevating wrangle which precedes the striking of a bargain. Now—for the Cairo bazaars are as full of surprises as a French farce—you suddenly turn into a square court that seems forgotten or overlooked by the world, it is so quiet, so empty, so serene. The sunbeams play about in it like happy children. The pigeons flutter and perch on the edge of a tiny stone fountain. In a corner two handsome Greeks are sitting over a sedate game of backgammon. An old man with a flowing beard, who looks like a conventional picture of Abraham or some other patriarch, squats like a statue, smoking a gigantic hubble-bubble, and dreaming in the drowsy warmth. A tattered beggar, clad apparently in the remains of a multi-coloured patchwork quilt, leans against an archway and hums a strange, tuneless song, with his blear eyes fixed upon the closed, dusty lattices of the windows above. Suddenly one of the lattices opens. A veiled head appears and a thin hand. There is the ring of a coin upon the ground at the beggar's feet. The veiled head disappears again, and the beggar slouches off chuckling to himself. And you follow him, threading the slipper bazaar and half a dozen others, till once more you reach the street. Here you dismiss "Dodo" and Said with a ten-piastre piece, charter an arabeeyah and set out for the Citadel.

The Citadel leans like a grey watchman over Cairo, austere, dignified, remote upon its height, with the rocks and the deserts behind it, and the old Arab quarter at its feet. In the painted halls of the huge hospital English nurses smooth the pillows and soothe the weary hours of sick English soldiers, and Tommy Atkins is very much *en évidence* as you drive up under the narrow archway to the broad space before the Mosque of Ali. It is strange enough to see the familiar scarlet coat here, the sturdy, broad-shouldered figures striding up and down, strange to hear a voice rich with the Yorkshire burr expressing in forcible slang an opinion very unfavourable to Eastern life. For the British soldier has a supreme contempt for the picturesque dwellers in a foreign land, and looks with lacklustre eyes upon a view that makes you draw in your breath with wonder

Performing Ape, Esbekieh Gardens.

A Peep-show.

A Stone Mason at Helonaan.

and delight. The prospect seen from the terrace at the Citadel towards sunset has been called the finest in the world; and you are not inclined to dispute the assertion as you gaze out over the Coptic churches of old Cairo, the time-worn Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the endless domes, minarets, flat-roofed houses, winding streets of the newer city, away to the rolling Nile, the green plains, the acacia groves of Ghesireh, to the Pyramids, to the desert. It is an amazing view. By its mere size it overawes you. A subdued hum rises up from below, a mingled music compounded of the cries of water-carriers, the shout of the running Saïs, the chatter of itinerant Arabs, the eager voices of tourists intent on a descent to "Joseph's well," the clatter of carts loaded with earthenware pottery, or fragrant with green loads of provender for the donkeys, the snarling of camels protesting against getting up if they are lying down or against lying down if they are standing up, the barking of pariah dogs, the shrieks of tiny, dusky children, dancing in orange-coloured robes over the dry gutters, the gay notes of a band playing that lively jig the Khedival hymn, the clear call of a bugle in the barracks of the English army. Each separate *motif* mingles in a dull, enigmatic harmony, that mounts up to the clear sky and seems to float away even as far as the Mena House Hotel, to the Great Pyramid and the lonely Sphinx. You turn your eyes at last away from the mighty panorama, and they fall on a red coat at your side. Above the red coat is a red face garnished with a very sniffing expression.

"Fine view!" you say appreciatively.

"Not when you've seed it for a twelvemonth, sir," says the face. "Them Arabs is a dirty lot!"

You give the man five piastres with which to toast your health,—he is not romantic, it is true, but he is very English,—and you go your way to Shepheard's Hotel for tea. It is a Saturday afternoon, and the band is playing, while all Cairene society defiles in front of the famous verandah, on which the Empress of Austria used to sit in one of those big hats which she affects, after a walk to the desert which

"Love's Messenger." (*From a painting.*)

Sawing Firewood.

nearly finished her gentleman-in-waiting. As you glance round now you catch sight of a beautiful French princess chattering to her brother, of a famous English picture dealer and art critic, of a millionaire colonel, of two or three peers of the realm, of a celebrated jockey and his wife, of a literary man who is world-renowned, all talking over their teacups, while English officers and pretty women cluster so thickly before the big front door that tall Mr. Baeler can hardly make his way in and out. Through the street flows an incessant stream of carriages and people on horseback, officers in mufti, Turks driving magnificent Russian horses, French women in daring hats and Englishwomen in veils as big as the flag that floats on the Round Tower at Windsor Castle. An Algerian with a peepshow tries to give a performance on the pavement, and is moved on by an Egyptian gendarme. The same fate befalls an Arab leading a huge muzzled ape, and he goes off swearing with a snake-charmer whose nose-ring might circle a fashionable waist. Presently there is a rattle of arms, everybody stands up, and, surrounded by a squadron of guards on white horses, the Khedive drives past in a smart victoria, saluting gravely in military fashion and running his brown eyes solemnly over the motley collection of humanity that gives him greeting. His Highness has been round the beautiful Esbekieh Gardens, where the swans float on the lake and the blue-robed gardeners sun themselves and smoke cigarettes as they go quietly about their work. He will drive in again in the evening to attend the opera. *Lakmé* is to be given, and there is a new dancer. The crowd of dragomans beyond the railings thickens, for people are returning from their expeditions—from the Arab Library, from the Geezeh Museum on the other side of the bridge, from the Tombs of the Caliphs, from the Ghesireh Palace (where it is whispered that there are two hundred Swiss housemaids to sweep out the multitudinous bedrooms that the guests of Ismail once inhabited), from the racecourse, from the Pyramids.

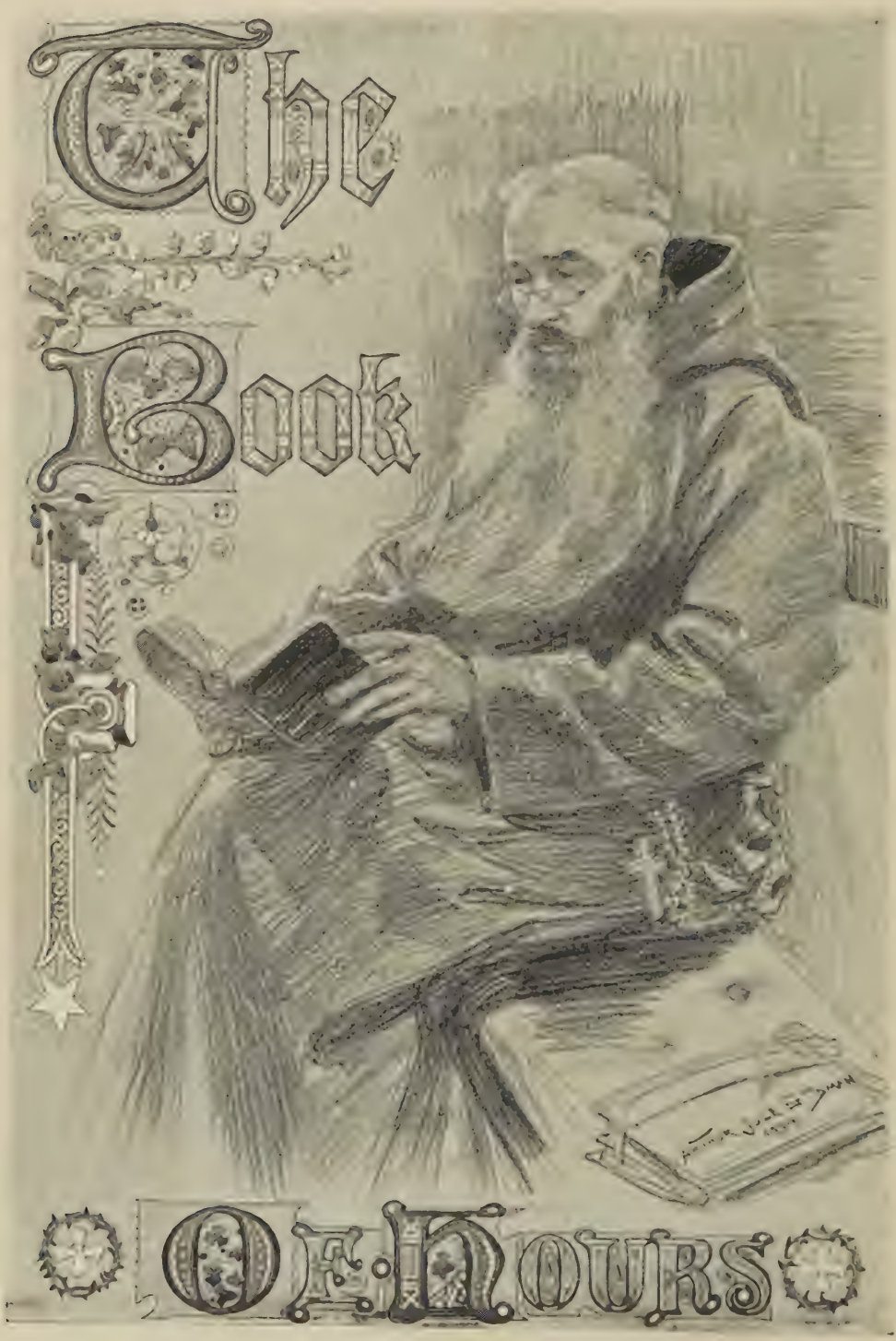
Hark! there is the lusty sound of a horn, and the Mena House coach, with its

A Blind Beggar.

load of passengers and its grooms clad in scarlet, dashes by, a popular Austrian Count handling the ribbons in fine style. The wife of the General commanding the army of occupation passes; and there goes Riaz Pasha, his thin, elderly face lighting up into a rare smile as he sees an unfortunate American tourist deposited abruptly on the pavement from the back of a bucking donkey. The sun is setting and the air grows a trifle chilly as the strains of the National Anthem remind you that it is nearly time to think of dressing for dinner; and as the crowds begin to disperse you catch a glimpse of a certain famous white hat vanishing down the street, and you murmur to yourself, "Lord Cromer!"

Then the verandah grows empty. The after-glow dies away in the clear sky. The last carriage has rolled home along the Ghesireh road. A thousand lights twinkle in the houses. The night draws on apace. Soon the Arab story-tellers will be gathering their audiences around them under the dim lamps, as of old in the days of the Arabian Nights, the wise women will be telling fates, the Egyptian boys, with their long wands held horizontally, will be posturing to the sound of the shrill pipe, the Circassian girls will be dancing in the cafés; as the stars come out over the illimitable deserts, and the moonlight shudders across the ever-drifting sand, shining more and more brightly till the night waxes late and Cairo sleeps, a dreaming city, that seems to some as magical and as marvellous as a city in a dream.

ROBERT S. HICHENS.


The
Book
OF HOURS

Four centuries ago in love was wrought
This gilded vellum rich with holy thought.
The old Capuchin pondering the page
Forgets the sordid struggle of the age.

He sees instead of bitter social wars,
The Child and Mary set among the stars:
He sees fair angels habited in gold,
Herald the birth of Him who leads the fold.
The younger ones who on his good face look
Behold the Peace reflected from the book.

"They would sit for hours on a porch in summer."

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

IN November 1700, at the season of reddening leaves, the Anglo-Dutch colony of New York experienced a sharp emotion on learning that the pirate sloop of Captain Kidd, with that redoubtable rogue and his cut-throat crew on board, had cast anchor in the incomparable beauty and the autumnal pathos of their midst. The famous freebooter's story was well known on Manhattan Island, whence five years before he had sailed for England to assume command of the *Adventure* galley. His lapse from the duty of a constable sent to suppress piracy on the high seas to the ways of those he was intended to punish was town talk. Moreover, a whisper of the pending fate that awaited him had come from Boston, and the rumour had gone through Broadway and the Bowling Green and Wall Street that a letter commanding his immediate presence before Governor Bellamont had been received. Those of the inhabitants who were sufficiently unsophisticated to look for a great vessel flaunting the death's head and bones were surprised at the small, high-pooped, peaceable-seeming craft that lay under the guns of Fort James, with the English flag at her peak, and a dozen sailors tidying her deck and touching her sable sides with paint and making her rigging as taut as a spider's web. Those who went to the shore for a scrutinising peep at the stranger found material for much moralising even in the deceitfulness of the new-comer's guileless appearance, which, as the Dominie declared, was but the inevitable worldly mask upon man's iniquity,—a hopeful sentiment to which his flock added sundry homilies suggested by the old gibbet that stood near the river, and which seemed to point with ominous intention at the cutter.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century Manhattan Island retained much of the Dutch imprint it had received from the founders of New Amsterdam. Its lower extremity was covered with gabled and peak-roofed houses, placed endwise upon the streets, which, unpaved, unlighted and uncleaned, differed little from country roads. The centre of the island had been cleared and ploughed, and here, in those mellow November days, were stacks of ripe corn and heaps of golden pumpkins, and, at wide intervals, thatched farmhouses, fringed in summer with tulips and sweet peas and sunflowers; while beyond, towards Spuyten Duyvel, stretched a forest of grand old spreading trees, unchanged since Hendrick Hudson first sighted them. Northward extended the river to which he gave his name, the "long house" of the Iroquois, the high, sun-flushed crags of the palisades sloping towards the hills behind Weehawken; to the south lay the Atlantic, whence, through the Narrows came invigorating breaths of salt air; and on the eastern side, connecting the harbour with Long Island Sound, lay a strip of water which, at its most tortuous point, seethed and eddied amid dangerous rocks, making a narrow way which the

cautious Dutch navigators named *Hell Gate*. Over the dreamy repose of the scene lay the opalescent sunlight and liquid haze of Indian summer, touching the woods with the scarlet of sumach branches, the amber of the maple, the feathery shafts of yellow willow—as though the trees were shot with tongues of flame that had set their foliage ablaze.

Among those whom the presence of the cutter drew to the river came two young women, both good-looking and well-dressed. Arrived at the water's edge, they gazed for a moment in silence at the sloop resting placidly at anchor—a spectacle whose tranquillity seemed to irritate the elder of them.

"A plague upon me for a fool," she muttered, with eyes fixed upon the vessel, "to think that a pirate could have time for aught else than to be fingering and gloating over his booty!"

"But," exclaimed her companion, whose quick ear had caught the half-spoken words, "the Captain has been busy with the notables. It has been a stream of boats plying to and fro; and the first I saw going this morning to that pretty ship were Rem Rapalye and Rip Van Dam, and it must be urgent need that sets them afoot before breakfast."

"A lady's letter takes precedence of all Rapalyes and Van Dams," was the tart reply. "Could he not at least have had the civility to send an answer?"

"If he be still the sensible man we took him for," rejoined the other, "and not the scapegrace people say, he will know that his answer is best delivered in person. Only think of all the pleasant words he has to say; and how could he put upon paper the feelings with which he will approach your presence after seeing nothing for three years but negresses and sirens and other like monsters of land and sea?"

"You are nearer right than wrong, Amanda," complacently answered the widow Mietjen, whose vanity was not proof against this substantial albeit equivocal compliment. "The yacht gives small sign of life: we will return whence we came, and let him take his time. Stay! Yonder are the worthies you just named, Rem Rapalye and Rip Van Dam—as heartless a pair of usurers as ever trod the streets of Leyden."

"Yes, and they pause to speak to the Dominie; he was here yesterday at sunrise to see the sloop cast anchor, muttering and mumbling to himself the while. Now they have noticed us: they leave the Dominie and come this way."

In her prime, Diana Mietjen, an English girl who had married a Dutchman, had been a handsome woman. It was her habit from an early age to divide the small fraction of mankind that came within her horizon into two categories—the men whom she would be willing to marry, and nonentities. She had laid successful siege to the departed Mietjen, and had made him a good wife, of the frugal and thrifty type; and now, having completed her thirty-fifth year, was prepared to venture again upon the connubial state.

The two men who now approached, wearing the sombre garb and broad-brimmed hat of the Dutch burghers, were such staunch friends, and had such lucrative interests in common, that quarrelling never estranged them. They were disciples of the popular school of philosophy that every one who differed from themselves was mistaken; and they would sit for hours on a porch in summer, or in winter by the crackling fireside, bickering over their business, which both declared was going to the dogs, or vehemently discussing the rights and wrongs of the infant colony, or the true and only doctrine of the Reformed Church, and exhausting the vocabulary of the Dutch language so far as expletives are to be found in that tongue.

Even in heated moments neither took offence, for their phrases were so long that the listener, try as he might, could scarcely carry the sense of a sentence from beginning to end.

They saluted the widow with effusive greeting, Van Dam casting upon her a look of undisguised admiration, while Rapalye glanced at a copper timepiece he drew from his fob, remarking, with a twitch of the head habitual to him, "A fortunate chance indeed, good madam, that we meet you; since Captain Kidd, whose coming we await, has named two o'clock as the hour, and your house as the place, wherein he will anon converse with us."

"I expect the Captain this afternoon," replied Dame Mietjen, with an air of surprise; "but I knew not that the public service brought him to my door, nor that such worthy company was to meet him."

"The public service requires little, either from the Captain or from us," gravely answered Van Dam; "nevertheless we are to join him presently, by your leave, in that cosy parlour, where I warrant a good fire is blazing; yet I marvel that the Captain, although an old friend of yours and of ours, should have made so bold. Friendship is a skittish beast, and must not be ridden without a saddle."

"But how comes it that you are awaiting him here, if your trysting-place be at my house?"

Before the answer could be uttered a light footfall was heard, and an individual appeared whom all recognised, albeit since they had seen him the sun of distant seas had bronzed his fine young face, and a five years' cruise as one of Captain Kidd's lieutenants had given him a mature look and a more settled air of command than is often seen in a man of eight-and-twenty. The new-comer was so absorbed by the blooming widow and her rosy step-daughter as to bestow but slight notice upon Rapalye and Van Dam, and it might have puzzled a keener observer than they to determine which of the women received the greater share of his civilities. But, in truth, the delight with which he gazed upon the widow was only a reflected joy. He and Amanda had become great friends during his sojourn at New York in happy days gone by. She had taken him to church, where the Dominie preached of love, who, being a man greatly enamoured of himself, held forth with unusual unction. After service they had walked to the Battery, whence they looked upon foaming waves and circling sea-gulls, and gazed up the sunny, slumbrous valley of the Hudson, with its stately oaks and dense sedges, where the wood-pigeons and wild ducks thronged. She had even cooked for him, with her own plump hands, some indigestible doughnuts, which were heavier than the cheeses wherewith a Dutch captain short of cannon-balls once loaded his carronades. One Sunday afternoon he had invited her to a stroll up the Bouwerie, just beyond sound of the church bells; but, as this was through secluded glades, favoured by engaged couples or by newly married ones, the coy maiden had declined. At parting, five years before, in the garden, out of sight behind the arbour, he had kissed her, at which she had sprung from his arms and run into the house. Now all these amenities were at an end. She had been severely brought up to believe that wise men are honest, and that theft is folly as well as crime. But here was her handsome Bendthebow come back to her with the shadow of the black flag darkening his life; and how, according to fixed Dutch tenets, could she love a man who was both fool and knave?

Their first greetings, inclusive of things from the South Sea to Sandy Hook, subsided, and the lieutenant begged Dame Mietjen with so significant a look to return to the house that the quick-witted lady divined something more than ordinary. The lieutenant saluted the two Dutch worthies, and without more ado offered his arm to the widow, and, followed by Amanda, turned towards Broadway.

"Dear Lieutenant Bendthebow," began the lady, as soon as they were out of earshot, "you shall sup with us. Mercy, how tall you have grown! And that white scar!—a cutlass stroke, was it? You looked at me so meaningly just now that I read in your eyes you are no less a rogue than before."

"I looked with intention to let you understand that some one awaits you."

"At my house? Who can it be?"

"Who should it be but Captain Kidd?"

"What, while we were looking for him at the landing? How did he pass unseen? And those two brave men we left waiting. No matter: let us hurry on."

A few steps farther—for distances were not great in colonial New York—brought them to the widow's house, standing with its picturesque chimney-stack on Broadway, while the side, or more properly the front, opened upon a tiny garden, with sundial, and cherry trees, and an arbour, beside which a great cluster of crimson dahlias still bloomed. The pride of the Mietjen family, however, was not in its garden, but in its house, which was an old Dutch cottage, built in the days of Petrus Stuyvesant, of bricks imported from Rotterdam, and with an ancient brass knocker, and diamond-paned windows, and a formidable scraper. Within was a spacious room, furnished with a carved chest, and dining-table, spinning-wheel, a solemn-looking portrait of the defunct Mietjen, a sideboard with plated tea-things and blue crockery, and half a dozen cosy chairs in the deep window or before the polished andirons.

It was in this room—"the bower of the adorable Diana," as he was wont to term it—that Captain Kidd awaited her arrival. At that moment he was particularly appreciative of its snug interior, as contrasted with the high seas he had left on the Atlantic. He had hung his three-cornered hat on his sword in a corner, and, unbuttoning the lapel of his blue coat, seated himself contentedly in a rocking-chair and cocked one foot over his knee in navy fashion. He was past forty, clean shaven, with sandy hair growing thin at the sides, bright grey eyes, speaking with the Scotch accent of his native Greenock, of good manners and frank address, and as thorough a seaman as ever crossed the line. Like many of his betters at that happy epoch, he was a free liver, drinking bumpers at dinner, and sometimes, in the privacy of his closet, putting his lips to the bottle. He was a man of robust health, and usually of such quick and keen perception that Darby Mullins, his gunner and devoted admirer, who afterwards enjoyed the honour of being hung in his company, said that at a mile's distance the Captain could tell a male from a female dog simply by the bark. For many years he had lived in New York during the intervals of his cruises, and it was there that he had married Sarah Oort, widow of one of his fellow-officers, in whom he had found not a mate, but a master. A practical housewife was the trumpet-toned Sarah, for ever counting eggs and paring apples, scolding her two maids the livelong day, and rating the baker that sold light loaves, and the butcher whose meat was gristle, and the dairyman whose milk was water, and the neighbours whose faults were many, and the Captain himself for an idle ne'er-do-weel that would end in the workhouse if he did not die in the pillory. Hour after hour, from morn till night, went on that ceaseless invective, until the tireless tongue stopped at nine o'clock, when all virtuous people in the colony retired to rest. Hence it came that, during his visits ashore, the Captain, though no novice at a brawl, sometimes showed the white feather and slunk back to his ship. On this occasion the good wife, finding her poor opinion of her husband justified by the sinister sayings that were in the air, received him with so strident a welcome of abuse that he had incontinently fled, with the admission to himself that nothing short of a double decker's broadside would drown that formidable voice. And yet Kidd, sitting in the adorable Diana's cosy parlour, and

ruminating over his reception that morning and upon the storm his plunderings had raised, with his brain filled and fired with a vast scheme, found time to let his thoughts wander to bygone days, years and years ago, when his tameless shrew was the bride of another—a slip of a girl, with fine fresh face and sentimental eyes and soft musical voice. "How people change!" thought the Captain—"more even than the inanimate things whereof the years make havoc." Would he have done better had he remained at Greenock and married Maggie Brae, with her bare feet and honest blue eyes and dimpled chin and the milk can on her head? He had never expected to see her after the twilight evening they sat as lad and lassie by the roadside, with the lights of Greenock before them, and the ship on which he should sail at anchor in the Clyde;—and to think that they should have met twenty years afterwards on the deck of his first prize the *Quedah Merchant*, where Maggie stood, barefoot still, by the side of her husband the skipper!

Dame Mietjen consoled him for his discomfiture with cold meats, excellent Hollands, and fragrant coffee sweetened with a stick of sugar candy. She was resolved, if the Captain's wife some day choked herself with rage, to be the second Mrs. Kidd. Lieutenant Bendthebow discreetly waited outside in the garden, and to Amanda's eyes looked so lonesome, that she took compassion and carried him a plate of those same tough doughnuts, and lingered to listen to his explanation that he had known nothing of the secret purpose of the cruise about which so many awkward things were said until he found himself under the black flag. And as the recital was long, they sat down side by side in the arbour, and Amanda promised, after much coaxing, to take him to church again some Sunday, after he was clear of all reproach, and possibly might be prevailed on to walk again as far as the Battery. "For, after all," said this sensible girl to herself, "what avails the opinion of the world against the judgment of one's own conscience!" When Rip Van Dam and Rem Rapalye—"dot and carry one," as Kidd called them—arrived, they were closeted alone with him, while the widow was busy in the kitchen making ready something savoury for supper; and still Bendthebow talked on, and still Amanda listened, with no change except that, by some odd accident, the lieutenant was holding her hand in his.

Indoors the crackling wood fire sank while Kidd and the Dutchmen talked with intent faces, their voices now raised in passionate altercation, now hushed to a whisper. If there was a halter making ready at Tyburn for one of the trio, the two others looked as uncomfortable as if they feared a similar descent of Justice upon them. Kidd's proposal, which he had broached the day before, was as follows:—

The colony of New Amsterdam had passed thirty-six years previously from the Dutch to the English flag. It was still, notwithstanding the nominal change, a Dutch settlement. The population was twenty to one. It was unprotected, save by a stockaded fort, half-armed and garrisoned by fifty men. "By a Heaven-sent chance," exclaimed the Captain in his eagerness, "there did not happen to be a single English vessel in the harbour. To let such an opportunity pass, he vowed, would be slighting the proffered blessings of Providence. In its defenceless situation, why might not the colony be seized by a bold stroke and restored to the House of Orange? When asked for the details of this hazardous scheme, the pirate waxed eloquent. On board his cutter were twenty-five resolute fellows, daring and skilful fighters every one. Rip Van Dam and Rem Rapalye were the oracles of the Dutch settlers, and had but to arouse the patriotic spirit of their townsmen in the name of long pipes and liberty. Kidd asked for only a hundred well armed young men. These commanded by Darby Mullins would overawe the town with a semblance of authority, while he, with his cutter's crew, surprised the fort at daybreak and put

"And lingered, to listen to his explanation."

all within to the sword. To this his listeners discovered several obstacles. Had he considered how many weeks would be required to make all clear to the methodical intellect of their compatriots? Again, he spoke of a surprise at dawn. Would it be possible to get their young men breeched, loaded and primed at so unconscionable a time? or, when once in the field, could they be kept awake? Kidd derided these and weightier objections. For himself he asked nothing—except the governorship of the town pending aid and orders from Holland; and he pledged himself to hold it for ninety days against all comers. His swift cutter would bear the great news across the Atlantic, and a couple of Dutch ships and a company of Brabant soldiers would be with them ere that time was out, or ere England could know what had happened. A criminal at bay is apt to be in bitter earnest, and the fated Captain, being resolved to stake all upon a single desperate cast, was plausible and persuasive.

Looking back upon the interval between that time and this, the mind is dazzled to think how vastly the course of history might have been changed had the Dutch availed themselves of his offer and risked their necks with his. But it was not to be. Kidd cared nothing for broad-bottomed breeches, nor ever smoked a Delft pipe. In default of these qualifications the good burghers could only view him by the light of his recent exploits and judge him to be a scheming and reckless adventurer. And so it came about that, after trembling for a moment in the balance, one of the boldest conceptions of those storm-tossed days passed still-born from among the things of earth. The discussion drew to a close, when a violent knock at the front door was heard, and a postboy entered with a second missive from Governor Bellamont, which he had been trying to deliver first at the Captain's house, where Mrs. Kidd greeted him with a bucket of scalding water, and later alongside the cutter, whose bo'sen swore he would souse him overboard if he came within reach. Kidd read the letter and crumpled it without a word. It was a summons to surrender himself at Boston within one week, or be outlawed. The Dutchmen judged the letter by its effect, and drew their own conclusions.

Amanda would have lingered longer with the persuasive lieutenant, but when half an hour had passed discretion reminded the girl of her duties, and she left him alone with his plate of untasted doughnuts. And soon afterwards the widow Mietjen came upon him with such intensity of purpose in her handsome face, that, looking up abruptly, the lieutenant knew not whether it was his good or his evil genius that had taken him thus suddenly unawares.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, in a voice filled with romantic interest: "it is fate, an inexorable fate, that calls you to a stern and perhaps tragic destiny."

"Zounds, madam!" exclaimed Bendthebow, starting to his feet at these sinister words, "this greeting is less sweet than some I have heard you bestow."

She brushed his impatience aside with a quiet gesture, and motioned him to a seat.

"Can you suppose," she asked, with profound earnestness, "that I could waste the moments that remain to us in idle greetings? Do you think there is in me nothing that responds to great purposes, to danger, to the possibilities of the future, —to love?"

"To love!" echoed Bendthebow, as much astonished at her earnestness as at her pointed use of the word.

"Yes,—love. Be it in the past, the present or the future, the one thing to which all else gives way."

"With you," observed the lieutenant, feeling himself on critical ground, "love is a thing that lives in the retrospect."

"Aye, truly," ejaculated the widow, with quick assent. "It lives in my past, it speaks to me in my present, it points my way through years to come. Can you comprehend this riddle?"

"No;—unless it be that our feelings and the circumstances which govern them are often beyond understanding."

"To me half my life is beyond understanding, and you would think so if I told it you!"

"I have heard many strange things these last three years," replied the pirate, with good-nature: "perhaps you can tell me something stranger than them all."

The fair Diana settled herself demurely, and with so self-satisfied an air that one might have imagined she had attained the first point aimed at.

"I will tell you my story," she answered, after a moment's reflection; "and I will begin by asking you a question which you need not answer until you have heard me to the end: is there any way by which wrong can become right?

"My married life lasted only five years, and in that happy time I often asked myself—if the charm of a maiden tie be broken, can a new love be found equal to the old? or do accents once familiar become so hallowed that none other can replace them? And when my beloved husband passed away, I cried aloud to myself, 'How often through the long days to come shall I dwell upon the delightful links of sympathy that joined us!' I felt that through all my widowhood the accustomed presence would often seem to be near. 'And herein,' I sobbed, 'shall be my new love—the love of my girlhood rekindled and kept ever young.' And—can you believe it, dear Lieutenant Bendthebow?—that fantastic desire has been more than realised. Though to all appearance solitary, I have never felt alone, for my heart has been filled, and beside me stood a guardian angel. For years I have lived in constant fellowship with a beneficent spectre. Many a summer's afternoon have I spent sitting upon one side of yonder porch, imagining my husband seated as of old before me. Can you imagine the weird enchantment of such an attuned communing, or is it possible that a rarer and purer influence should be spread upon our earthly nature than the spiritual encouragement of our earthly love translated and transfigured?"

"Egad, madam," broke in the lieutenant, slapping his knee with an irreverent chuckle, "'twere not easy to find a more harmonious household than yours."

"Harmonious in the sense of companionship,—and yet, dear Horace," added the lady, drawing imperceptibly nearer, "I have never till now been able to accept the advice my beloved Mietjen is perpetually pressing upon me."

"And what may that advice be?" inquired Bendthebow; for the widow paused as if expecting the question.

"How shall I do so much as whisper it?" was the coy response.

"Has it to be whispered?" ejaculated the lieutenant, with an uncomfortable misgiving.

"He is continually urging me to make some other man as happy as I made him," said the widow, raising her eyes to observe the effect of her words; then, perceiving that, unless the amiable pirate's hesitation were at once overcome, she would meet with an evasion more or less direct, she resolved upon the instant to carry him by storm.

"Do you divine now, dearest Horace?" she exclaimed, clasping her white hands imploringly, "what I mean by a wrong made right? Can you see with me the happy future that opens before us in this quiet home? Do you understand that for

you it means security from every peril that now threatens? It is so fair a prospect that I have brought myself to contemplate it with unalloyed contentment, seeing that we should not, after the world's bad, everyday fashion, be making right wrong, but changing the wrong of your past life to the right that yet may be."

Bendthebow regarded her fixedly as she ceased speaking, with scant token in his calm face of the lover's beaming joy she awaited. His eyes, indeed, twinkled for a moment at the picture of the departed Mietjen urging his widow to bestow herself upon another, but his face hardened with the thought that there are few things cheaper the wide world over than a woman offering herself. If ever in the past he had cast an admiring glance upon the buxom Diana, if ever in delicious musings upon the future he had joined her fate with his, the avowal she had made severed in an instant the thread which might have united their lives.

Nevertheless he was instinctively too gallant not to recoil from the refusal that trembled upon his lips, and it was with an emotion of profound relief that he welcomed the interruption which suddenly burst upon them of a frightened post-boy kicked out of the house, with Kidd after him, stamping and swearing down the garden walk, with cocked hat jammed askew and hands busy buckling on his sword. Seeing at a glance that something of momentous import had happened, Bendthebow followed his chief toward the river without another word.

At midnight a sullen and angered ship's company on board Kidd's sloop softly prepared to heave anchor, drop a few hundred yards down the Hudson, pull softly past Fort James, and then, hoisting jib and mainsail, stand up the East River. The Captain was despondent over his failure with the Dutchmen. Bendthebow was nowise disposed to sail away from Amanda; those of the crew who had set foot ashore had been regarded with such aversion that, as one of them remarked, it made the rum taste sour; moreover, for two days past every soul had been living face to face with a ghastly apprehension. They had played fast and loose, and who could say, if their sanguinary escapade were taken seriously and their misdeeds exposed, what a judge and jury might think of them?

The Captain served out a dram to every man—even to Darby Mullins, who was already tipsy—swallowed a bumper himself, and made ready for a night's work. The cabin in which he seated himself for a look at the chart of Hell Gate was not the sumptuous saloon in which pirates are supposed to skim the sea. It was small, and so low that one could barely stand in it erect; lighted at night by a single swinging lamp, and by day through two little stern windows; with no other furniture than a berth at each side, a stationary table, half a dozen lockers, a case of nautical instruments, and some swords and pistols against a stanchion. Toilet arrangements there seemed to be none, and the probability is that the gallant Captain depended largely upon the rain to wash his face. When the door was open there came from the cook's galley a fragrance of fried pork, and when it was closed a subtle flavour of bilge-water became perceptible. It is true that his present modest craft was only a makeshift recently acquired in the West Indies, and not the ship in which he had so long cruised unchallenged.

The moon peeped from under a cloud as they drifted past the Battery, but, as the bo'sen remarked under his breath, the sentries would not open their eyes unless Noah's Ark came by on fire. Presently they hoisted sail, and were soon gliding up the East River towards Hell Gate, short of which it was the Captain's intention to cast anchor.

A faint breeze filled the cutter's sails as, skirting Corlaer's Hook, she left the murky

outline of New York behind. Kidd threw a blanket upon the deck, wrapped himself in it, and bade Bendthebow draw near. The lieutenant, muffled in a stout overcoat, seated himself at his side; the helmsman, a few yards behind them, laid their course, and half a dozen sailors stood by the ropes amidships. The stars brightened resplendently as the sky cleared, a mist wreath gathered under the shore, and from Long Island came the splash of a deer at the water's edge. The boding cry of a loon reached them, and busy night-hawks, attracted by the lantern which glimmered near their open hatch, swept round in wide circles.

The Captain suddenly raised himself, and addressing Bendthebow in a low voice, and with more kindly and familiar accent than was his wont, said:

"The time draws near, my lad, when we must part. Our cruise is at an end, and while I regret nothing that has been done, I doubt not that the dark days of my life are before me. Codsounds!" he ejaculated defiantly, "what is that man worth who cannot face a change of luck and dirty weather? We have achieved the success I promised. We set out veritable beggars of the sea, and during four years we have been the free masters of ourselves and of others, with no law to check and no force to prevent our course. I have tasted the sweets of life, and now I must drain the bitter. If any one of us has returned empty-handed, it is his own fault. For my part, when this storm has blown over I intend to leave the sea and end my days in peace at Greenock. You shall come to see me, and we will make merry at the shearing of land-sheep and the killing of pigs fatter than Dutch burghers, and watch the grain-laden carts lumbering like heavy Spanish gallioots homeward bound. But now, I have with me a small coffret filled with my trifling share of that which we have from time to time divided, which presently, at dawn, I intend to bury in a secret place I wot of yonder in the woods. I cannot sail into Boston with such a tell-tale chest aboard. Moreover, here is something else must presently go over the ship's side with a cannon-ball tied in its midst."

And the pirate drew tenderly from beneath his coat a black flag, neatly folded, which he smoothed and patted daintily, like an old lady fondling and fingering and stroking rare and costly lace.

"What flag has power to stir men's thoughts like that!" he murmured admiringly,—"red gold the reward of victory, despair to strengthen the hand in defeat,—and for the rest of the world, fear that makes the heart weak as water. Let me think," he added, gazing intently upon the sombre bunting: "we have raised it three times—the first when the *Quedah Merchant*, alone upon the high seas, unsuspectingly showed her colours, and, by way of jest, we ran up this dusky scrap and sent a cannon-ball through her jib; and again, after we had stood out of Rio, under the very guns of the fort that fifteen minutes later received orders to sink us, and were just beyond range, we showed it out of sheer bravado; and the third time, you remember, was when off Hispaniola, two great galleons, each with its tier of cannon, came suddenly upon us at anchor, and we piped to quarters and ran up the black flag and stood ready to fight to the death, and at sight of our English teeth the Spaniards skulked away till we saw them hull down on the horizon. Well, well, all that seems long past; but now, for old times' sake, strike me dead if I don't hoist it again for an hour, and then to the bottom it shall go."

He rose with the word, fastened it to the halliards and ran it to the peak, where it fluttered lazily—the emblem of rapine and booty and bloodshed in the midst of the pacific waters of New York.

Before their destination was reached the flag was sunk, and then Kidd called half a dozen men, and in the darkness raised to the deck from under his cabin an iron-

bound chest, which, judging by the exertions required to move it, was filled with some unusual weight. The clouds which were drifting across the sky when they set sail floated away as they neared Horne's Hook, which commands the seething waters of Hell Gate and the Long Island woods opposite. Day broke as the precious chest was lowered into the yawl; and Bendthebow, casting a glance about him in the stillness of the early morning, beheld the rocks and trees of the silent shore, the sparkle of the river, the overhanging branches which almost touched their rigging. In that moment's pause his imagination leaped from the base and wicked life into which he had been led to the ideal that sometimes awakens within us when Nature unfolds the miracle of a new day. The flight of a young eagle, soaring majestically upward, seemed to him filled with direct meaning. At that moment he would not have raised a hand to save Kidd's treasure from the bottom of the river, and his thoughts reverted to Amanda with an intensity he had never before felt. Then, as the daylight broadened, Kidd and he and four rowers pulled away with the chest in their midst,—and the shadows of the night lifted, and with them vanished his dreams.

They rowed a short distance, and landed by the side of a moss-tufted rock at a place where the knee-deep grass grew down to the water's edge. The Captain desired him to remain by the boat; and the men, shouldering their burden, followed where Kidd led through the dense underwood. It seemed very still and lonesome when their footsteps died away, and Bendthebow was startled by the barking of a dog across the water. The sun appeared upon the horizon, and still he waited. Then from the distant fields came a fragrance that reminded him of boyhood days, when he watched the cattle in the English meadows and plucked the first rose of summer and listened to the song-birds in the sky. Ah! those happy springtime days and the quiet home of youth! What heart is cold enough to recall them with indifference! He walked along the shore, and, wearied by the long night's waking, lay down to rest upon the grass in the slanting sunbeams, and looked up to the tree-tops, filled now with the glory of day. In the half-conscious, yet transcendent clearness of that moment's vision, he divined the inspiration of the forest, the grace of sun-touched flowers, the long vista of the greenwood, the whisper of sky-swung boughs. The shadows spread fantastic silhouettes upon the grass, and the musical voices of the forest—the rustling pines, the murmuring waters, the note of a solitary kingfisher, the hum of insect life—spoke to him from afar. Before him went the eddying river, seething furiously with myriad points of light about the rocks in mid stream. Through the haze of the Indian summer the purpling trees on the opposite shore lifted their russet branches, and the crisp autumnal air held the perfume of feathery pines and the aroma of fallen forest leaves, finer than the flavour of wine. Life, illumined by the splendour of the sunrise, took on a new meaning, and the earth upon which he rested became in his imagination a sanctified substance, contaminated only by the touch of man. In that exquisite tranquillity he forgot the possible fate that awaited the Captain and himself and their hard-visaged crew. His musings took on a retrospective and sentimental colour, and reverted to the foam-crested billows of Southern seas, and the palms of many coral islands, and the Indian girls of the Spanish main, and the towering canvas of the *Quedah Merchant*, and the great blood-stain on her deck where the first man they killed lay dying. These memories might have strayed farther, had not his attention been suddenly riveted by a transformation that came over the scene before him. A woodpecker tapped solemnly in the distance; and, as if evoked by that weird signal, there appeared a party of Indians, the smoke of whose camp-fire curled amid the trees near by, while the squaws cooked and the old braves rested at their ease, and from a bend in the river came a birch canoe, with paddles flying in the hands of a party of young bucks, all of them gaudy

"The Captain desired him to remain by the boat."

with paint and feathers. He became conscious of a dim perception that it was no longer the actual present he gazed upon, but the remembered past of a century before, with the primeval forest and the savages softened to an ethereal semblance of their former selves. And beside him stood one whose stealthy approach he had not at first detected—the type and spectre of a vanished tribe, seeming an animate link between past and present. He had once been a chief, a medicine man, with an eagle's plume through his scalp-knot; now he was a halting, misshapen creature, with a ragged blanket wrapped about his body and torn moccassins on his feet. Nothing of the original man survived but the thrilling intensity of his nature which looked from his beady black eyes. Yet, for all his squalor and deformity, Bendthebow was captivated by the dignity and reposeful self-command of this forlorn outcast, as he gazed with bitter melancholy upon the brilliant scene before them—the shining water, the tinted foliage, the hazy distances of forest and shore.

In that moment's pause there came from afar the noise of a woodman's axe, falling in measured beat, and at the sound the Indian's face became livid.

"Ay! cut them down," he hissed under his breath, raising his quivering arm in malediction,—"cut down the trees, destroy the fish, kill all the game,—give the red man your diseases to corrupt his body, your fire-water to poison his heart, your deceits and follies to beguile and confuse his mind, your beads and trinkets in exchange for his land,—smoke the pipe of peace, and then cast him forth, a beggar and a vagabond, from among the hills where his fathers lie buried."

"And who are you," asked Bendthebow, roused by the frenzy with which the Indian poured out his words, and gradually bringing his cutlass within reach,—"who are you that stands upon the white man's land and raves about his doings?"

"Who I *am*?" echoed the Indian: "you see well that I *was* a sagamore of the departed Manhattas. In an evil hour we yielded to the persuasion and pressure of the white men and sold them our home. Behold my share of the price!" he exclaimed passionately, holding up a string of glass beads that hung about his neck, the value whereof might have been a penny. "We were to live together as brothers, the pale-faces said; but how is an Indian to live without the fish and game of the wide forest? Shall the red sachems become tillers of the soil, like beasts! And see," he added, plucking at his necklace: "the bauble was doubly cursed—it proved a chain. From that day a spell was upon me, and I, Olathee, the Pride of the Rising Waters, became the white man's slave, and wear his fetter that nothing can break."

"It was not a good bargain," observed Bendthebow, with the calm of a man who has the best of the case, "although at the time you were thoroughly content with it. But, to leave a useless discussion, tell me how you happen to be on this shore, where a moment ago I was alone."

The old Indian drew his withered body to its fullest height as he slowly and painfully answered: "I come hither because the white man, who seeks to possess himself of everything, has not yet effaced the traditions and memories that cling about our hunting grounds. We sometimes revisit them at daybreak, or in the quiet of starlight nights. Nevertheless, a time is coming when we shall shun this place. You have looked back a century: look forward with me now two centuries into the future."

At the word the forest, with the Indians and their wigwams and canoes, vanished, and in their place Bendthebow beheld a city entirely covering Manhattan Island, with long straight streets bordered by thousands of plain little houses, each one the counterpart of all the others, from whose busy midst rose a humming sound, like the noise of a boiler factory.

"From a bend in the river came a birch canoe."

The vision, which seemed to fill many minutes, lasted but the infinitesimal fraction of a second—then he sprang to his feet and saw with relief that the November woods and the rippling Hell Gate current were unchanged. The distant woodman was still felling his tree, and at his feet drifted a twig which had moved but a few yards since he first noticed it. One change alone there was—a change that filled him with amazement and, shall it be said? with joy supreme. A mile distant, just rounding the point that closes Hell Gate, was the pirate cutter under full sail, gliding swiftly away, bearing with her, as he thought, his youth of wrong-doing, and leaving him free to choose a better life. Overcome by a sudden and profound emotion, he fell upon his knees, and, for the first time in many years, gave thanks to God.

A few weeks later, on the morning of Christmas Day, a marriage was celebrated at the Dutch Church in New York. The widow Mietjen was present, but as a witness, and, to her chagrin, not as one of the contracting parties. The Dominie read the service with more than usual earnestness, raising his voice, his eyebrows and his scalp, till at each interrogatory a tuft of hair on the top of his head stood erect; then, when the solemn reply was uttered, brow and scalp resumed their normal position, and the scrap of hair dropped forward upon his bald pate. Before him stood Bendthebow and the blushing Amanda, and near them were the widow Mietjen, Rem Rapalye and Rip Van Dam. Behind the Dominie was a large casement, through which those before him could look out upon the bright sunshine and the cloudless sky, that seemed to bestow a benediction of peace and good-will.

Rem Rapalye looked through the window upon the leafless branches, and his thoughts went back to the preceding Christmas, when he and the Patroon, having left far behind the windmills of Albany, went to meet a band of trading Mohawks. And the sky before them grew black, and against it hovered great white birds, and the Indians stole their schnapps and, becoming furiously drunk, tomahawked two of their men and chased the rest of them for miles through a blinding snowstorm.

The bride's vision was of the future, where to the young and happy all things are for ever bright. Her thoughts took on no very precise form, but rambled away through a transfigured Bouwerie and Blooming dael where Dutch tulips are always in flower, and where the amethyst tresses of perennial lilacs scent the air, and where lovers walk in honeymoons that never end.

Bendthebow glanced out of the casement, unable longer to face the Dominie's thunder, which seemed like a salvo of artillery at the beginning of his new life. And he said to himself that, if he could not find Kidd's buried plunder, for which he had searched in vain, he had won the sweet heart of an honest maid; and what better can be found in all the world? Then, while the Dominie talked on, his thoughts reverted to the old English garden of his Berkshire home, and he recalled his last Christmas day by the Thames, when the hoar-frost had laid its fine and fairy tracery upon the branches, making the earth, far as the eye could reach, a land of Christmas trees. And he walked again along the familiar hedgerows and trod the fallen leaves of his remembered youth.

Dame Mietjen gave the happy pair a wedding breakfast, to which half a dozen beside those at the church were bidden. They were attacking the first course, of pigs' trotters fringed with sausages and buried under a blanket of fried eggs, when the noise of a violent strife reached them from a neighbouring alley. The bride turned pale; and Rapalye, from the force of habit, cried, "Indians!" and sprang

to his feet. But it proved to be only Mistress Kidd being carried shrieking and swearing to the fresh-water pond, where she was ducked for a common scold, to the quieting of her tongue ever after.

The neighbours streamed in through the afternoon to drink caudle in honour of the newly married, wishing long life to the groom, and, in honest Dutch fashion, many children to the bride. Both these auguries were happily fulfilled. Bendthebow lived to see the shadows lengthen along the fading landscape of old age, and to tell Kidd's story to his grandchildren when he had become white-haired and when the grass had grown green through many summers upon Amanda's grave. The small people listened to the thrilling recital with such breathless awe as grandsires' tales rarely command, and were never weary of hearing about the *Adventure* galley and the *Quedah Merchant* and the buried treasure chest. Nor did the narrative lose in spice or gilding as the years went by. But its supreme charm, and one that to the ears of childhood touched it with the flavour of a superlative fascination, was to think that in his young days the speaker, in flesh and blood before them, had actually sailed the seas under the gruesome spectre of the black flag!

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

War Notes.—No. 13. Piper Gúrkha Rifles.

CHAPTER IV.

SANCTUARY.

ON the north-west corner of the Abbey precinct—that is to say, on the right hand as one entered by the High Gate from King Street, where now stands the Westminster "Guildhall"—the earth formerly groaned beneath the weight of a ponderous structure resembling a square keep, not unlike that of Colchester, but very much smaller. It was a building of stone; each side was seventy-five feet in length, and it was sixty feet in height. On the east side was a door—the only door, a heavy oaken door covered with plates of iron—which gave entrance to a curiously gloomy and narrow chapel, shaped as a double cross, the equal arms of which were only ten feet in width. Three of the four corners of this lower square consisted of solid stone sixteen feet square; the third corner contained a circular staircase winding up to another chapel above. This, somewhat lighter and loftier than that below, was a plain single cross in form; three of the angles contained rooms, in the fourth the stairs continued to the roof. King Edward III. built—or rebuilt, perhaps—on this corner a belfry, containing three great bells, which were only rung at the coronation and the death of kings. The roof was paved with stone; there was a parapet, but not embattled. On the outside—its construction dating perhaps after King Edward built the belfry—there stood a small circular tower containing stairs to the upper story. The strong walls of this gloomy fortress contained only one door and one window on the lower floor; but in the upper story the walls were only three feet thick. This place was St. Peter's Sanctuary—the Westminster City of Refuge. It was made so strong that it would resist any sudden attack, and give time for the attacking party to bethink them of the sin of sacrilege. In these two chapels the refugees heard mass; within these walls the nobler sort of those who came here were placed for greater safety; round these walls gathered the common sort, in tenements forming a little colony or village. The building, of which there is very little mention anywhere, was suffered to remain long after its original purpose was abolished. It was pulled down piecemeal, by any who chose to take the trouble, as stone was wanted for other buildings; it is quite possible that some of it was used for the White Hall; but the remaining portions of it were not finally taken away until the middle of the last century; and perhaps the foundations still remain. It is strange that neither Stow nor, after him,

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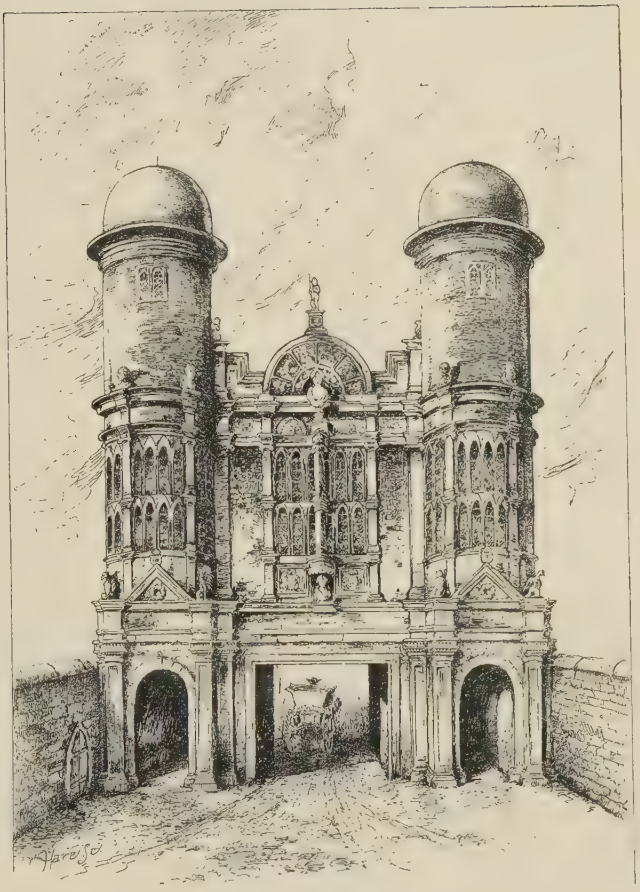
Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Buildings, Westminster Hall, and the Clock Tower, from Lambeth Palace.

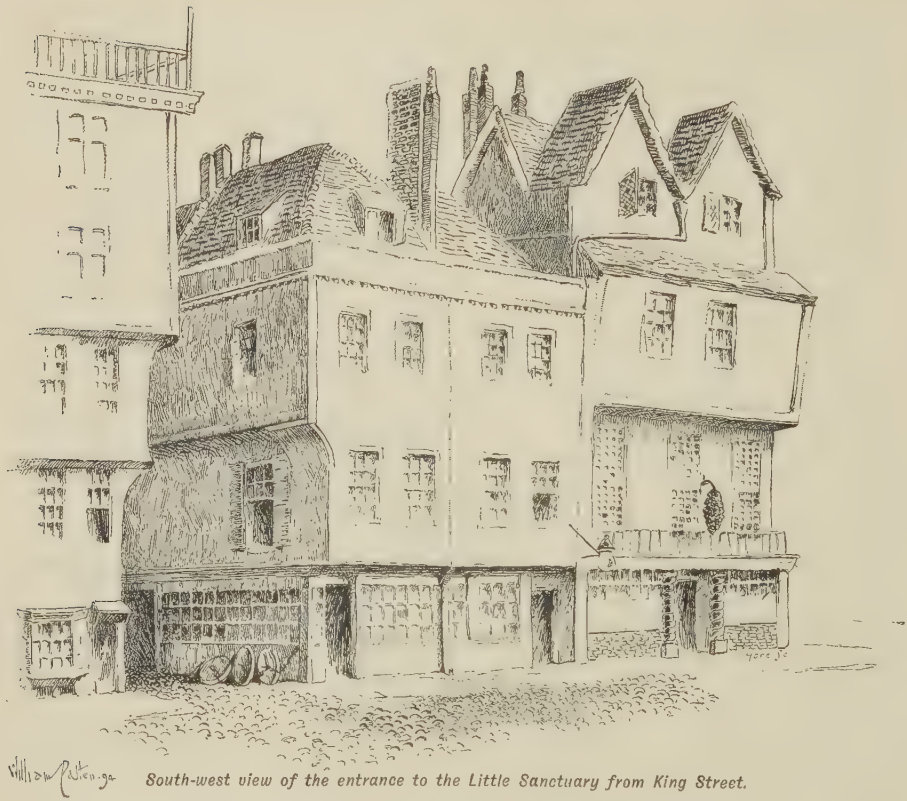


The King Street Gate, Westminster, Demolished 1723.

Strype makes any mention of this building, which the former could not fail to see, frowning and gloomy, as yet untouched, whenever he visited Westminster; and it is still more remarkable that neither of these writers seems to attach much importance to the ancient Sanctuary at Westminster. That of St. Martin's-le-Grand, the remains of which were also visible to Stow, he describes at length.

Like every other ecclesiastical foundation, the right of Sanctuary was originally a beneficent and wise institution, designed by the Church for the protection of the weak, and the prevention of revenge, wild justice, violence and oppression. If a man, in those days of swift wrath and ready hand, should kill another in the madness of a moment; if by accident he should wound or maim another; if by the breaking of any law he should incur the penalties of justice; if by any action he should incur the hostility of a stronger man; if by some of the many changes and chances of fortune he should lose his worldly goods and fall into debt or bankruptcy, and so become liable to imprisonment; if he had cause to dread the displeasure of king, baron, or bishop,—the right of Sanctuary was open to him. Once on the frith-stool, once clinging to the horns of the altar, he was as safe as an Israelite within the walls of a city of refuge: the mighty hand of the Church was over him; his enemies could not touch him, on pain of excommunication.

In theory every church was a sanctuary; but it was easy to blockade a church so that the refugee could be starved into submission. The only real safety for a fugitive from justice or revenge was in those abbeys and places which possessed special charters and immunities. Foremost among these were the Sanctuaries of Westminster and St. Martin's-le-Grand. Outside London, the principal Sanctuaries appear to have been Beverley, Hexham, Durham and Beaulieu. But perhaps every great abbey possessed its sanctuary as a part of its reason for existence. That of Westminster was, if not founded, defined and regulated by Edward the Confessor; that of St. Martin's, the existence of which was always a scandal and an offence to the City of London, was regulated by half a dozen charters of as many kings. Its refugees were principally bankrupts, debtors



South-west view of the entrance to the Little Sanctuary from King Street.

and common thieves—offenders against property, therefore specially hated by a trading community.

The privilege of Sanctuary was beautiful in theory. "Come to me," said the Church: "I will keep thee in safety from the hand of violence and the arm of the law; I will give thee lodging and food; my doors shall be always open to thee, day and night; I will lead thee to repentance. Come: in safety sit down and meditate on the sins which have brought thee hither."

The invitation was extended to all, but with certain reservations. Traitors, Jews, infidels, and those who committed sacrilege were forbidden the safety of Sanctuary. Nor was it a formal invitation: Sanctuary was sought by multitudes. In Durham Cathedral two men slept every night in the Galilee to admit any fugitive who might ring the Galilee bell or lift the Galilee knocker. Nay, Sanctuary was actually converted into a city of refuge by the setting apart of a measured space, the whole of which was to be considered Sanctuary. At Hexham, where four roads met in the middle of the town, a cross was set up on every one of the roads to show where Sanctuary began. At Ripon and at Beverley a circle, whose radius was a mile, was the limit of Sanctuary. At St. Martin's-le-Grand the precinct was accurately laid down and jealously defended. It included many streets—the area is now almost entirely covered by the Post Office and the Telegraph Office. At Westminster the whole precinct of the Abbey—church, monastery buildings, close and cloisters and gardens—was sacred ground.

The right of Sanctuary was maintained with the greatest tenacity by the Church. When, as happened sometimes—men's passions carrying them beyond the fear of the Church—Sanctuary was violated, the Bishop or the Abbot allowed no rest or cessation

from clamour, gave no relief from excommunication to the offender, until reparation and submission had been obtained. Thus, in the year 1378, the Constable of the Tower pursued one Hawley into Sanctuary, and actually had the temerity to slay him in the church itself, before the Prior's stall, and during the celebration of high mass. This seems to be the most flagrant case of violation on record. The Abbot closed the church for four months; the perpetrator of the murder was excommunicated;

View of Little Sanctuary from the West, as it appeared about A.D. 1800.

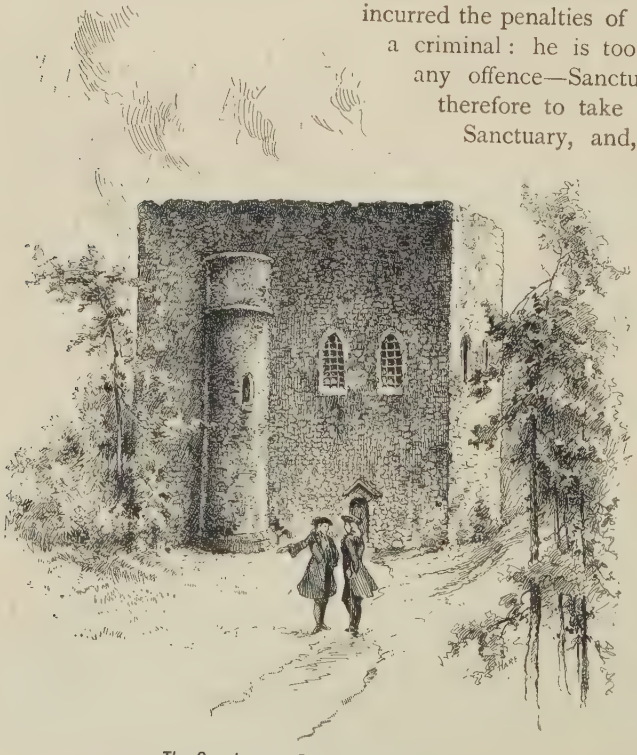
he had to pay a fine of £200, equivalent to more than £5000 of our money; the Abbot protested against the deed at the next meeting of Parliament; and the ancient privileges of St. Peter's Sanctuary were confirmed. There were other violations, especially in the lawless times of civil war. For instance, in the reign of Richard II., Tressilian, Lord Chief Justice, was dragged out of Sanctuary; the Duke of York took John Holland, Duke of Exeter, out of Sanctuary. On the other hand, Henry VII.

was careful to respect Sanctuary when Perkin Warbeck fled to Beaulieu Abbey. This was perhaps politic, and intended to show that he had nothing to fear from that poor Pretender.

Among the refugees of Westminster the most interesting figure is that of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV., and the most pathetic scene in the history of St. Peter's Sanctuary is that in which the mother takes leave of her boy, knowing full that she will see his dear face no more.

Twice did the Queen seek Sanctuary. Once when her husband, at the lowest point of misfortune, fled the country. Then, with her three daughters, she fled to this gloomy fortress, and there gave birth to her elder boy—"forsaken of all her friends and in great penury." Here she laid the child in his father's arms on his return. A second time she fled hither, when Richard had seized the crown, and that boy, king for a little day, was in the Tower. What would happen to him? What happened to King Henry VI.? What happened to that king's son, Prince Edward? What happened to the Duke of York? What happened to the Duke of Exeter? What happened to the Duke of Clarence? What but murder could happen? Murder was everywhere. The crown was made secure by murder. Every king murdered his actual or possible rival. How could the usurper reign in peace while those two boys were living? So, in trembling and in haste, she passed from the Palace to the Abbey, and sat on the rushes, disconsolate, with her daughters and her second boy, while her servants fetched some household gear.

Outside, the King's Council deliberated. Richard would have seized the boy and dragged him out by force. The two Archbishops stood before him. The wrath of St. Peter himself must be braved by him who would violate Sanctuary. But, said the casuist, Sanctuary is a place of refuge for criminals and debtors, and such as have incurred the penalties of the law. This child is not a criminal: he is too young to have committed any offence—Sanctuary is not for children; therefore to take this child is not to violate Sanctuary, and, since His Highness the King takes him only in kindness and in love, and for a companion to his brother, the wrath of St. Peter will not be awakened. On the other hand, the Holy Apostle cannot but commend the action.



The Sanctuary. Pulled down in 1775.

The Archbishops yielded. Let us remember that, among all the nobles present at that Council, there was not one who could possibly fail to understand that the two boys were going to be murdered. How else could Richard keep the crown upon his head? Yet the two Archbishops yielded. They consented, knowing that

murder would follow. I think they may have argued in some such way as this. "The time is evil: the country has been distracted and torn to pieces by civil wars for five-and-twenty years; nearly all the noble families have been ruined: above and before everything else we need rest and peace and a strong hand. A hundred years ago, after the troubles in France, we had a boy for king, with consequences that may be still remembered by old men. If this boy reigns, there will be new disasters: if his uncle reigns, there may be peace. Life for two children, with more civil wars, more bloody fields, more ruin and starvation and rapine and violence—or the death of two children, with peace and rest for this long-suffering land—which shall it be?" A terrible alternative! The Archbishops bowed their heads and stepped aside, while Richard climbed the winding stair, and in the upper chapel of the Sanctuary dragged the boy from his mother's arms.

"Farewell!" she cried, her words charged with the anguish of her heart: "farewell, mine own sweet one! God send thee good keeping! Let me kiss thee once, ere you go. God knoweth when we shall kiss one another again!"

The right of Sanctuary in a modified form lasted long after the Dissolution of the Religious Houses. But when a great Abbey, as that of Beaulieu, standing in a retired and unfrequented place, lay desolate and in ruins, the right of Sanctuary was useless. No one was left to assert the right—no one to defend it: there was neither roof nor hearth nor altar. In great towns it was different: the Abbey might be desecrated, but the Sanctuary house remained. Therefore on the site of St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the site of Blackfriars, and in Westminster round that old fortress-Church, still the debtors ran to escape the bailiffs, and murderers and thieves hid themselves, knowing that the law was weak indeed in the network of courts and streets which formed these retreats. Other places pretended to immunity from the sheriffs; among these were the streets on the site of Whitefriars, Salisbury Court, Ram Alley and Mitre Court; Fulwood's Rents in Holborn, the Liberty of the Savoy, and, on the other side of the river, Deadman's Place, the Clink, the Mint, and Montagu Close. The "privileges" of these places were finally abolished in 1697.

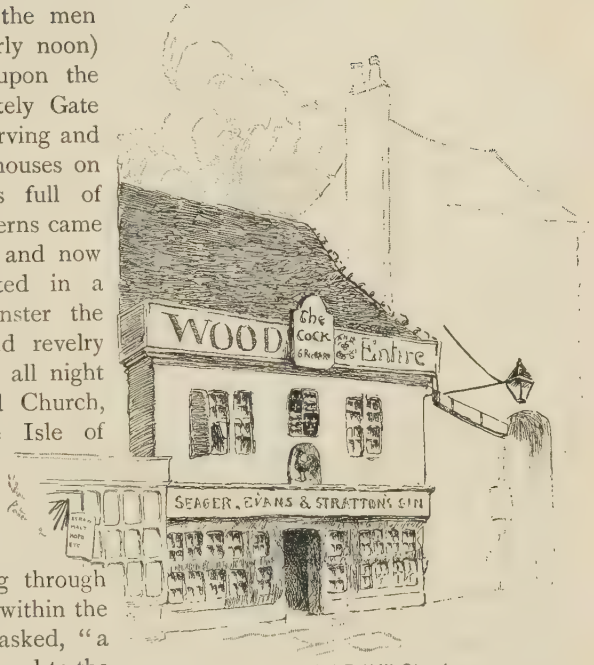
It was in the year of our Lord 1520, on a pleasant morning in May, that one who greatly loved to walk abroad in order to watch the ways of men and to hear them discourse stood at the entrance of King Street, where the gate called after the Cockpit hard by stood upon the bridge which spanned the little stream flowing eastwards to join the river. It was a narrow street—on either side gabled houses. Courts still narrower opened out to right and left. Lady Alley, where were almshouses for poor women; Boar's Head Court—in the years to come one Cromwell, Member of Parliament, would live here; St. Stephen's Alley; the Rhenish Wine yard; Thieven' Lane—a lane by which rogues could be taken to the Gate House Prison without passing through the Precinct and so being able to claim Sanctuary. There were taverns in it—Westminster was always full of taverns—the Bell, the Boar's Head, and the Rhenish Wine House. At the south end stood the High Gate, built by Richard II. The visitor strolled slowly down the street, looking curiously about him, as if the place were strange. This indeed it was; for he had stepped straight out of the nineteenth century into the sixteenth—out of King Street, mean and narrow, into King Street narrow indeed, but not mean. The roadway was rough and full of holes; a filthy stream ran down the middle; all kinds of refuse were lying about; there was no footpath nor any protection by means of posts for foot passengers,—when a loaded waggon lumbered along the people took refuge in the open doorways; when a string of pack-horses plodded down the middle of the street splashing the mud of the stream about it, the people retreated farther within the door. The street was full of pack-

horses, because this was one of the two highways to Westminster—Palace and Castle both. In spite of the narrowness, the mud, the dirt and the inconvenience, the King Street which this visitor saw before him was far more picturesque than that which he had left behind. The houses rose up three and four stories high; gabled all, with projecting fronts, story above story, the timbers of the fronts painted and gilt, some

The Boar's Head Inn, King Street.

of them with scutcheons hung in front, the richly blazoned arms brightening the narrow way; from a window here and there hung out a bit of coloured cloth; some of the houses bore on their fronts a wealth of carven beams—some had signs hanging out; the men who lolled about the doors of the taverns wore bright liveries—those of King, Cardinal, Abbot or great lord; in the windows above women and girls leaned

out, talking and laughing with the men below; the sun (for it was nearly noon) shone straight up the street upon the stately Gate above and the stately Gate below, and upon the gilding, carving and painting, and windows of the houses on either side. The street was full of colour and of life: from the taverns came the tinkling of the mandoline, and now and then a lusty voice uplifted in a snatch of song, — in Westminster the drinking, gambling, singing and revelry went on all day and sometimes all night as well. Court and Camp and Church, all collected together on the Isle of Bramble, demanded, for their following, taverns innumerable and drink in oceans.



"The Cock," Tothill Street.

The stranger, of whom no one took any notice, passing through the High Gate, found himself within the Abbey Precinct. "Is this," he asked, "a separate city?" For before him and to the right and to the left there lay heaped together, as close as they could stand, groups and rows and streets of houses, mostly small tenements mean and dirty in appearance. Only a clear space was left for the Church of St. Margaret's and for the Porch to the Abbey Church, the north side of which was hidden by houses. On the right hand—that is, on the west side—the houses were grouped round a great stone structure, gloomy and terrible; farther on they opened out for the Gate House, which led into the fields and so across the meadows to the great high road; and in the middle, opposite the west end of St. Margaret's, there was a shapeless mass of erections comprising private houses and old stone buildings and chapels. On the left more houses, and under one a postern leading into New Palace Yard beyond. The place was full of people—men, women and children. As the visitor threaded his way among the narrow lanes he became conscious of a curious change. Outside, in King Street, everybody was alert, the street was filled with the happiness of life; the men-at-arms swaggered as they rolled along, hand on sword hilt; the children ran about and laughed and sang and shrieked for mere joy of living; through open windows, down narrow courts, one could see men at work; the girls laughed and talked as they went about the house, or leaned out of windows, or sat over their sewing; life was at full flow, like the broad river beyond. But here—it was a City of Silence. The men stood at the doors moody and silent; the women in the house went about their work in moody silence; the very children rolling in the dust of the foul lanes had forgotten how to laugh; there were no cheerful sounds of work; there were no swash bucklers, there were no roysterers, there were no taverns; the men carried no arms, they wore no liveries, except the Sanctuary gown with the keys of the Abbey worked in white on the left shoulder; they were apparently plain burgesses of the humbler sort, craftsmen or keepers of shops and stalls. A strange place! A city apart; a city of melancholy; a city of restlessness and discontent. For the most part the men sat or walked apart; but here and there were groups of twos and threes who whispered with each other, and showed things secretly under cover of

their gowns. Villainous faces they wore, and when they walked it was after the manner of the wild beast which slinks behind the rocks.

The visitor found himself before the great square Tower of which we have already spoken. Gloomy and threatening it looked down upon the tenements below, with its belfry in one corner, its single door, its two windows above, its stair tower beside the door, and its blackened massive walls.

As he stood there, wondering and trying to understand this strange world, the door was opened, and a man came forth.

He was dressed as an ecclesiastic, in a black gown; on his left shoulder he wore the keys in white; he was old and somewhat bent; a man of the middle height; the thin hair that showed from under the cap was white; his nose was broad and somewhat flat; his eyes were large, and when he spoke they became luminous and smiling; his voice was still young, and his laugh was ready—a thing unusual in a

Room in "The King's Arms," Tothill Street.

man when he is past fifty; but this man was close upon seventy—the allotted span. He was so near his end, and yet he laughed. It is given to few among mortals to find aught that makes for mirth after the days of boyhood. Mostly their days are full of misery: men of violence rob them; kings and barons drive them forth to war; they are flogged and set in pillory and are clapped in prison. How should they laugh, when all they desire is rest, when they rejoice exceedingly and are glad if they think the grave is near?

This man, as he came forth from the Sanctuary, espied the visitor, and greeted him.

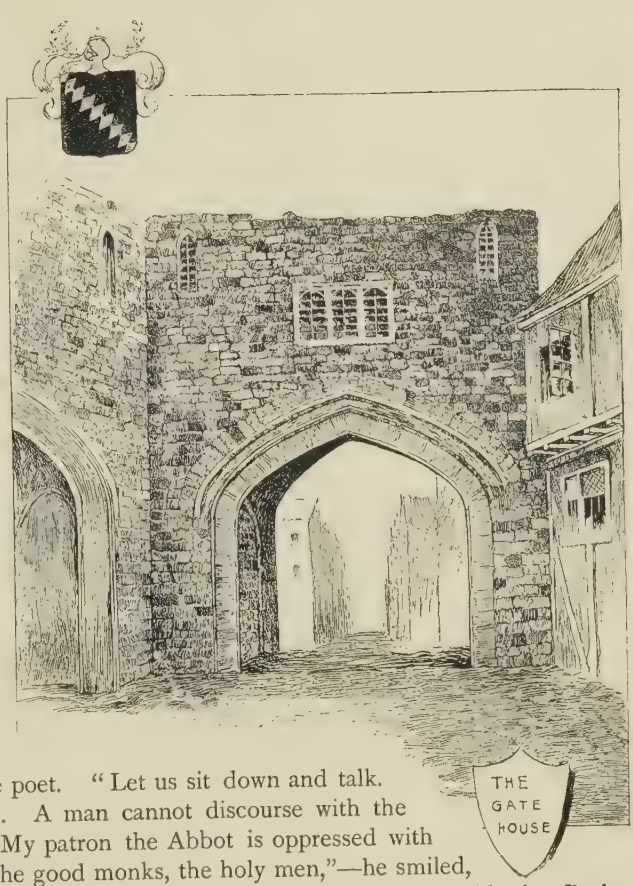
"Sir," he said, "be welcome. I am John Skelton." He drew himself up proudly. "Johannes Skelton, Artium Magister, Laurea Ornatus. Were I free to leave this place—but my Lord the Cardinal takes care of that, so tender is he lest ill hap come to me—I could show you the cloak of white and green—the King's colours—with the laurel wreath embroidered on the shoulder and the word 'Calliope' in

cunning device within the wreath—here, on this spot" — he touched his left shoulder—"where are now the keys that are my safety — the keys of this Abbey."

"And wherefore, Sir John," asked the visitor, "art thou in Sanctuary?"

"Come with me, and we will talk."

So John Skelton led the way to a house of better appearance than most. It stood beside the Gate House, which was also the Abbot's prison. Over against it was the group of buildings called the Almonry, and from the windows there was a pleasant view across the gardens and the orchards of the Abbey.



"Come in, sir," said the poet. "Let us sit down and talk. Truly I have much to say. A man cannot discourse with the rabble of the Sanctuary. My patron the Abbot is oppressed with cares of state; the monks, the good monks, the holy men,"—he smiled, he chuckled, he broke into a laugh,—"they have little learning outside the Psalms which they intone so well, and for poetry they have no love, or they might sing mine."

He began to troll out, with a voice that had once been lusty,—

"Ye holy caterpillars,
Ye helpe your well willers
With prayers and psalmes,
To devour the almes
That Christians should give,
To meynteyne and releve
The people poore and needy;
But youe be greedy,
And so grete a number
The world ye encumber."

"By Saynt Luke and *secundum Skeltonida*," he concluded, with another laugh. "Sir, let us drink before we go on."

Whereupon he went out, and presently returned carrying a black jack which held three quarts or so, and singing,—

"I care right nowghte,
I take no thowte
For clothes to keep me warme.
Have I good dryncke,
I surely thyncke
Nothing can do me harm.
For truly than
I rear no man,
Be he never so bolde,
When I am armed
And throwly warmed
With joly good ale and olde."

So he lifted the black jack to his lips, took a long draught, and handed it to his companion. 'Twas right October, strong and mellow.

The room was small and the furniture was scanty, yet with no suggestion of poverty; there was a strong table of oak, the legs well carven; there was a chair also of good workmanship, high backed, with arms and a cushion; in the fireplace were two andirons and a pile of wood against the cold weather; books were on the table, both printed books from the press of Caxton hard by, and written books; there were writing materials; there was a candlestick of latone; in the corner stood a wooden coffer; there was a curtain, to be drawn across the door in cold weather; a silver mazer stood on the table; a robe of perset, furred, hung over the back of the chair, and another of cloth, also furred, but the fur much eaten of moths, hung upon the wall. It was the room of a scholar. There was a long and broad seat in the window, which was glazed above with diamond panes and provided with a shutter below to keep out rain and cold; but the day was warm, and so the shutter was up, and they sat down in the noonday sunshine—John Skelton at one end of the seat and his guest at the other, and the black jack between. And one listened while the other talked.

"It is now," said the poet, "five years since I fled hither to escape the revenge of my Lord Cardinal Wolsey—Son of the Wolf, I call him. Well, he may compass my destruction, but my verses can he not destroy, for they are imprinted, and now fly here and there about the land, so that no one knows who they are that read them; and wherever the Cardinal goeth, there he may find that my verses have gotten there before him. Nay, he will die, and after death not only the Lord but man will sit in judgment upon him; and my verses will be there for all to read. Ha! what said I?—

"He is set so hye
In his ierarchy
Of franticke frenesy
And folishe fantasy
That in the Chamber of Starres
All matters there he marres:
Clapping his rod on the borde,
No man dare speke a worde,
For he hath all the sayenge,
Without any renayinge.
He rolleth in his recordes;
He sayth, 'How saye ye, my Lordes?'
Some say yes, and some
Syt styll as they were dumbe,
He ruleth all the roste
With braggynge and with boste,
Borne up on every syde
With pompe and with pryde.

"The Cardinal will not forget these lines so long as he lives; nor will the world forget them, any more than the world forgets the words of Ovid. When men shall speak of Cardinal Wolsey, they shall say, 'He it was of whom Skelton—*poeta laurea donatus*—spoke when he said,—

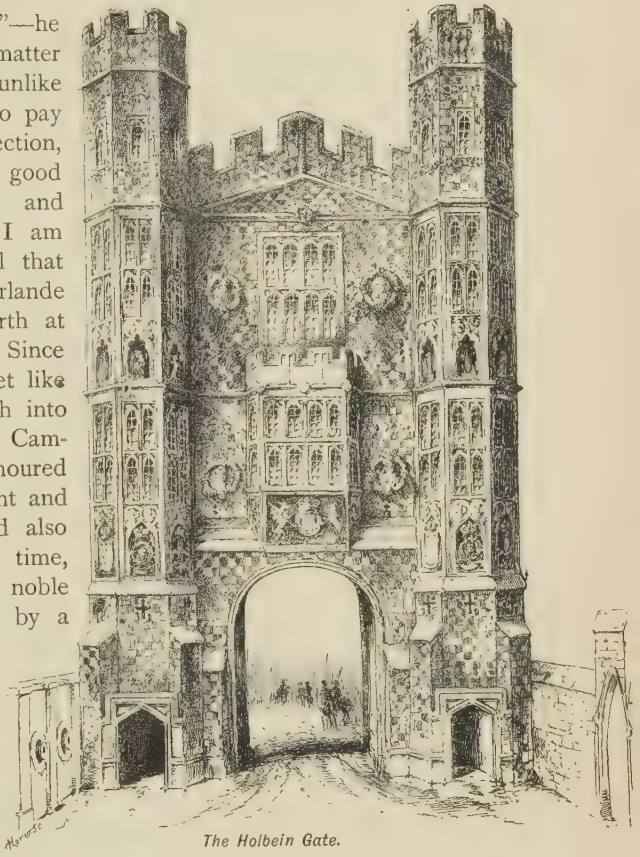
"Borne up on every syde
With pompe and with pryde."'

By cock's blood, proud Sir Tyrmagant, I had rather my prison than thy shame!"

He paused and sighed.

"I confess, good sir, that I thought not to end my days in such a place as this. I thought to become a bishop—nay, even an archbishop, if it might please

the Lord. All to-ragged as I am"—he was indeed somewhat frayed in the matter of linen—"and poor, insomuch that, unlike these losels among whom I live, who pay to the Abbey rent and fees for protection, I depend upon the bounty of the good Abbot Islip, whom may Christ and St. Peter spede. Yet, look you, I am John Skelton. You know not all that John Skelton has done. In the 'Garlande of Laurell' you may find set forth at length all that I have written. Since Dan Chaucer there has been no poet like unto me. My fame hath gone forth into strange lands. *Alma parens* was Cambridge; but at Oxford was I honoured with the laurel: yea, and the ancient and venerable University of Louvain did also grant me a like honour. Had I time, I would read, gentle sir, certain noble Latin verses written in my honour by a scholar. 'All the world,' he truly writes,—'the woods, the forests, the rivers and the sea, the Loves, the Satyrs, the Nymphs, the Naiades and Oceanides,—all together sing my praise. And my fame shall be as everlasting as the stars —*fama perennis erit.*' Thus it is that the scholars speak of poets; thus are we honoured. Why, I look around me and without: I am a Sanctuary man; no bishop am I, nor chancellor,—only a Sanctuary man; yet—*fama perennis erit.* Or would you know what Erasmus, that great light of learning, said of me? Then read in his immortal Ode 'De Laudibus Britanniæ,' the dedication to Prince Henry. 'Thou hast,' he said, 'at home Skelton, the only light and glory of British letters, one who can not only inflame thee with ardour, but also fill thee with learning.' Yes, I was indeed the tutor of that young Prince, of whom I may proudly say that, if he is—all men know that he is—learned beyond any prince of his ancestry, mine own handiwork it is."



The Holbein Gate.

Again he paused and sighed. Then he went on. "I have not now to tell a tale of George a Green and Jack a Vale. 'Tis of John Skelton—unlucky John—that I must speak. They made me Rector of Diss in my native county, and there——" He paused and rubbed his chin and smiled. "Understand, sir, we poets pay for the favour of the Muse in many ways. Some of us are merry when we should be grave; and we are prone to fall in love despite our vows; and we love better the company of our brothers, even in taverns and alehouses—even when they are but clowns and rustics of the baser sort—than the loneliness of the priest's house; we laugh in season and out of season; if we make songs we desire to sing them; the rattling of pint-pots, the tinkling of mazers, is music in our ears; we linger over the Psalms no longer than we must; we invent merry conceits and quips; men laugh with us: none so popular as the poet who makes mirth for the company."

Here he sighed and buried his face in the black jack. "'Tis right good ale," he said. "'Tis solacyous ale, and from the Monastery cellar. Not such is the small stuff doled out to the rest. Drink, good sir. Ay! 'tis easy to make good cheer; but one is not the clown on the stage nor the fool, and they make men laugh as well. If the jester be also a grave scholar and a reverend Divine, there are presently rumours of things unseemly, things unworthy, things *tacenda*. Add to which that the poet inclineth often unto satire, like Horace and Juvenal; and that those against whom the satire is directed are apt to chafe and even to become revengeful. Quarrels, therefore, I had with Sir Christopher Garnyshe, and with Masters Barclay, Gaguin and Lily. What? I thumped them and they thumped me. And the world laughed; and no one the worse. But one must not open mouth against the monks; and by freedom of speech I brought upon me the wrath of the Dominicans. So there was admonishing from the Bishop, and I left Diss, coming to London, where, I hoped, Christ cross me spede and by the favour of His Highness the King, once my scholar apt and quick, to receive some great office."

"Did you bring your wife with you, Sir John?"

"Ha! Sayest thou wife? How! Doth the whole world know that I was married? Yea, I brought her with me—and my lusty boys. Sir, many there are—parish priests—who are married secretly and are thought to entertain a leman. By the King was I recommended to the Cardinal. And now, indeed, I thought my fortune made; and so paid court to that great man, and strove to please him. Yea, I wrote for him that admirable poem, profitable to the soul, entitled, 'The Boke of Three Fooles.' And the 'Garden of Laurel' I dedicated to my Lord Cardinal's right noble Grace:

"Go lytell quayre, apace
In moost humble wyse,
Before his noble grace,
That caused you to devise
This lytell enterprise;
And hym most lowly pray,
In his mynde to comprise
These wordes his grace dyd saye
On an ammas gray.
Je foy enterment en sa bonne grace."

"You fell from his good grace?"

"I did. How it boots not to relate. Tongue! tongue! that must needs be making rhymes, whether on Cardinal or on Priest, on Lord or Varlet. He gave me nothing; yet he made much of me: gave me what they call Bowge a court at his own great table, where he entertained a hundred daily. He heard my verses, and he smiled; yet he gave me nothing. He heard my jests, and laughed; yet he gave me nothing. Wherefore, the Muse working powerfully within me, not to be resisted, I wrote such verses as I have already told you, and fled hither. And here must I remain, for the Cardinal can never forgive me, seeing that I have set upon him a mark that he can in no way rub off. My only hope is that, as King's favourites do fall as well as rise, and that His Highness the King hath a temper which is like the wind in March, the great man may fall before I die—otherwise, a Sanctuary man shall I remain unto the end. Drink, good sir."

Then, as his visitor would take no more of the strong brown ale, he rose.

"Let us sally forth," he said, "and I will show thee this Sanctuary or Common Sink of all rogues. Here," he said, as he stood before the Double Chapel, "is the place where, morning and evening, we must hear matins and vespers. So sayeth the

Rule: but who is there to examine and find out whether the Rule be kept or not? 'Tis a dark and gloomy place, built for the better admonition of sinners and the exhorting to repentance. But of repentance is there little or none. I repent me only that I made not my verses the stronger, so that my Lord Cardinal should feel them, day and night, pricking him like a hair shirt. But these rogues are full of sin; they think all day long of iniquity; Sanctuary is wasted upon them. Look now at yonder company"—they were some of the men noticed before as whispering to each other; they had now got a flask of wine, and were drinking about, but with no merriment—"those are murderers, housebreakers, cutters of purses, common thieves, who come in to save their necks, and all day long plot new crimes, which by night—stealing out privily—they commit, bringing hither their stolen goods. Then there are the unthrifts, who, when they have spent their all, buy things for which they cannot pay, and bring them here to live merrily upon them while they last. The wife comes here laden with her husband's plate, saying that the good man beats her, so that to live with him is intolerable. Then she sells the plate, and God knows what manner of life she leads here. Honest work there is none; but all alike lie idle and unprofitable. Those who have money quickly lose it, paying at a monstrous rate for all things,—monks are ever unreasonable askers; those who have none pig it as best they can. Sir, believe me, there is no life worse for man than the idle life. St. Benedict wisely ordained that the hours of rest from prayer should be hours of work with the hands. Alas! In Sanctuary that Rule is clean forgotten."

Thus discoursing, they drew near to the Gate House, which opens to Tothill Street and Tothill Fields beyond.

Broken Cross within the Abbey precincts.

"Here is the Abbot's Prison," said Skelton: "the prison of those who break the laws of Westminster—and of debtors—and sometimes of traitors. The debtors lie there like sheep; and the longer they live the leaner they grow, because, look you, if a man is shut up he cannot work nor earn his daily bread, much less can he pay his debts." As he spoke a long pole was pushed out of window with a box hanging at the end. "It is their alms-box," said Skelton. "Bestow something upon them, so that they may eat and drink."

Pickering Cup, belonging to the Burgesses of Westminster.

As we stood in the gateway, looking out upon the pleasant fields and green pastures beyond, there came forth from a tavern—at the sign of the *Eagle*—a girl, the like of whom I had never seen for size and comeliness. She was over six feet high, and had shoulders for breadth like those of a porter, and arms—her sleeves rolled up—which belonged rather to a waterman than a maid. And at sight of her John Skelton began to laugh, and called out, "Meg! Long Meg! come hither. Let me gaze upon thee." So the tall maid obeyed, showing by her smiles that she was willing to talk with the old man. "Look at her, I say," said Skelton, laughing. "Saw'st ever woman so tall and strong? This is Long Meg. She is as lusty as she is tall. Let her tell how she knocked over Sir James of Castile, and cudgelled the robber, and fought the Vicar from the Abbey, so that he lay in the Infirmary for three weeks, and how she dragged the Catchpole through the pond, and how she bobbed Huffling Dick on the noll. And she is as good as she is tall and lusty. My modest Meg! my merry Meg! my valiant Meg! my pigsny Meg! Tell the gentleman, Meg." But the girl hung her head modestly, and only said, "Nay, Sir John, it becomes me not to tell these things." Then replied Skelton, "I will tell him for thee. And, Meg, we will come presently, in the afternoon,

The Southern extremity of Thieving Lane, A.D. 1800.

for a flask of Malmsey. Go, sweet maid: I would I were forty years younger for thy sake. Stay—what were the verses I made upon thee when first thou didst come to Westminster?"

Meg laughed, and, folding her hands behind her like a girl that says a lesson, began:

"Domine, Domine, unde hoc?
What is she in the gray cassock?"

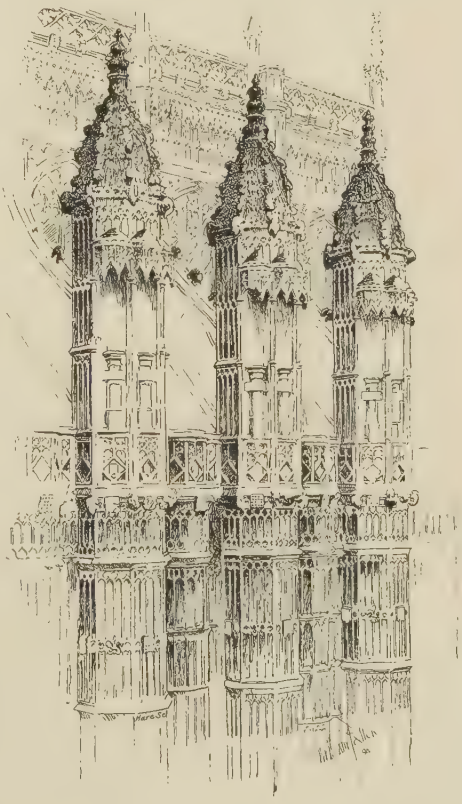
"Right, Meg—right. But go on."

"Methinks she is of a large length,
Of a tall pitch and a good strength.
With strange armes and stiff bones;
This is a wench for the nones.
I tell thee, Hostesse, I do not mocke,
Take her in the gray cassocke."

"But I have no gray cassock now," Meg added, laughing. "This afternoon, Sir John, Will Sommers comes. There will be merry tales and songs. Farewell, good sir."

So, with a reverence, this comely giantess, this thumping, handsome wench, ran back to the tavern.

"Now," said Sir John, "we will take a walk. First, I will show thee where Will Caxton put up his first printing-press, at the sign of the Red Poll. 'Tis nigh on thirty years since he is dead. Ha! he printed books of mine. The printed book remains; for there are hundreds of each book, and the trade of the scrivener is well nigh gone. So much the better for the poet. I am in good company on the shelf with Caxton's books; in the company of Virgil and Ovid; of Boethius, Chaucer and Gower and Alain Chartier. I march with uplifted head in such a company. Laureate of Oxford and Louvain, friend of these immortals. My Lord the Cardinal turns green when he thinks upon it. Next," he continued, "we will walk about the Abbey. I cannot show thee the wealth of the monks, because that is spread out over the whole country—here a manor and there a manor; and no man, save the Abbot and the Prior, knoweth how great is their wealth; nor can I show thee the learning of the monks, because no man, not even the Abbot my benefactor, knoweth how small that is; nor can I show thee the piety of the Brothers, since that is known only to themselves; nor their fastings and macerations, because, the better to torment themselves, they sit down every day to a table covered with rich roasts



Buttresses of King Henry VII. Chapel.

and dainty confections; nor can I show thee the monks at work at the hours when they are not in their Church, because they work no more. But I will show thee the richest monastery in England, where the Brethren toil not, nor spin, and have no cares, but that they must grow old, and so daily draw nearer to the Fires of Purgatory. I will show thee gardens beautiful as the heart of man can desire; and, for their lodgings, the house of the Abbot is finer than the Palace of the King, and the chambers of the Prior and the Sub-Prior are delicate and dainty and desirable. What! think you that so great a Lord as the Abbot of Westminster . . .?"

But here the original of this interview breaks off abruptly—*Explicit*—and I know not how the afternoon was spent, nor what jests and songs they had with Will Sommers and Long Meg.

WALTER BESANT.

ON LANDING IN ENGLAND.

ONCE more hail, England! Happy is the day
When from wide wandering I hither fare,
Touch thy wave-warded shore and breathe thine air,
And see, again, thy hedges white with May.
Rich memories throng in every flower-gemmed way;
Old names ring out as with a trumpet's blare;
While on, with quickened pulse, we journey where
London's vast thunder roars, like seas at play.
To thee, the cradle of our race, we come,
To warm our hearts by ancient altar fires;
Not breaking fealty to a dearer home,
Thy children's children, from whatever skies,
Greet the high welcome of thy deathless eyes,
Thou fair and mighty mother of our sires!

JOHN HAY.

JOHNSTON'S ADVENTURE.

I KNOW this story is true, for Johnston told it to me himself, and he has not imagination enough to invent an untruth. That is the reason why he failed both as a journalist and a politician, and has now become a writer of thoughtful and didactic novels. It is a pursuit for which he is admirably adapted, and he naturally feels rather proud that he is producing books which are "literature," and not books which only amuse and interest the reader.

We had been speaking of the passion of the Americans for economising time, and I mentioned that Americans frequently carry in their pockets cards bearing sententious inscriptions designed for the reproof and instruction of bores and other wasters of other people's time.

Johnston smiled grimly and said, "I know all about that. A friend of mine who had been in Chicago brought me a specimen card with the words 'I am deaf and dumb' printed on it. He told me that if you should attempt to enter into conversation with a fellow-passenger in a Chicago tram, he would very probably present you with the card in question, as a delicate hint that he wanted to be left in peace."

"'I am going down to Warwickshire to-morrow,' I said,"—continued Johnston,—"'to spend a few days with Scoble, and I'll take this card with me. If some one insists on talking to me when I am reading my paper, I'll try what handing him the card will do.' You see I was rather pleased with the idea. Those Americans are always inventing clever things, and I thought that this system of checking conversation might prove to be just the thing to satisfy a great public want.

"You remember Scoble, no doubt. Good-hearted old chap; a little dull and tiresome, perhaps, but honest and sincere as a man can be. By the way, why is it that when you say that a man is honest and sincere you always mean that he is rather tiresome? It's like saying of a girl that she is a person of the most admirable character. When a man says that, you know that the girl must be painfully ugly. However, that hasn't anything to do with my trip to Warwickshire.

"I took the train at Euston, travelling second class; for in those days the third-class carriages were wholly given up to third-class people. There was nobody in my compartment, and for a moment I hesitated about getting into it, lest some solitary woman, or some drunken or crazy man, should take the same compartment and bring

"I handed the woman the card."

upon me those varied dangers of which a nervous traveller is always thinking. Sure enough, just as we were about to start, a woman, who had very nearly missed the train, got in with the help of the guard,—for the train was already slowly moving. It was of course too late for me to think of changing my carriage, and I therefore buried myself in my newspaper, and tried to think that all would go well.

"My fellow-passenger was a fine-looking woman of about thirty. The heat of the day and the excitement of catching the train had given her a florid colour, and I could see that the desire of condemning the weather and exposing the wickedness of cabmen was strong within her. When a woman is travelling and something goes wrong with her, she feels an imperative necessity of confiding her grievance to the first available person, no matter who that person may be. I saw that this woman was on the point of speaking to me, and not knowing who she was, or what her intentions might be, I was frightened. I know very well that I am absurdly nervous when shut up with a strange woman, but I cannot help it. The companies ought to put on carriages for men only, or else provide trustworthy companions for unprotected male passengers.

"Presently the woman caught my eye, and said, 'I beg your pardon, but will you tell me the exact time? My cabman must have taken a full hour to drive

from South Kensington to Euston Square, and I'm perfectly sure he must have been drunk and taken the wrong road. Cabmen are such a nuisance, and there is no redress, you know. As for driving to a police station, no lady likes to do that, and even when she does, it's very little satisfaction she gets. Only the other day a friend of mine——'

"But here I handed the woman the Chicago card which I had received the day before.

"She read it, and then said, 'Oh, indeed! So sorry. Pray excuse me,' and then relapsed into silence, while I resumed my newspaper and congratulated myself on the efficacy of the American plan of dealing with railway bores.

"It is true that my conscience did give me an occasional twinge, for the distinction between telling a lie and handing a person a ready-made lie printed on a card was not very perceptible. I asked myself whether in giving the woman a card with the words 'I am deaf and dumb' I had not been guilty of lying, as certainly as I should have been if I had told her the same thing in so many words. However, I was so rejoiced at getting rid of my fellow-passenger's importunities that I decided to postpone all examination into the moral qualities of my act until arriving at the end of my journey.

"At Willesden Junction another passenger got in. This time it was a young lady who was evidently expected by the elder lady, for the latter had filled the entire carriage window with her buxom form, and waved a frantic handkerchief, from the moment that the train drew up at the station. The two ladies kissed each other after the manner of their sex, and immediately engaged in earnest conversation. At first the younger lady spoke in a rather low tone of voice, so as to avoid making me a listener to the conversation; but the other remarked in a loud tone, 'Oh, you needn't mind that man. He's stone deaf, and dumb besides, so we can talk just as if we were at home together.' The new comer looked rather curiously at me, and then the two began to discuss family affairs.

"The train was not to stop again before reaching Rugby. Already the two women had spoken of things which they would never have mentioned in the presence of a stranger whom they imagined to be capable of hearing them. What they would next say in their fancied security no one could foresee. I found myself an involuntary eavesdropper, without the possibility of withdrawing from the painful situation. If I were to warn the ladies that I could hear perfectly well everything that they were saying, what would they think of my conduct in carrying about with me the false statement that I was deaf and dumb? They would undoubtedly take me either for an unusual kind of lunatic, or for some new kind of criminal, and in either case I should be in a terrible predicament. And then the new comer was so pretty, so gentle, and such a thoroughly nice girl in appearance, that I could not bear to annoy her by saying 'I'm not deaf and dumb, and I've overheard everything you have said.' No, I couldn't do that, and there was evidently nothing left for me to do except to try to distract my attention by doggedly reading, so as to overhear as little as possible of the conversation.

"By-and-by my attention was aroused in spite of myself by hearing the elder lady mention my name. 'You see,' she said, 'I had to come down to-day because John has asked that tiresome Johnston to spend a week with us, and of course it wouldn't do for me to be away.'

"'But, auntie,' said the other, 'how do you know that he is tiresome, if you have never seen him?'

"'I know it, for one thing, because John's friends always are tiresome. It does seem as if he deliberately selected the most stupid men he could find and asked

them down to Greencroft, just to make life a burden to me. And then, my dear, for another thing, I've tried to read this detestable Johnston's books. Anything more stupid and silly you can't possibly imagine.'

"'Is he young or old?' asked the girl.

"'I'm sure I don't know. He isn't married, for no woman would marry such a tiresome person.'

"'Who knows but what I shall marry him myself?' replied the young lady. 'I like dull people and people whom nobody else likes. What will you give me, auntie, to take him off your hands while he is at Greencroft?'

"'I'm sure I should be awfully obliged to you,' replied the aunt. 'He couldn't possibly have come at a more awkward time. I wanted to stay in town until Monday, and then I wanted to begin house-cleaning. Instead of that I have to come back to-day, and of course there can be no house-cleaning until this Johnston goes. Goodness only knows when he will go, for I feel convinced that he is one of those persons who never know when they are in the way. By-the-bye, he may be in this very train, though I rather think he would take the ten o'clock train.'

"So I was actually travelling in the same carriage with Scoble's wife and niece, and the former was dreading my arrival at her house and looking upon me as a tiresome nuisance. What would she say when, on reaching Greencroft, she should find that the man whom she had supposed to be deaf and dumb was the undesirable Johnston himself, and that he had overheard all her remarks regarding him? Of course it was now utterly impossible that I should either go to her house or disclose my identity to her in any way. I would get out at Rugby, where we were to change for Greencroft, and would wire to John that I had been recalled by important business, and must postpone the pleasure of meeting him and his wife until some other day. But then there was my portmanteau, which was in the van and labelled for Greencroft. I could not afford to abandon it, for in it was the manuscript of a story that I had promised to finish that week, and had taken down with me for the purpose of finishing it. No! I must go on to Greencroft, rescue my portmanteau, and run the risk of meeting John on the platform. I could, however, escape from Mrs. Scoble and her companion at Rugby, by getting into another carriage. We should be at Rugby in an hour, and I must endure that hour as best I could.

"The two ladies talked on, but happily seemed to forget the existence of the unfortunate Johnston. Once Mrs. Scoble came to the window where I was sitting, to point out something to her niece, and the swaying of the carriage nearly threw her on my lap.

"'That poor man seemed dreadfully frightened,' said the niece, after her aunt had returned to her seat. 'He seemed to think you were going to sit down on him.'

"'He does seem a timid Miss Nancy,' said the aunt. 'I don't quite like his looks, though. Some of those mutes have terrible tempers. He is certainly painfully ugly, isn't he?'

"I did not hear the niece's reply to this compliment; but Mrs. Scoble continued, after another glance at me: 'There is a sneaky, dishonest look about the man. I shouldn't be the least bit afraid of him; but I shouldn't be surprised if he were the sort of man that would carry off one's bag or one's umbrella, and then pretend it was a mistake if any one caught him at it.'

"Things were growing more and more pleasant. I already knew that Mrs. Scoble regarded the Johnston whom she supposed she had not seen as a nuisance; and now it appeared that she suspected the Johnston whom she had seen of being a sneak thief. Luckily, we were nearly due at Rugby, and I should soon be able to see the last of my unconscious tormentors.

"Just then the elder lady began one of those nervous and hurried searches for her purse which women when travelling are so prone to make. I certainly do not blame them. If I did not know where my pocket was or whether, in case I should discover the way to it, I should find anything in it, I should doubtless make half-hourly searches for my purse, and exhibit a good deal of agitation in the process. Mrs. Scoble found the entrance to her pocket after prolonged investigation, and then announced, with much alarm, that her purse was missing. "There are nearly thirty pounds in it, my dear, beside my railway ticket! I am perfectly sure I had it in my pocket after I got into the train.'

"'Perhaps it is in your bag; or you may have put it into your bosom,' suggested the niece.

Mrs. Scoble denied that either of these alternatives was possible; but nevertheless she searched every place in which a feminine purse could by any possibility have concealed itself, without the least success.

"'It is gone!' she finally exclaimed; 'and I am sure that fellow in the corner picked my pocket when I was looking out of his window.'

"'He could not have done that,' replied the niece, 'for I was looking at him at the very time, and he never once took his hands or his eyes away from his newspaper.'

"'My dear child! Do you suppose you are quick enough to watch the motions of a professional pickpocket? That man has my purse, I am perfectly sure of it; and I shall give him in charge the moment we get to Rugby.'

"It was clear that I must bolt from the carriage the instant the train reached the Rugby platform, and before a policeman could be called. The train was already slowing, and I hastily gathered up my rug and umbrella, and prepared to move toward the door.

"'No, you don't, my man!' said Mrs. Scoble, rising, and taking possession of the door by the simple process of thrusting half of her ample person through the window.

"I saw at once that the game was up. I could not drag her out of the way, and she would never let me pass unless I were to pass into the arms of a policeman. I sat down again with the calmness of despair, and awaited the coming of the constable, whom Mrs. Scoble's excited gestures had summoned.

"'That man has picked my pocket,' said Mrs. Scoble, as soon as the policeman opened the door. 'Search him, and you'll find my purse in his possession. It is marked "A. D. S.," and has four five-pound notes, two sovereigns, and some change in it, beside my ticket.'

"'What do you say to this?' the policeman asked me, evidently impressed with the certainty of my guilt.

"'Simply that it isn't true,' I replied. 'I know nothing of the lady's purse, and I can easily convince you that I am a respectable person.'

"'My goodness!' exclaimed my accuser. 'Why, the fellow isn't deaf and dumb after all! Constable, he pretended to be deaf and dumb. That shows what a scoundrel he is!'

"'You'll have to come along with me,' said the constable. 'You'd better come quiet, for there's no good making a row. You'll have to come along too, madam, and make a charge against him.'

"I rose up to follow the policeman, and my foot struck against something that was lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It was the missing purse.

"'Is that your purse, madam?' I asked, as I held it up. 'You must have dropped it when you were looking out of my window.'

"That man has picked my pocket."

"'Oh, I dessay!' replied the constable. 'Of course you didn't drop it yourself when you found you were caught! Come along, now, and don't try no games on me.'

"'Wait just a minute!' said the niece. 'Auntie, I know you dropped it. I remember now you had it in your hand when you went to the window, and it was your left hand, and the man couldn't possibly have touched it.'

"'Are you sure of that, miss?' asked the policeman.

"'Perfectly sure. The gentleman is in no way to blame, and I'm sure you won't think of arresting him. Auntie, do say you know it is a mistake. Think how cruel it is to make such an accusation unless it is certainly true.'

"Mrs. Scoble opened her purse, and found its contents undisturbed. 'I am afraid,' she began, 'that there is a mistake, and that the man did not take the purse. Still I do think——'

"'Very well, ma'am. Then I understand you don't make any charge?' asked the constable.

"'None whatever,' hastily exclaimed the niece. 'We are very sorry to have troubled you.' Then, turning to me, she added,—'And I am sure we are awfully sorry that you were put to the least annoyance.'

"I thought annoyance was rather an inadequate term, considering all the circumstances; but I was so delighted with my escape, and the way in which the girl had come to my rescue, that I said, and fancied at the moment that I meant it, that it wasn't of the slightest consequence.

"'Why did he tell us he was deaf and dumb? That's what I should like to know!' said the still implacable Mrs. Scoble.

"'I wouldn't advise him to play that game any more,' said the policeman severely. 'Let me tell you, sir, that if you travel under false pretences, you needn't be surprised if you find yourself in trouble. You'll have to give me your name and address, in case anything more comes of this.'

"I gave him my address as soon as I could get away from the carriage, and at the same time I gave him a surreptitious five shillings, and asked him not to give my name to Mrs. Scoble. Then I got into a third-class carriage at the very head of the train, and prepared to run the final risk of meeting my friend John Scoble at the Greencroft station. I knew that if he saw me I should either have to go with him to his house, or to tell him the whole story. He was one of those exasperating men who always insist upon having everything fully explained; and I knew that he would not be contented with my mere assertion that business made it imperative that I should return at once to London. As for going to his house, I felt that I should infinitely prefer to go to jail. To meet his wife after she had said that I was a nuisance, and stupid, and looked like a sneak thief, would have been bad enough; but to meet her after she had tried to have me arrested for picking her pocket was more than the bravest of men could have dreamed of doing. If I could only avoid Scoble, and so get back to town unrecognised, all might yet be well. My only regret would be that I could not properly thank that noble girl who had stood between me and the policeman.

"I saw Scoble on the platform as the train drew up at Greencroft; but he did not see me, for I had concealed myself behind the curtains of the carriage. I watched him until his back was turned, and then sprang out and bolted into the cloak room, which was close at hand. I had hoped to remain there until Scoble had left the station, but I was disappointed. The porter in attendance, finding that I had no particular business with him, immediately suspected me of designs upon the property under his charge, and told me that I must not stay in the cloak room. I tried bribery, but the action only confirmed his suspicions, and he roughly ordered me to go about my business or he would have me arrested.

"There was still one more chance. If Scoble should happen not to see me emerging from the cloak room I might gain the shelter of the refreshment room, where of course no sane person would dream of looking for me. When I came out on the platform again, Scoble was nowhere to be seen, having escorted his wife and niece to the carriage, which had been waiting just outside the station. I made a dash for the refreshment room, and, turning up my coat collar and pulling my hat down over my eyes, I frantically began to eat sandwiches, trusting that no one could recognise me in that improbable occupation.

"I stopped in that harbour of refuge for fully fifteen minutes, and ruined my digestion for life, as I am now convinced. Then, feeling sure that the coast must be clear, I went out on the platform and walked directly into the arms of Scoble, who was waiting for the next train, under the impression that I must have missed the one in which I actually came.

"'Why, here you are, after all!' he exclaimed. 'Where on earth have you been?'

"I murmured something about a telegram that I had just received calling me back to London; and then, seeing that Scoble was standing in open-mouthed amazement, I pulled myself together enough to say that I must go instantly back to town. 'It's a matter of life and death, you know,' I added. 'I just wired that I would take the next train.'

"'Who's ill? What's the matter? Let me see the telegram,' cried Scoble.

"I made a pretence of looking in my pocket, and then replied that I had lost the telegram, but that it was from my uncle, who had died suddenly.

"'Why, here you are, after all!'"

"'He died suddenly and then wired to you!' said the stupefied Scoble. 'I must see that telegram. Come along to the office, and they'll give us a copy of it.' So saying, he dragged me to the telegraph office, and asked to see the message that I had just received.

"'What name, sir?' asked the operator.

"Scoble told him that it was 'Johnston.'

"'No telegram has been received here to-day for any party of that name,' replied the operator.

"'But here is Johnston himself,' exclaimed Scoble. 'He received it not fifteen minutes ago, and has been sending an answer.'

"'Never saw the gentleman before,' said the official coldly. 'Never gave him no telegram, and never received none from him.'

"'Johnston!' cried my friend, 'what does this mean? Have you gone stark mad?'

"'I'll write and explain as soon as I get back to town,' I replied. 'I can't tell you now. The blow is so awfully sudden. Don't take any notice of me. I am subject to this sort of thing.'

"'He's subject to have his uncle die suddenly, and then wire to him!' said my friend, calling upon the universe in general to help him grapple with this amazing statement. 'Johnston! You're not well. Come straight home with me, and I'll send for the medical man.'

"What I might next have said I have no idea, for a new misery overwhelmed me. The niece had returned, and was standing looking in bewilderment first at me and then at her uncle. Suddenly she took in the full meaning of the situation, and, after saying to me, 'Is this Mr. Johnston?' burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"There never was anything so contagious and irresistible as that laugh since the world began; and the flash of the girl's mischievous eyes would have made John Calvin smile even in the act of burning a heretic. I could not help it, but in another moment I found myself joining in the girl's laughter, while Scoble stood and gazed at us with an almost frightened expression.

"The niece was the first to speak. 'Uncle,' she said, 'there has been a mistake that would have been perfectly awful if Mr. Johnston had not been a real humourist, and seen the funny side of it. Auntie has driven home, for she

could not wait any longer, and we will all three walk home together, and you shall know all about it.'

"I hesitated for a second, and then said to myself that I would meet fifty aunts sooner than say good-bye to the niece before I had convinced her that I was not always stupid, and that I could sometimes be other than a nuisance. I not only walked home with her, and faced the dismayed and repentant aunt, but I stayed my full week at Greencroft. When I came away I was engaged to be married, and had already begun to call Mrs. Scoble 'aunt,' partly to show her that I bore no malice, and partly by way of emphasising the triumph that the man whom she had called stupid had won."

W. L. Alden.

"Suddenly she took in the full meaning of the situation."

The Rise of Wellington.

"In the beginning of each war England has to seek in blood the knowledge necessary to insure success; and, like the fiend's progress towards Eden, her conquering course is through chaos followed by death."—NAPIER, "Peninsular War."

No. IV.

IN England the nation had been mortified by the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and the hospitals were crowded with soldiers suffering from the Walcheren fever. Recruits could hardly be obtained even by the offer of high bounties, and the expenses of the war were causing grave financial embarrassment. A disagreement between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh was followed by a duel and by the dissolution of the Portland Ministry. Another Government was formed under Mr. Perceval, in which Lord Liverpool replaced Lord Castlereagh as Secretary for War. Wellington perceived that the new Cabinet was disposed to withdraw the British army from the Peninsula, and, as he did not wish to give any pretext for such a decision, he refrained from asking for the reinforcements and supplies which might have enabled him to defend the Portuguese frontier. His plan was gradually to fall back on the Torres Vedras lines, and to take measures for laying waste the districts in which the French army would operate. Stringent orders were given that the people should be compelled to destroy their mills and bridges, drive away their cattle, abandon their homes, and carry with them everything that could be made use of by an invading force. As a result of these measures, the French troops, who lived by requisition and plunder, would starve in front of Lisbon, and would be obliged to retreat or disperse in order to obtain food and forage.

In June 1810 Masséna, with 80,000 men under his orders, began the campaign by besieging Ciudad Rodrigo; and although the Portuguese and Spanish authorities entreated Wellington to march to its relief, he steadfastly refused to do so. Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered early in July, and Almeida was next invested. This fortress was expected to make an obstinate defence, but owing to the explosion of the main magazine it became untenable, and had to be given up after a short siege. The possession of these places furnished the French commander with good bases for offensive action, and at the beginning of September he marched towards Viseu, which he reached on the 21st. Wellington had meanwhile concentrated his force in the Mondego valley, and resolved to dispute the passage of that river. His reasons

for engaging the enemy were, first, that his army was dispirited by the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and required a victory to restore its confidence; and secondly, that the devastation of the country in front of Lisbon was not yet completed. He accordingly took up a position on the Sierra de Busaco, where the enemy, about 56,000 strong, attacked him on September 27th, but were repulsed with much slaughter. The French loss in this engagement amounted to 4500 killed and wounded; that of the British and Portuguese to about 1300. After the battle Masséna drew off towards the sea, and continued his advance through Coimbra upon Leiria by the coast road, while Wellington retired by easy marches through Condeixa and Leiria to Torres Vedras. The French had hardly quitted the Mondego when their line of communication with Almeida was interrupted by a detachment of Portuguese Militia, and shortly afterwards a similar force surprised the garrison of Coimbra and captured Masséna's depôts and a large number of his wounded. On October 10th the French Marshal found himself in front of the triple line of entrenchments, which had been constructed with such secrecy that, until he reached them, he was absolutely unaware of their existence. The lines, defended by about 30,000 men and 250 guns, were impregnable, and the country around them was a desert. Masséna might at once have retreated, or he might have crossed the Tagus, threatened Lisbon from the left bank of that river, and based his further operations on Spanish Estremadura, where supplies were plentiful. He did neither, and his army soon became demoralised by inactivity and starvation. Towards the end of October he found it necessary to establish his headquarters at Santarem, while Wellington remained within the Torres Vedras entrenchments, which he strengthened from day to day, and completed by a line of works on the left bank of the Tagus. Masséna sent General Foy to make an urgent appeal to Napoleon for assistance; but the Emperor was preparing for the invasion of Russia, and refused to supply the reinforcements asked for. He gave orders, however, to Marshal Soult, who was then occupied in besieging Cadiz, to march a force about 30,000 strong towards Abrantes, and desired his brother Joseph to push forward in the direction of Alcantara. Soult was disinclined to move; nevertheless, he slowly collected a siege train and, advancing northward, captured Merida, Olivença, and Badajoz, which were held by Spanish garrisons. Shortly after the surrender of Badajoz, which took place on March 11th, 1811, Soult heard that the English were attempting the relief of Cadiz, and he therefore returned to Andalusia. Towards the end of February Masséna found it impossible to maintain his position at Santarem, and on March 2nd the French army began its retreat, destroying, as it marched, the baggage, ammunition, horses and guns which impeded its progress, burning the towns through which it passed, and putting many of the inhabitants to death. Wellington, who during the winter had received reinforcements from England, followed the enemy on March 7th, and attacked the French rear-guard commanded by Ney at Pombal on the 11th, at Redinha on the 12th, at Cazal Nova on the 14th,

Lord Castlereagh.

and at the passage of the Ceira on the 15th. On arriving at Celorico and Guarda, Masséna, whose troops now only numbered 40,000, proposed to march southwards to the Tagus valley at Alcantara, and there to recommence operations against Lisbon, in conjunction with Soult and Joseph. Ney refused to comply, and after a sharp altercation between the two marshals, Masséna removed him from his command, and appointed General Loison to take his place. But before the French army could evade the pursuit of the British force, Wellington crossed the Guarda mountains, and forced the enemy to retire across the Coa on Sabugal, where, on April 3rd, he attacked and defeated Reynier's corps, which was holding that town. The next day the French crossed the Portuguese frontier, and four days afterwards Masséna passed through Ciudad Rodrigo, where he left a division, and fell back on Salamanca. During this campaign the Marshal had lost 30,000 men, and had been defeated in every action in which his troops had been engaged. The miseries which Portugal endured on this occasion, rather than submit to the rule of Napoleon, are thus described by Colonel Jones, R.E., who was serving with the British force:—"Nearly two thousand square miles of country remained for five months with scarcely an inhabitant; everything it contained was devoured by the enemy, or destroyed by the season. In the space immediately bounding the positions of the two armies, not permanently occupied by either, the produce of the harvest perished, scattered over the ground, and the vintage mouldered on the stalk; flocks of innumerable small birds, drawn to the spot by instinct, fattened unmolested on the ungathered grapes; and latterly the very wolves, conscious of security, or rendered more daring by the absence of their accustomed prey, prowled about, masters of the country, reluctantly giving way to the cavalry patrols which occasionally crossed their track."

The Perceval Ministry was much encouraged by the disastrous retreat of the French, and congratulated Wellington on the success of his defensive operations. He also received the thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal.

During his pursuit of Masséna, Wellington heard of the surrender of Badajoz, and determined to detach Beresford for the purpose of investing that fortress and retaking Olivença. Beresford accordingly started on March 16th, with 20,000 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 18 guns, and reached Campo Mayor on the 25th; but great delay occurred in crossing the Guadiana, as the Spaniards had neglected to provide a bridge of boats, and the only timber procurable was ill adapted for the construction of a trestle bridge. Eventually the troops had to cross the river upon rafts, an operation which occupied three days, and gave the French time to repair the defences of Badajoz, provision the place, and mount their artillery. As Beresford approached, Marshal Mortier retreated towards Seville, leaving a garrison in the fortress and a detachment at Olivença. On April 21st Wellington arrived from the north, reconnoitred Badajoz, and arranged with Beresford for its speedy capture. In the meantime, however, Masséna had reorganised his army at Salamanca and, with the aid of such reinforcements as he could collect, attempted to relieve Almeida, which had been invested by the British army. Hearing of this movement, Wellington left Badajoz, rejoined the main body of his troops, and took up a position at Fuentes d'Onoro, between Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo. There on May 3rd and 5th he successfully resisted the French onslaught, the British and Portuguese losing about 1800 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the French 2700. On May 6th Masséna again fell back on Salamanca, and in the night of the 10th General Brennier, commanding the Almeida garrison, broke through the investing force and rejoined the French army. Shortly afterwards Napoleon removed Masséna from his command, and replaced him by Marshal Marmont.

While these events were taking place in the north, Beresford had begun the siege of Badajoz, and hearing that Soult was marching to its relief with 19,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry and 40 guns, he determined to take up a position in advance of the place. He accordingly moved to Albuera, where, on the night of the 15th, he effected a junction with a Spanish column under General Blake. The Spaniards were worn out by fatigue and starvation, and their leader was too conceited and obstinate to obey the orders which were given him. The total force at Beresford's disposal amounted to about 32,000, of which number 7000 were British and 10,000 Portuguese. On the morning of May 16th Soult attacked the Allies, and so nearly defeated them that Beresford was preparing to retreat. Luckily, however, Colonel Hardinge, Quartermaster-General of the Portuguese army, took upon himself to order the advance of the Fusilier Brigade under General Cole, and this movement turned the fortune of the day. In the following passage, perhaps the most impressive in his history, Napier records the surpassing gallantry of the British troops during the concluding phase of this combat. "Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight,—their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep; the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Soult's loss had been so heavy that the next day he remained inactive, and the day following he withdrew to await the arrival of reinforcements. Wellington, with two divisions, reached Elvas from the north on May 19th, and continued the siege of Badajoz, Soult meanwhile establishing himself at Llerena, where, in the middle of June, he was joined by a column under Drouet, and subsequently by Marmont's force from Salamanca. His troops being greatly outnumbered, and an attempt to capture Badajoz by assault having failed, Wellington decided to raise the siege and to retire behind the Caya. This operation was skilfully effected by June 19th, and shortly afterwards the French marshals separated, Soult going south to guard Seville against the attack of a Spanish force under Blake, and Marmont taking up a position on the Tagus between Talavera and Alcantara.

In July Wellington transferred the greater part of his army to the province of Beira, north of the Lower Tagus, with a view to surprising Ciudad Rodrigo; but early in August the French provisioned that fortress for two months, and on September 23rd Marmont, who had moved to Salamanca, opened communications with the garrison and threw in eight months' supplies. Wellington, therefore, drew back from Ciudad Rodrigo to the position of El Bodon, where Marmont attacked him with his cavalry and artillery on September 25th. During this action a square formed of the 5th and 77th Foot was charged on three of its faces at the same moment without being broken. Although the English gained the day at El Bodon, Wellington's flank divisions had not come up, and he thought it expedient to retire towards the Coa. His outposts were attacked by Marmont at Aldea da Ponte without any decisive result, and the following day the French commander retreated, a portion of his troops returning

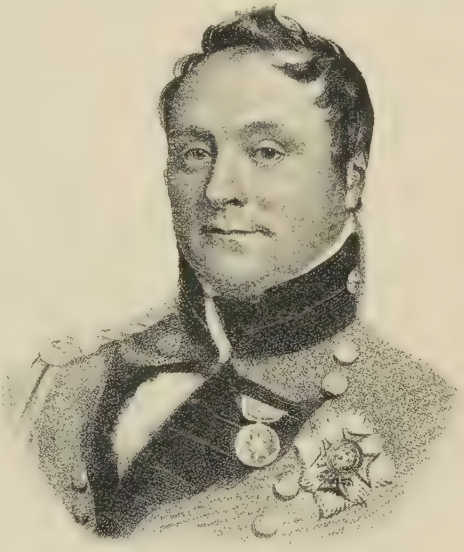
to Salamanca and the rest to the Tagus valley. Thereupon the British force established itself on the Coa, with headquarters at Freneda, and renewed the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo.

During the remainder of the year 1811 nothing further was attempted, but Napoleon withdrew a large proportion of his veterans from Spain for the invasion of Russia, replacing them by an equal number of young soldiers; and Wellington secretly collected a bridge and siege train and other equipment necessary for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. Marmont, believing that the British force would remain inactive during the winter, had reduced the garrison of that place to 1800 men, when Wellington suddenly crossed the Agueda on January 7th, 1812, and began his investment the same day. The siege was vigorously conducted, and on the evening of the 19th the fortress was assaulted and captured by two columns led by Picton and Crauford. During the siege and assault the Allies lost 90 officers and 1200 men killed and wounded, among the killed being General Crauford. Three hundred of the garrison were killed, and 80 officers and 1500 soldiers taken prisoners. In the fortress were found an immense quantity of ammunition and 150 guns, including Marmont's siege train. In recognition of his services on this occasion Wellington received an earldom and an additional pension of £2000 a year; he was also created a grandee of Spain with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo.

While Marmont, under Napoleon's orders, was collecting his troops at Salamanca, and preparing for an advance on Almeida, Wellington resolved to lay siege to Badajoz, and, transferring the greater part of his army from Beira to the valley of the Guadiana, invested that fortress on March 16th. Marmont was anxious to co-operate with Soult in the defence of Badajoz, but was warned by the French Emperor not to interfere. The siege was pushed on in spite of the tempestuous weather, swampy ground, interrupted communications, and imperfect appliances. Soult, believing that Badajoz was in no immediate danger, began to assemble a large force at Llerena, but on April 5th the breaches appeared to be practicable, and Wellington decided to assault the place the following evening. The issue was for some time doubtful, as the garrison, under General Philippon, defended themselves with great gallantry; but finally the heroic valour of the British troops overcame all resistance, and Badajoz was taken, with a loss to the besiegers of more than 5000 men, of whom over 3500 fell in the assault. Of the garrison only 1300 were killed or wounded. As soon as he had got possession of Badajoz, it had been Wellington's intention to operate against Soult's army at Llerena; but the neglect of the Spaniards to throw supplies into Ciudad Rodrigo, which was threatened by Marmont, obliged him to return to the north. Soult shortly afterwards fell back on Seville; and General Hill, having surprised the French and broken the bridge over the Tagus at Almaraz, severed the direct line of communication between that city and Madrid. Wellington then caused the bridge at Alcantara to be repaired, and took steps to improve the navigation of the Tagus and Douro, thus providing a short and secure line of communication between his troops on the Agueda and those in the Tagus valley, and connecting the Portuguese frontier with his bases on the seaboard.

When Marmont, who had advanced as far as Sabugal and Castello Branco, heard of the fate of Badajoz and the subsequent movement of the British troops in support of Ciudad Rodrigo, he withdrew to Salamanca; and there Wellington determined to attack him. Crossing the Agueda on June 13th, he invested with one division the fortified posts which Marmont had constructed in front of the city, while with the remainder of his troops he operated against the French army, which fell back on the Douro. The strength of the defences having been underrated, considerable delay

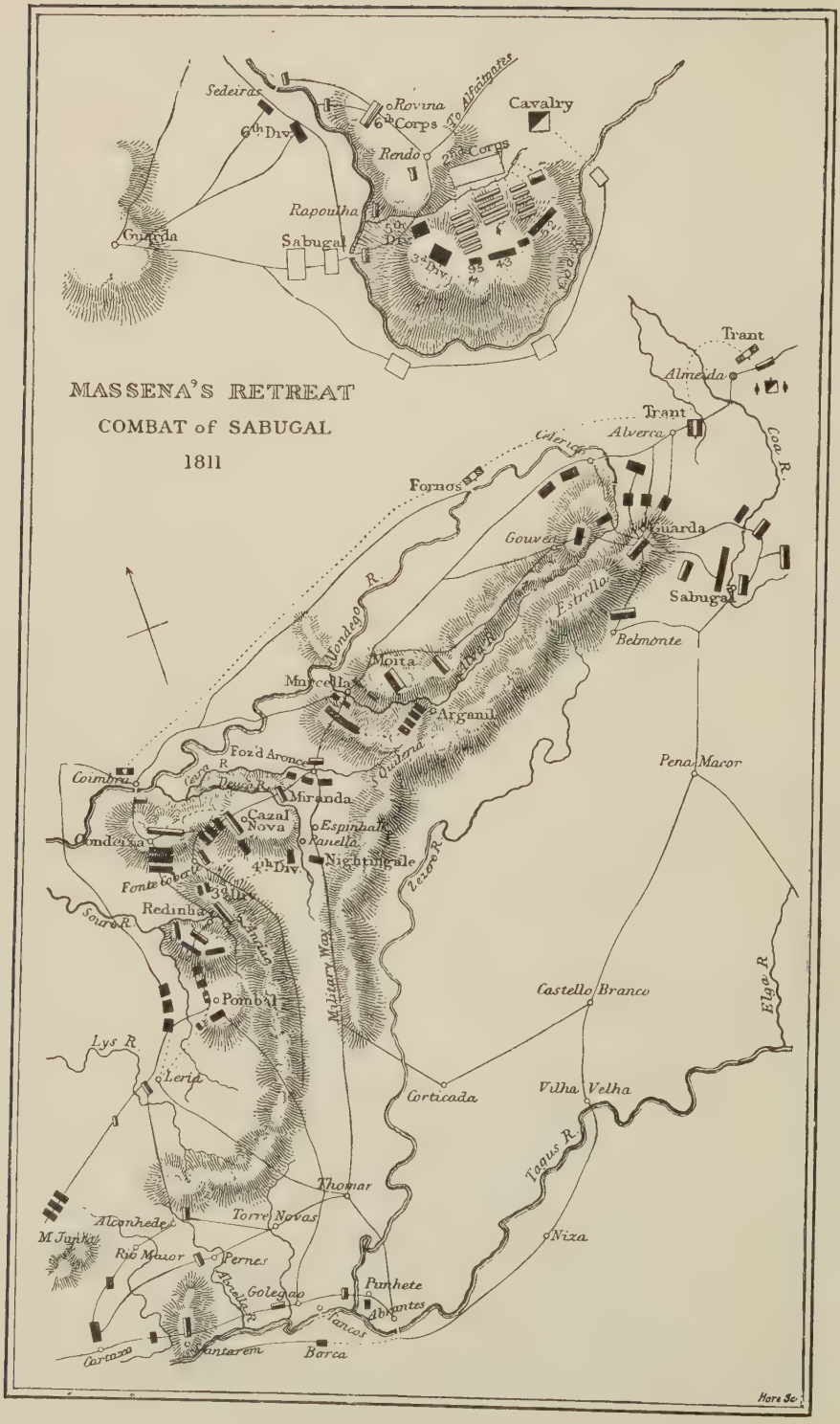
occurred in reducing them, and the French garrison did not surrender until June 7th, ten days after the investment. During this interval Marmont was reinforced, and took up a strong position on the right bank of the Douro. Wellington followed to the left bank, but found the enemy in such strength, and was himself so embarrassed by the want of money, and consequently of supplies, that he contemplated a retreat to the Portuguese frontier. Marmont resolved to assume the offensive; and, suddenly crossing the Douro at Tordesillas on July 17th, manœuvred for several days in close proximity to the British army, his object being to regain Salamanca and cut off his opponent's retreat. The result of these manœuvres was generally favourable to the French, until on July 22nd Wellington, seeing his opportunity while the enemy were engaged in a complicated evolution, attacked and completely defeated them. Marmont had his arm broken and was severely wounded in the side, and Wellington was hit by a spent shot; the French lost about 6000 killed and wounded, including seven general officers, and the Allies over 5000, including six general officers. In recognition of this victory the Cortes conferred the order of the Golden Fleece on the British commander, and appointed him generalissimo of the Spanish armies. Wellington also received the thanks of Parliament and a money grant of £100,000, and was advanced in the peerage to the rank of marquis.



General Lord Hill, G.C.B.
After a painting by O. Dawe, R.A.

General Clausel, who succeeded Marshal Marmont in the command of the French army, fell back on Burgos, and Wellington moved towards Madrid, which he entered on August 12th, Joseph having retired towards Valencia, where he ordered Soult to join him with the army of Andalusia. On September 1st Wellington quitted Madrid, and, marching north, drove Clausel out of Valladolid on the 7th, and on the 18th occupied the town of Burgos. The next day he began the siege of the fortress of Burgos, which was strong, heavily armed, and garrisoned by 1700 French soldiers under General Dubreton. The place held out for more than a month, and meanwhile General Souham, who had been sent from France to succeed Clausel, had collected a force of 40,000 strong at Briviesca, while Soult, having joined Joseph at Almanza, was advancing on Madrid. On October 22nd Wellington raised the siege of Burgos, and on the 29th he crossed the Douro and retreated upon Salamanca. At the same time General Hill fell back from Madrid, and rejoined his chief on November 8th. The French armies, under Soult and Souham, had also united, and threatened to cut off their opponents from Ciudad Rodrigo; but Wellington, by a bold flank march, evaded the enemy and reached the Agueda on November 19th. There he halted for some months, distributing his troops so as to guard the Portuguese frontier; the French withdrew at the same time, and took up a position stretching from Valladolid to Toledo.

During the winter the British Government sent out considerable reinforcements to the Peninsula, and Wellington, having reorganised the Portuguese army, did his best to improve the administration of the Spanish army, and to prepare for an advance in the


MASSENA'S RETREAT
COMBAT of SABUGAL
1811
Sedeiras
6th Div.
Rovina
6th Corps
To Alfaiates
Cavalry
Rendo
2nd Corps
Rapoulha
5th Div.
3rd Div.
Guarda
Sabugal
Trant
Almeida
Alverca
Coa R.
Cideriga
Fornos
Gouveia
Guarda
Sabugal
Estrello
Belmonte
Mondego R.
Moita
Murcella
Arganil
Foz d'Arouce
Coimbra
Ceira R.
Miranda
Cazal Nova
Espinhal
Ranella
Nightingale
4th Div.
Pena Macor
Zezere R.
Fonte Cuberta
3rd Div.
Redinha
Soure R.
Pombal
Military Way
Castello Branco
Elga R.
Lys R.
Leria
Corticada
Vilha Velha
Thomar
Tagus R.
Torre Novas
Alcanhede
M. Junto
Rio Mayor
Pernes
Golegao
Punhete
Abrantes
Niza
Santarem
Barca
Carrazo
Hors Sc.

spring. On the other hand, the condition of the French troops rapidly deteriorated. Napoleon continued to withdraw more of his old soldiers, replacing them by untrained conscripts; and such differences of opinion arose between the King and his military advisers that no comprehensive scheme of action could be decided on. Joseph was so much offended by Soult's opposition to his views that, in writing to the Emperor, he declared, "Either the Duke of Dalmatia must quit Spain or I will." The ablest French commander in the Peninsula was accordingly recalled, and placed at the head of the Imperial Guard in Germany. Napoleon sent orders to Joseph to move his court from Madrid to Valladolid, and there to concentrate the armies of the south, the centre, and Portugal, so as to be ready to fight if the Allied force attempted to advance upon France. These instructions reached Joseph by the middle of February 1813, but his movements were so dilatory that he was not established at Valladolid until the beginning of April, and even then his armies, instead of being concentrated, were dispersed over a wide extent of country. The King imagined that Wellington's first object would be to occupy Madrid, and the British commander encouraged this belief by false reports and deceptive movements. He had fully resolved, however, to operate through the northern provinces, where he had ready access to the sea, where the Spanish troops from Galicia and the Asturias were capable of rendering very material assistance, and where the defeat of the French army would sever its communication with France, and thus necessitate its withdrawal to the Pyrenees.

On May 15th the left wing of the British army, numbering about 40,000 men, under Sir Thomas Graham, crossed the Lower Douro, and marched through the Tras-os-Montes towards the Esla. On the 22nd the right wing, 38,000 strong, began its advance through Salamanca on Zamora. On the 31st the left wing forded the Esla, and the next day Zamora was occupied and the junction between the two wings secured. Wellington's force now amounted to 70,000 British and Portuguese, and 8000 Spanish soldiers from Estremadura. The number of the latter was raised to 20,000 on June 3rd by a reinforcement of 12,000 Galicians from Benavente. To this force the King could only oppose 35,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, and he was therefore obliged to retire from Valladolid to Burgos. Wellington followed the French closely, and by threatening their right induced Joseph to evacuate Burgos, a fortress which a few months before had successfully resisted the whole British army. Crossing the Ebro, the King took up a strong position, where he might await reinforcements and dispute the enemy's passage; but Wellington moved rapidly to his own left by roads believed to be impracticable, crossed the river unopposed by bridges higher up the stream, and established a new base at Santander. On the evening of June 18th the French staff received the news that their right flank had been turned, and in confusion and dismay the army was withdrawn the same night by a forced march to Vittoria. Arrived at Vittoria, Joseph did nothing for several days, except to send away a convoy of stores and sick under an escort of 4000 men. On the 21st Wellington attacked and routed the enemy at Vittoria, capturing 150 out of 152 guns, all the French ammunition, their public and private baggage, and one million sterling of treasure; also the pictures, jewellery, and other plunder which the King and his generals were carrying out of Spain. Marshal Jourdan's baton was found in the King's carriage, and was presented by Wellington to the Prince Regent, who gave him in exchange the baton of a British Field Marshal. The French loss on this day amounted to 6000, and that of the Allies to about 5200. Joseph retreated through Pamplona, the garrison of which he strengthened, and General Foy retiring through Tolosa threw a detachment of good troops into San Sebastian. With the exception of these garrisons and of the

force in Valencia and Catalonia, commanded by Marshal Suchet, the French army had been driven out of Spain.

When Napoleon, who was at Dresden, heard of Wellington's success, he ordered Soult to start at once for Paris, and having there conferred with the War Minister, to continue his journey to the Spanish frontier. On his arrival he was to assume the chief command, and, as arrangements were being made to supply him with a reinforcement of nearly 100,000 men, the Emperor hoped that he would be able to make head against the British, Portuguese and Spanish forces. Soult left Dresden on July 1st, reached Bayonne on the 12th, and on the 25th marched on Pamplona. Sir Thomas Graham had begun the siege of San Sebastian on the 10th, but was repulsed in his attempt to take the fortress by assault on the 25th. Wellington thereupon converted the siege into a blockade, and turned his attention to the right of his line, which was threatened by the French Marshal. Concentrating the right and centre divisions near Pamplona, he stopped the enemy's advance by a series of very skilful manœuvres. On July 28th he defeated Soult at Sorauren; and on August 2nd the Allied troops reoccupied the position on the Pyrenees, from which they had temporarily fallen back. San Sebastian was taken by a second assault on August 31st, and the garrison capitulated on September 8th, after a most gallant defence of the castle or retrenchment to which it had retired. The loss to the Allies in killed and wounded during the second assault exceeded 2500 men, among the killed being Colonel Fletcher, the Chief Engineer; and the total loss throughout the siege and blockade was not less than 5600. The garrison commanded by General Rey numbered 3000, of whom over 1700 were killed or wounded.

On October 7th Wellington took Soult by surprise, and crossed the Bidassoa with the same skill as he had displayed in crossing the Douro in May 1809. By this movement the British force turned the right of the French and forced them back on the Nivelle. On October 31st Pamplona surrendered, and on November 10th the whole Allied army invaded France, driving the enemy out of their fortified positions on the Nivelle, and capturing 51 guns, much ammunition, and many prisoners. On December 9th Wellington crossed the Nive, and during the four succeeding days fought and repulsed Soult, who attacked first the left and then the right of the British army. During this prolonged conflict the Allies lost about 4600 men killed and wounded, and the French 5800, besides three German regiments which deserted to the British side on the evening of the 10th. Leaving two divisions under Sir John Hope to blockade Bayonne, the British commander followed up Soult's retreat, and on February 27th, 1814, attacked and defeated him on the Gave de Pau at Orthez. From the 24th to the 26th of the same month the naval squadron, under Admiral Penrose, assisted in throwing a bridge over the Adour below Bayonne—a wonderful feat, considering that the river was deep, rapid, subject to the action of strong tides, defended by a flotilla of gunboats and a large body of troops on the right bank, and 360 yards wide at the point of crossing. The bridge being completed, Bayonne was closely invested, and Soult drew off in the direction of Toulouse. Wellington crossed the Adour at St. Sever on March 1st, and on the 8th he detached two divisions under Beresford to occupy Bordeaux. Soult attempted to resume the offensive on March 13th, but was repulsed with such vigour that he fell back through Tarbes on Toulouse, where the last battle of the Peninsular War was fought on April 10th. In this final engagement the French lost 3200 killed and wounded, and the Allies 4600, of whom about 2000 were Spaniards. On each side four generals were wounded. The next day Soult withdrew from Toulouse, leaving eight guns and his wounded behind, and the day following the town was occupied by the British

force. Napoleon having abdicated, and the Bourbon dynasty being replaced on the throne of France, the war came to an end.

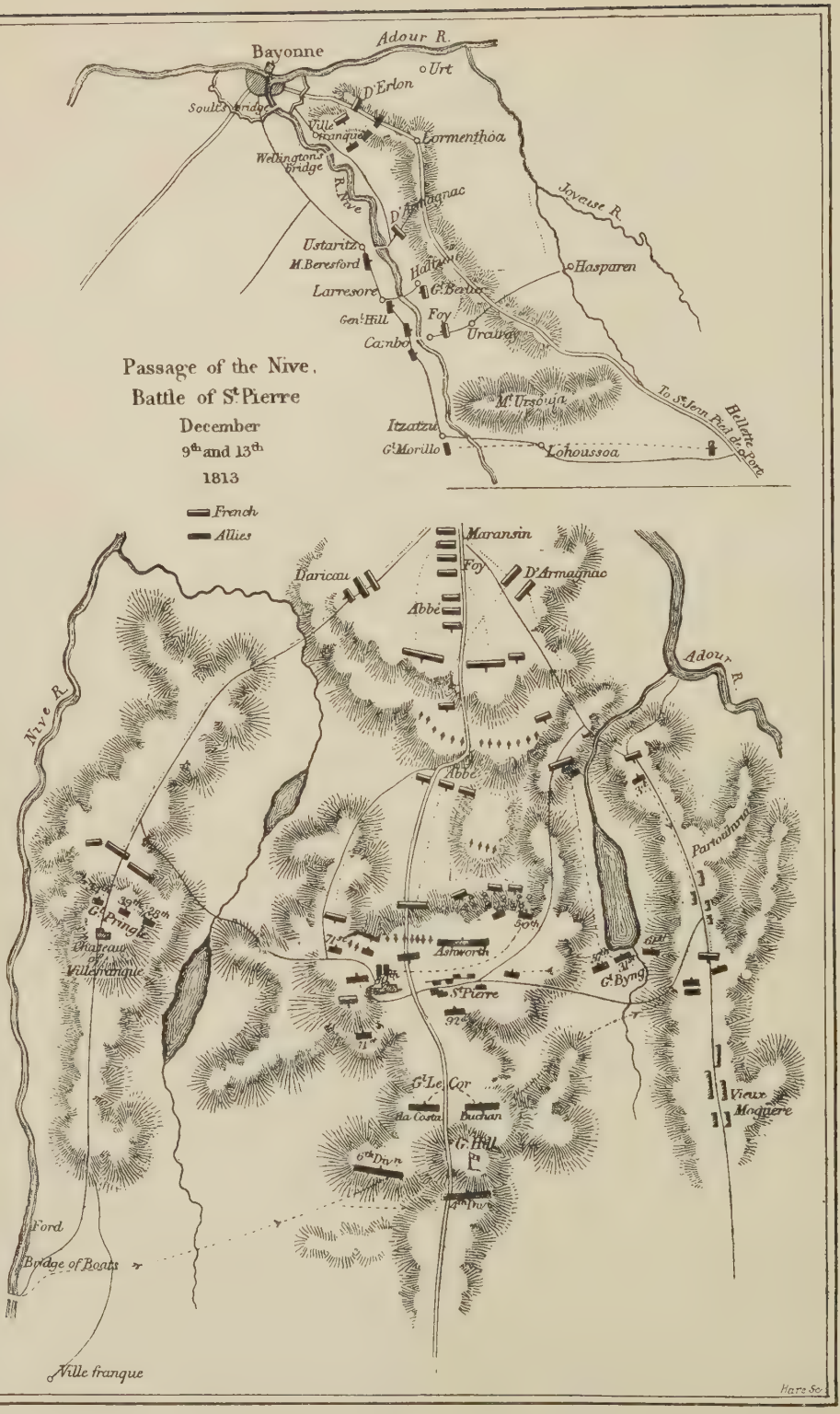
On April 21st Wellington issued a general order thanking his troops for "their uniform discipline and gallantry in the field, and for their conciliating conduct towards the inhabitants of the country." Shortly afterwards the British army was broken up, the cavalry marching through France and embarking at Boulogne, and the infantry embarking at Bordeaux. Only a portion of the latter returned to the United Kingdom, many gallant soldiers being sent to perish at New Orleans or to die of yellow fever in the West Indies.

On May 3rd, 1814, Wellington, who a year before had been made a Knight of the Garter, was advanced in the peerage to the dignity of a duke, and in the following month he was granted by Parliament a further sum of £400,000.

During the second phase of Wellington's career the qualities which he most conspicuously displayed were soundness of judgment, tenacity of purpose, and self-control. He had made up his mind that the best way of beating the French was not to be afraid of them. Just before he left England for Portugal, in 1808, he remarked: "The French have beaten all the world, and are supposed to be invincible. They have besides, it seems, a new system, which has outmanœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. But no matter, my die is cast. They may overwhelm, but I don't think they will outmanœuvre me. In the first place, I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one against troops steady enough, as I hope mine are, to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect that all the Continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle began."

In the second place, he was determined not to run any great risk of disaster, generally to adopt a defensive attitude, and only to fight when he felt reasonably certain of success. He fully appreciated the difference between the French system of conscription and the English system of voluntary enlistment; and he knew that under the latter the home Government could not be expected to make good the heavy losses which the French Emperor was in a position to disregard. On this point he observed, with reference to a plan of operations which had been submitted for his consideration: "The scheme might answer well enough if I could afford, or the British Government or nation would allow, of my being as prodigal of men as every French general is. They forget, however, that we have but one army, and that the same men who fought at Vimeiro and Talavera fought the other day at Sorauren; and that, if I am to preserve that army, I must proceed with caution. Indeed, this becomes doubly necessary, as I see that, notwithstanding the fondness of the British nation for the sport, they began to cry out the other day upon the loss of 300 or 400 men in the unsuccessful storm of San Sebastian."

Then, again, he perceived how advisable it was to avoid the Continental system of making war support war. And this for two reasons. First, because troops fed by forced requisitions or plunder in such a country as Spain or Portugal would inevitably suffer such privations as gravely to impair their efficiency and diminish their numbers; and, secondly, because it was essential to secure the confidence and good-will of the civil population. In all his operations Wellington paid unremitting attention to his commissariat arrangements, kept his troops within easy distance of his bases on the seaboard, and carefully protected his lines of communication. From 1809 until the spring of 1813 he made use of Lisbon and Oporto as his principal centres of supply and reinforcement; and when he began his advance upon the Pyrenees, he established his depôts, magazines, and hospitals at Santander


Passage of the Nive.
Battle of St. Pierre
December
9th and 13th
1813
French
Allies
Bayonne
Adour R.
Urt
Soult's Bridge
D'Erlon
Ville Franque
Wellington's Bridge
R. Nive
Cormenthoa
D'Armagnac
Javeuse R.
Ustaritz
M. Beresford
Hasparen
Larressore
G. Barnes
Gen. Hill
Foy
Urcuray
Cambo
Mt. Ursouia
To St. Jean Pied de Port
Bellete
Itzatzu
G. Morillo
Lohoussoa
Maransin
Daricau
Foy
D'Armagnac
Abbé
Nive R.
Adour R.
Parodiarra
G. Pringle
Chateau of Villefranque
Ashworth
St. Pierre
G. Byng
G. Le Cor
Vieux Moguere
Da Costa
Buchan
G. Hill
6th Div.
4th Div.
Ford
Bridge of Boats
Ville franque
Hare Sc.

and other ports on the northern coast of Spain. His lines of communication being shorter and safer than those of the French, and funds or credit being available for the purchase of such stores as could not be imported from England, the British soldiers were better fed, clothed, and equipped than their opponents. In a letter dated January 26th, 1811, to his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, Wellington estimated the yearly casualties among the French troops on field service, due to the want of a properly organised commissariat, at not less than one-half. He said: "The French army is certainly a wonderful machine; but if we are to form such a one, we must form such a government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose one-half of the troops employed in the field every year only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them."

Another conspicuous instance of Wellington's sound judgment was the conclusion he arrived at that Portugal was a country capable of being defended by a moderate number of troops, and likely to furnish the most advantageous base for operating against the French in Spain. Portugal being long and narrow, and provided with good harbours and two navigable waterways, the British communications were short and direct; depôts could be formed unknown to the enemy on either the Tagus or the Douro; and the French, having no means of ascertaining the probable direction of attack, were generally surprised and defeated before they could concentrate all their available forces. Moreover, the Portuguese were too much opposed to the French and the Spaniards to be unfriendly to the English. They allowed their soldiers to be trained and commanded by British officers, their foreign and internal policy was guided by the British Minister, and they even consented to abandon their homes and lay waste their fields in order to deprive their invaders of the means of subsistence.

Wellington's tenacity of purpose was evinced by his steady adherence to the policy which he regarded as likely to prove successful. He was determined to run no unnecessary risk, to spare his troops as much as possible, and never to compromise his communications by a too bold or too hasty advance. When feebly supported by the British Government, when funds and reinforcements were denied him, and when he was menaced by the enemy in apparently overwhelming strength, he never wavered in his resolve to hold on to Portugal, and thence to resume the offensive as soon as a fitting opportunity offered. He was equally firm and prudent when he had gained some great victory, and the British public clamoured for the immediate expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. On one occasion—after the battle of Talavera—he was very nearly cut off from his base, owing to a mistaken reliance on the co-operation of the Spanish troops. Thus taught a lesson which Sir John Moore had to learn at the expense of his life, he thenceforward trusted entirely to himself, although he continued to treat the Spanish generals with courtesy and forbearance, and to make what use he could of the soldiers under their command.

Nothing is more remarkable than Wellington's self-control in dealing with his own subordinates, and with the provisional governments of Portugal and Spain. During the most critical period of the war, several of his generals, who regarded it as hopeless to continue the struggle, not only freely expressed their opinion on the subject, but went home on leave, and used all their parliamentary influence to procure the withdrawal of the British army. The two most influential members of the Portuguese Government, Principal Souza and the Bishop of Oporto, formed a party hostile to the British, neglected to pay or feed the Portuguese troops, wrote anonymous threatening letters to Wellington, and made arrangements for libelling and caricaturing him in England. In a letter to Sir Charles Stuart, dated July 20th, 1813, he remarked:

"I must say that the British army, which I have the honour to command, have met with nothing but ingratitude from the Government and authorities in Portugal for their services." The Spanish Government was actuated by an equally hostile spirit. On July 2nd, 1813, Wellington addressed Don Juan O'Donoju, the Spanish Secretary for War, in the following terms :—"You are aware of my disposition and desire still to serve the Spanish nation as far as is in my power. There are limits, however, to forbearance and submission to injury ; and I confess that I feel that I have been most unworthily treated in these transactions by the Spanish Government, even as a gentleman." Writing four months later to his brother Henry about the attack made upon him by the Spanish Press, with reference to the siege of San Sebastian, he observed :—"The only reason why I noticed the libel in the *Duende* was, that it affected Sir Thomas Graham and the officers of the army ; and I was convinced that it was written under the direction of that greatest of all blackguards, the Minister at War." Wellington was naturally a man of strong temper, and no doubt felt extreme annoyance at the intrigues which endangered his plans, and the obstacles placed in his way by those to whom he had a right to look for assistance and support. But he was too great a man to show his feelings ; he recognised that every prominent servant of the state must be exposed to envy and detraction ; and he treated scheming generals and factious politicians with equal forbearance, and probably with equal contempt.

It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to discuss the merits of Wellington's strategy and tactics during the Peninsular War. Suffice it to say that, generally with inferior numbers, and always with a mixed, and therefore a not altogether reliable force, composed partly of British and partly of Portuguese and Spanish troops, he met and defeated the ablest of Napoleon's marshals. He appears to have developed in the course of a five years' campaign tactical ability of the highest order ; and, commanding as he did a body of veteran soldiers inured to war, and well trained in musketry and fire discipline, he displayed supreme military genius in being the first to recognise the advantages of an extended order of attack. Writing in April 1811 to Captain Chapman, R.E., he remarked :—"We have given the French a handsome dressing, and I think they will not say again that we are not a manœuvring army. We may not manœuvre so beautifully as they do ; but I do not desire better sport than to meet one of their columns *en masse* with our lines."

As a strategist he knew his own mind and kept his own counsel. The passage of the Douro and occupation of Oporto, the retirement into the lines of Torres Vedras, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the advance through the Tras-os-Montes before the battle of Vittoria, are instances of masterly combinations which took the enemy entirely by surprise. Wellington's sieges have often been criticised on account of their occasional failure and the great loss of life which attended them even when successful. The fact is, however, that the appliances and ordnance for siege operations were very defective ; few, if any, sappers were attached to the British army, and the enemy being generally more numerous than the besieging force, and only wanting time to concentrate, the places could not be taken at all unless they were taken quickly. Wellington, therefore, had no choice in the matter. He was obliged to sacrifice his soldiers in order to avoid the delay which would have defeated his plans, and to compensate for deficiencies in skilled labour and siege equipment. Another point, on which considerable stress is laid by General Brialmont and other writers, is the alleged failure of Wellington to follow up his victories by vigorous pursuits. Here again he appears to be blamed somewhat unreasonably. His army was a small one, the British Government supplied him with

reinforcements in a sparing and dilatory manner, and, whenever discipline was relaxed by success, the British soldiers were liable to get out of hand and to disperse in search of plunder. This tendency was strikingly exemplified after the battle of Vittoria, when for eighteen days 12,500 men were absent from the colours, engaged in marauding among the mountains.

The success which attended Wellington's operations in the Peninsula is to be ascribed not only to his own military and administrative genius, and to the coolness, courage, and obstinacy of his troops, but also to the fact that the control of the British and Portuguese forces was centred in one man, who also exercised a predominant influence over the provisional governments of Spain and Portugal. However able a number of officers may be—and there can be no question as to the ability of the French marshals—they cannot be expected to think alike, or, if given co-ordinate authority, to act in unison. Napoleon's disinclination to appoint a supreme head over the French armies in Spain caused jealousy, vacillation, and confusion. The Emperor himself sent orders which, being written at a distance and in ignorance of the course of events, almost invariably arrived too late to be applicable to existing circumstances. To each marshal was assigned a distinct sphere of action; and as they viewed each other with considerable jealousy, they very rarely co-operated at the proper time or in the proper direction. Even when they attempted to do so they were liable to be reprimanded by Napoleon, who, for example, when Marmont proposed to assist Soult in the defence of Badajoz, told the former that "he was meddling with matters that did not concern him," and that "Badajoz was not committed to his charge." The King, with Marshal Jourdan as his chief of the staff, was given a nominal control over the commanders of the several French armies; but these commanders reported to Napoleon direct, and continually disregarded Joseph's instructions. Without a supreme head present on the spot, whether that head be a commander-in-chief like Wellington, or a chief of the staff nominally subordinate to a royal personage like Von Moltke, it is impossible that military operations on an extended scale can be conducted with the unity of purpose and continuity of action which are essential to success; and on this account the diffusion of responsibility and authority which Napoleon permitted and encouraged did much to neutralise the great numerical superiority of the French troops employed in the Peninsula.

A further point to be noticed is the extraordinary diplomatic skill which Wellington displayed in dealing with the Portuguese and Spanish authorities. They disliked him, but they feared him; and by keeping his own counsel, and setting one party against another, he managed to get his own way without seeming unduly to interfere with the civil government. Here his Indian training was of great service. Brialmont observes: "Wellington's long experience of Indian intrigue gave him peculiar facilities for counteracting the selfish and shifting policy of the Peninsular nations; while his active participation in the government of Mysore had developed, to a great degree, the ability which was natural to him in the administration of political and civil offices. A leader deficient in these qualities would probably have failed in Spain, however great in other respects his military talent might have been."

Finally, Wellington's industry was indefatigable; and if genius is correctly described as being an infinite capacity for taking pains, he had every right to lay claim to that gift. Whatever matter came under his consideration, whether military, political, or financial, he dealt with it promptly and exhaustively. His correspondence alone would have taken up the whole time of any ordinary man, and in addition he had his own responsible duties as a commander-in-chief in the field to attend to. Moreover, he had

only one or two generals under him on whom he could rely to carry out his instructions without his own personal supervision; and he was often obliged himself to undertake the duties of subordinate officers, to whom, in spite of his repeated remonstrances, leave of absence had been granted by the Horse Guards. In a letter to Lord Liverpool he remarked, "I am obliged to be everywhere, and, if absent from any operation, something goes wrong." And in another letter he informed the same Secretary of State that "the consequence of the absence of some of the general officers has been that in the late operations I have been obliged to be general of cavalry and of the advanced guard, and the leader of two or three columns, sometimes on the same day." The spirit which actuated Wellington is perhaps best described in his own words: "I work as hard as I can in every way in order to succeed."

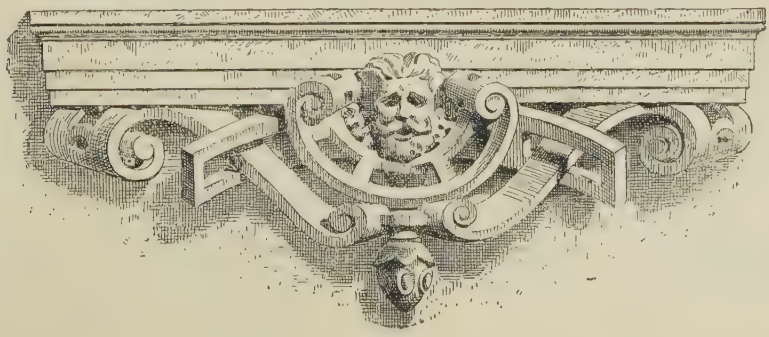
There is one feature in Wellington's character which to some extent diminishes our admiration for his great qualities as a military commander. He was wanting in sympathy, and inclined to speak harshly and ungenerously of the officers and men who served under him during the Peninsular War. After capturing Oporto, he wrote: "I have long been of opinion that a British army could bear neither success nor failure." And again: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who cannot bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavouring to tame them; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace." After the battle of Vittoria he addressed the Secretary of State as follows: "It is quite impossible for me or any other man to command a British army under the existing system. We have in the service the scum of the earth as common soldiers; and of late years we have been doing everything in our power to relax the discipline by which alone such men can be kept in order. The non-commissioned officers are as bad as the men. It is really a disgrace to have anything to say to such men as some of our soldiers are." Again he remarked: "We shall do no good until we change our system so far as to compel all ranks to do their duty." Again: "The ignorance of their duty of the officers of the army who are every day arriving in this country, and the general inattention and disobedience to orders by many of those who have been long here, increase the details of the duty to such an extent as to render it almost impracticable to carry it on; and, owing to this disobedience and neglect, I can depend upon nothing, however well regulated and ordered." Again: "Nobody in the British army even reads an order as if it were to be a guide for his conduct, or in any other manner than as an amusing novel; and the consequence is that, when complicated arrangements are to be carried into execution, every gentleman proceeds according to his fancy; and then, when it is found that the arrangement fails, they come upon me to set matters to rights, and thus my labour is increased tenfold." Once more: "The fact is that, if discipline means habits of obedience to orders as well as military instruction, we have but little of it in the army. Nobody ever thinks of obeying an order, and all the regulations of the Horse Guards, as well as of the War Office, and all the orders of the army applicable to this peculiar service, are so much waste-paper."

These strictures may have been natural and excusable at the time they were written, but, published as they were with Wellington's approval twenty-three years after the close of the war, seem rather exaggerated and ungracious, especially when it is remembered that he used to declare that with such an army as he led in the Peninsula he could go anywhere and do anything, that he eulogised the *uniform* discipline, good conduct and gallantry of the officers and men in his farewell order of April 21st, 1814, and that to their exertions and sacrifices he owed his fame and fortune.

It is curious to contrast Napier's opinion of the British soldiers who served in the Peninsula with Wellington's description of them as being "a rabble" and "the scum of the earth." In the second volume of his history Napier says: "That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined—and three years are required to accomplish this—his port is lofty and his movements free, the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing; nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some gleams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrow with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him?" So far as my own experience goes, I have every reason to believe that Napier's estimate of the British soldier's character is more correct than Wellington's.

There is, of course, much more to be said about the Peninsular War, and I hope in a final article to refer to a few additional points of special interest which I have not been able to touch upon in this paper. In bringing my present remarks to a close, I cannot do better than quote the description given by the French historian, M. Alphonse de Beauchamps, of the position which Wellington had achieved during the second phase of his military career. "Napoleon mistook his destiny in not condescending to command in person the expedition of 1810. He did not perceive that he was winking at the inordinate growth of a name that Europe would soon be tempted to oppose to his own. Europe had plenty of soldiers to fight him. What it wanted was a man. After Europe had seen the most illustrious marshals of the empire foiled by Wellington, it began to suspect that it had found what it sought. Napoleon had at length a rival."

ROBERTS.



Abbey Allison
94.

In order to read this poem it should be held in front of a mirror.

"Il y a une page effrayante dans le livre des destinées humaines; on y lit en tête ces mots—'les désirs accomplis.'"
—GEORGES SAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MEETING BY THE MERE.

MR. LEVINGER'S confidential interview with Mrs. Gillingwater was not long in bearing fruit. Joan soon became aware that her aunt was watching her closely, and most closely of all whenever she chanced to be in attendance on Henry, with whom she was now left alone as little as possible. The effect of this knowledge was to produce an intense irritation in her mind. Her conscience was guilty, but Joan was not a woman to take warning from a guilty conscience. Indeed, its sting only drove her faster along the downward road, much as a high-mettled horse often will rebel furiously under the punishment of the whip. There was a vein of self-willed obstinacy and of "devil-may-caredness" in Joan's nature that, dormant hitherto, at this crisis of her life began to assert itself with alarming power. Come what might, she was determined to have her way and not to be thwarted. There is this to be said in excuse for her, that now her whole being was dominated by her passion for Henry. In the ordinary sense of the word it was not love that possessed her, nor was it strictly what is understood by passion, but rather, if it can be defined at all, some strange new force, some absorbing influence that included both love and passion, and yet had mysterious qualities of its own. Fortunately, with English women such infatuations are not common, though they are to be found frequently enough among people of the Latin race, where sometimes they result in blind tragedies that seem almost inexplicable to our sober sense. But, whatever the cause, Joan had fallen a victim to this fate, and now it mastered her, body and mind and soul. She had never cared for any one before, and on Henry she let loose the pent-up affections of a lifetime. No breath of passion had ever moved her, and now a look from his eyes or a touch of his hand stirred all the fibres of her nature as the wind stirs every leaf upon a tree. He was her darling, her desire. Till she had learnt to love him she had not known the powers and the possibilities of life, and if she could win his love she would even have been willing to pay for it at the price of her own death.

The approach of such an infatuation would have terrified most girls: they would have crushed it, or put themselves beyond its reach before it took hold of them.

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But then the majority of young English women, even of those who belong to the humbler walks of life, do not stand by their own strength alone. Either they have an inherited sense of the proprieties that amounts almost to an instinct, or they possess strong religious principles, or there are those about them who guide and restrain any dangerous tendency in their natures. At the very least they are afraid of losing the respect and affection of their friends and relatives, and of becoming a mark for the sneers and scandal of the world in which they move.

In Joan's case these influences were for the most part lacking. From childhood she had lived beneath the shadow of a shame that, in some degree, had withered her moral sense; no father or mother gave her their tender guidance, and of religion she had been taught so little that, though she conformed to its outward ceremonies, it could not be said to have any real part in her life. Relatives she had none except her harsh and coarse-minded aunt; her few friends made at a middle-class school were now lost to her, for with the girls of her own rank in the village she would not associate, and those of better standing either did, or affected to look down upon her. In short, her character was compounded of potentialities for good and evil; she was sweet and strong-natured and faithful, but she had not learned that these qualities are of little avail to bring about the happiness or moral well-being of her who owns them, unless they are dominated by a sense of duty. Having such a sense, the best of us are liable to error in this direction or in that; wanting it, we must indeed be favoured if we escape disaster among the many temptations of life. It was Joan's misfortune rather than her fault, for she was the victim of her circumstances and not of any innate depravity, that she lacked this controlling power, and in this defenceless state found herself suddenly exposed to the fiercest temptation that can assail a woman of her character and gifts, the temptation to give way to a love which, if it did not end in empty misery, could only bring shame upon herself and ceaseless trouble and remorse to its object.

Thus it came about that during these weeks Joan lived in a wild and fevered dream, lived for the hour only, thinking little and caring less of what the future might bring forth. Her purpose, so far as she can be said to have had one, was to make Henry love her, and to the consummation of this end she brought to bear all her beauty and every power of her mind. That success must mean sorrow to her and to him did not affect her, though in her wildest moments she never dreamed of Henry as her husband. She loved him to-day, and to-day he was there for her to love: let the morrow look to itself, and the griefs that it might bring.

If such was Joan's attitude towards Henry, it may be asked what was Henry's towards Joan. The girl attracted him strangely, after a fashion in which he had never been attracted by a woman before. Her fresh and ever-varying loveliness was a continual source of delight to him, as it must have been to any man; but by degrees he became conscious that it was not her beauty alone which moved him. Perhaps it was her tenderness—a tenderness apparent in every word and gesture; or more probably it may have been the atmosphere of love that surrounded her, of love directed towards himself, which gradually conquered him mind and body, and broke down the barrier of his self-control. Hitherto Henry had never cared for any woman, and if women had cared for him he had not understood it. Now he was weak and he was worried, and in his way he also was rebellious, and fighting against a marriage that men and circumstances combined to thrust upon him. Under such conditions it was not perhaps unnatural that he should shrink back from the strict path of interest, and follow that of a spontaneous affection. Joan had taken his fancy from the first moment that he saw her, she had won his gratitude by her bravery and her gentle devotion, and she was a young and beautiful woman. Making some slight

allowance for the frailties of human nature, perhaps we need not seek for any further explanation of his future conduct.

For a week or more nothing of any importance occurred between them; indeed, they were very seldom alone together, for whenever Joan's duty took her to the sick room Mrs. Gillingwater, whom Henry detested, made a point of being present, or did she chance to be called away, his sister Ellen would be certain to appear to take her place, accompanied at times by Edward Milward.

At length, on a certain afternoon, Mrs. Gillingwater ordered Joan to go out walking. Joan did not wish to go out, for the weather threatened rain, also for her own reasons she preferred to remain where she was. But her aunt was peremptory, and Joan started, setting her face towards Ramborough Abbey. Very soon it came on to rain and she had no umbrella, but this accident did not deter her. She had been sent out to walk, and walk she would. To tell the truth, she was thinking little of the weather, for her mind was filled with indignant thoughts against her aunt. It was unbearable that she should be interfered with and ordered about like a child. There were a hundred things that she wished to do in the house. Who would give Captain Graves his tea? And she was sure that he would never remember about the medicine unless she was there to remind him.

As Joan proceeded on her walk along the edge of the cliff, she noticed the figure of a man, standing about a quarter of a mile to her right on the crest or hog's back of land, beyond which lay the chain of melancholy meres, and wondered vaguely what he could be doing there in such weather. At length it occurred to her that it was time to return, for now she was near to Ramborough Abbey. She was weary of the sight of the sea, that moaned sullenly beneath her, half hidden by the curtain of the rain; so she struck across the ridge of land, heedless of the wet saline grasses that swept against her skirt, purposing to walk home by the little sheep-track which follows the edge of the meres in the valley. As she was crossing the highest point of the ridge she saw the man's figure again. Suddenly it disappeared, and the thought struck her that he might have been following her, keeping parallel to her path. For a moment she hesitated, for the country just here was very lonely, especially in such weather; but the next she dismissed her fears, being courageous by nature, and passed on towards the first mere. Doubtless this person was a shepherd looking for a lost sheep, or perhaps a gamekeeper.

The aspect of the lakes was so dreary, and the path so sopping wet, that soon Joan began to wish that she had remained upon the cliff. However, she trudged on bravely, the rain beating in her face till her thin dress was soaked and clung to her shape in a manner that was picturesque but uncomfortable. At the head of the second mere the sheep-walk ran past some clumps of high reeds; and as she approached them Joan, whose eye for natural objects was quick, observed that something had disturbed the wild fowl which haunted the place, for a heron and a mallard rose and circled high in the air, and a brace of curlew zigzagged away against the wind, uttering plaintive cries that reached her for long after they vanished into the mist. Now she had come to the first clump of reeds, when she heard a stir behind them, and a man stepped forward and stood in the middle of the path within three paces of her.

The man was Samuel Rock, clad in a long cloak; and, recognising him, Joan understood that she had been waylaid. She halted and said angrily—for her first feeling was one of indignation:

"What are you doing here, Mr. Rock?"

"Walking, Miss Haste," he answered nervously; "the same as you."

"That is not true, Mr. Rock: you were hiding behind those reeds."

"A man stood in the middle of the path."

"I took shelter there against the rain."

"I see; you took shelter from the rain, and on the weather side of the reeds," she said contemptuously. "Well, do not let me keep you standing in this wet." And she attempted to pass him.

"It is no use telling you lies," he muttered sullenly: "I came here to speak to you, where there ain't none to disturb us." And as he spoke Samuel placed himself in such a position that it was impossible for her to escape him without actually breaking into a run.

"Why do you follow me," she said in an indignant voice—"after what you promised, too? Stand aside and let me go home."

Samuel made no move, but a curious light came into his blue eyes, a light that was not pleasant to see.

"I am thinking I've stood aside enough, Joan," he answered, "and I ain't a-going to stand aside any longer till all the mischief is done and I am ruined. As for promises, they may go hang: I can't keep no more of them. So please, *you'll* just stand for once, and listen to what I have to say to you. If you are wet you can take my cloak. I don't mind the rain, and I seem to want some cooling."

"I'd rather drown than touch anything that belongs to you," she replied, for her hatred of the man mastered her reason. "Say what you've got to say and let me go on."

The remark was an unfortunate one, for it awoke in Samuel's breast the fury that accompanied and underlay his passion, that fury which had astonished Mr. Levinger.

"Would you, now!" he broke out, his lips turning white with rage. "Well, if half I hear is true, there's others whose things you don't mind touching."

"What do you mean, Mr. Rock?"

"I mean that Captain whom you're not ashamed to be hanging after all day long. Oh, I know about you. I heard how you was found holding him in your arms, the first day that you met him by the tower yonder, after you'd been flirting with him like any street girl, till you brought him to break his leg. Yes, holding him in those arms of yours—nothing less."

"Oh! how dare you! How dare you!" she murmured, for no other words would come to her.

"Dare? I dare anything. You've worked me up to that, my beauty. Now I dare ask you when you'll let me make an honest woman of you, if it isn't too late."

By this time Joan was positively speechless, so great were the rage and loathing with which this man and his words filled her.

"Oh! Joan," he went on, with a sudden change of tone, "do you forgive me if I have said sharp things, for it's you that drives me to them with your cruelty; and I'm ready to forgive you all yours—ay! I'd bear to hear them again, for you look so beautiful when you are like that."

"Forgive you!" gasped Joan.

But he did not seem to hear. "Let's have done with this cat-and-dog quarrelling," he went on; "let's make it up and get married, the sooner the better—to-morrow if you like. You will never regret it; you'll be happier then than with that Captain who loves Miss Levinger, not you; and I, I shall be happy too—happy, happy!" And he flung his arms wide, in a kind of ecstasy.

Of all this speech only one sentence seemed to reach Joan's understanding, at any rate at the time: "who loves Miss Levinger, not you." Oh! was it true? Did Captain Graves really love Miss Levinger as she knew that Emma loved him? The man spoke certainly, as though he had knowledge. Even in the midst of her unspeakable anger, the thought pierced her like a spear and caused her face to soften and her eyes to grow troubled.

Samuel saw these signs, and misinterpreted them, thinking that her resentment was yielding beneath his entreaties. For a moment he stood searching his mind for more words, but unable to find them; then suddenly he sought to clinch the matter in another fashion, for, following the promptings of an instinct that was natural enough under the circumstances, however ill-advised it might be, suddenly he caught Joan in his long arms, and drawing her to him, kissed her twice passionately upon the face. At first Joan scarcely seemed to realise what had happened—indeed, it was not until Samuel, encouraged by his success, was about to renew his embraces, that she awoke to the situation. Then her action was prompt enough. Naturally she was a strong woman, and the emergency doubled her strength. With a quick twisting movement of her form and a push of her hands, she shook off Samuel so effectively, that in staggering back his foot slipped in the greasy soil and he fell upon his side, clutching in his hand a broad fragment from the bosom of Joan's dress, at which he had caught to save himself.

"Now," she said, as Samuel rose slowly from the mire, "listen to me. You have had your say, and I will have mine. First understand this: if ever you try to kiss me again it will be the worse for you; for your own sake I advise you not, for I think that I should kill you if I could. I hate you, Samuel Rock, for you have lied to me, and you have insulted me in a way that no woman could forgive. I will never marry you—I had rather beg my bread; so if you are wise, you will forget all about me, or at the least keep out of my way."

Samuel faced the beautiful woman, who, notwithstanding her torn and draggled dress, looked queenly in her scorn and anger. He was very white, but his passion seemed to have left him, and he spoke in a quiet voice.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "I'm not going to try and kiss you again. I have kissed you twice, and that is enough for me at present. And what's more, though you may rub your face, you can't rub it out of your mind. But you are wrong when you say that you won't marry me, because you will. I know it. And the first time I kiss you after we are married, I will remind you of this, Joan Haste. I am not going to ask you to have me again. I shall wait till you ask me to take you, and then I shall be revenged upon you. That day will come, the day of your shame and need, the day of my reward, when, as I have lain in the dirt before you, you will lie in the dirt before me. That is all I have to say. Good-bye." And he walked past her and vanished behind the reeds.

Now it was for the first time that Joan felt afraid. The insult and danger had gone by, and yet she was frightened, horribly frightened; for though the thing seemed impossible, it was borne in upon her mind that Samuel Rock's presentiment was true, and that an hour might come when, in some sense, she would lie in the mire before him and seek a refuge as his wife. She could not conceive any circumstances in which a thing so horrible might happen, for however sore her necessity, though she shrank from death, it seemed to her that it would be better to die rather than to suffer such a fate. Yet so deeply did this terror shake her, that she turned and looked upon the black waters of the mere, wondering if it would not be better to give it the lie once and for all. Then she thought of Henry, and her mood changed, for her mind and body were too healthy to allow her to submit herself indefinitely to such forebodings. Like many women, Joan was an opportunist, and lived very much in the hour and for it. These things might be true, but at least they were not yet; if she was destined to be the wife of Samuel Rock in the future, she was her own mistress in the present, and the shadow of sorrow and bonds to come, so she argued, suggested the strongest possible reasons for rejoicing in the light and liberty of the fleeting hour. If she was doomed to an earthly hell, if her hands must be torn by thorns and her eyes grow blind with tears, at least she was minded to be able to remember that once she had walked in Paradise, gathering flowers there, and beholding her heart's desire.

Thus she reasoned in her folly, as she tramped homewards through the rain, heedless of the fact that no logic could be more fatal, and none more pleasing to that tempter who as of old lurks in paradises such as her fancy painted.

When she reached home Joan found her aunt awaiting her in the bar parlour.

"Who has been keeping you all this time in the wet, Joan?" she asked, in a half expectant voice.

Joan lit a candle before she answered, for the place was gloomy.

"Do you wish to know?" she said: "then I will tell you. Your friend, Mr. Samuel Rock, whom you set after me."

"My friend? And what if he is my friend? I'd be glad if I had a few more such." By this time the light had burnt up, and Mrs. Gillingwater saw the condition of her niece's attire. "Good gracious! girl, what have you been doing?" she asked. "Ain't you ashamed to walk about half stripped like that?"

"People must do what they can't help, aunt. That's the work of the friend you are so proud of. I may as well tell you at once, for if I don't, he will. He came making love to me again, as he has before, and finished up by kissing me, the coward, and when I threw him off he tore my dress."

"And why couldn't you let him kiss you quietly, you silly girl?" asked her aunt with indignation. "Now I dare say that you have offended him so that he won't come forward again, to say nothing of spoiling your new dress. It ain't a crime for a man to kiss the girl he wants to marry, is it?"

"Why? Because I would rather kiss a rat—that's all. I hate the very sight of him; and as for coming forward again, I only hope that he won't, for my sake and for his too."

Now Mrs. Gillingwater arose in her wrath; her coarse face became red and her voice grew shrill.

"You good-for-nothing baggage!" she said; "so that is your game, is it? To go turning up your nose and chucking your impudence in the face of a man like Mr. Rock, who is worth twenty of you, and does you honour by wishing to make a wife of you, you that haven't a decent name to your back, and he rich enough to marry a lady if he liked, or half a dozen of them for the matter of that. Well, I tell you that you shall have him, or I will know the reason why—ay, and so will others too."

"I can't be violent, like you, aunt," answered Joan, who began to feel as though

"Now Mrs. Gillingwater arose in her wrath."

this second scene would be too much for her; "it isn't in my nature, and I hate it. But whether I have a name or not—and it is no fault of mine if I have none, though folk don't seem inclined to let me forget it—I say that I will not marry Samuel Rock. I am a woman full grown and of age; and I know this, that there is no law in the land which can force me to take a husband whom I don't want. And so perhaps, as we have got to live together, you'll stop talking about him."

"Stop talking about him? Never for one hour, till I see you signing your name in the book with him, miss. And as for living together, it won't be long that we shall do that, unless you drop these tantrums and become sensible. Else you may just tramp it for your living, or go and slave as a housemaid if any one will take you, which I doubt they won't without a character, for nobody here will say a good word for you, you wilful, stuck-up thing, for all your fine looks that you are so

proud of, and that'll be the ruin of you yet if you're not careful, as they were of your mother before you."

Joan sank into a chair and made no answer. The woman's violence beat her down and was hateful to her. Almost rather would she have faced Samuel Rock, for with him her sex gave her a certain advantage.

"I know what you are after," went on Mrs. Gillingwater, with gathering vehemence. "Do you suppose that I have not seen through you all these weeks, though you are so cunning? You are making up to *him*, you are; not that I have a word to say against him, for he is a nice gentleman enough, only, like the rest of them, so soft that he'll let a pretty face fool him for all his seafaring in foreign parts. Well, look here, Joan: I'll speak to you plain and plump. We never were mother and daughter, so it is no use pretending what we don't feel, and I won't put up with that from you which I might perhaps from my own child, if I had one. You've given me lots of 'truck,' with your contrary ways, ever since you were a little one, and I'm not minded to stand much more of it, for the profit don't run to the worry. What I want you to understand is, that I am set on your pulling it off with Samuel Rock like a broody hen on a nest egg, and I mean to see that chick hatch out; never you mind for why—that's my affair. If you can't see your way to that, then off you go, and pretty sharp too. There, I have said my say, and you can think it over. Now you had best change your clothes and go and look after the Captain, for I have got business abroad to-night. If you don't mend your manners, it will be for the last time, I can tell you."

Joan rose and obeyed without a word.

Mrs. Gillingwater watched her pass, and fell into a reflective mood.

"She is a beauty and no mistake," she thought to herself; "I never saw such another in all my born days. Her mother was well enough, but she wasn't in it with Joan; and what's more, I like her pride. Why should she take that canting chap if she don't want to? I'm paid to back him, and a day's work for a day's wage, that's my motto. But I'd rather see her marry the Captain, and sit in the church a lady, with a fur round her neck and a carriage waiting outside, than snuffle in a chapel praising the Lord with a pack of oily-faced children. If she had the go of a heifer calf, she would marry him though; he is bound to be a baronet, and it would make a ladyship of her, which with a little teaching is just what she is fit to be; for if he ain't almost as sweet on her—and small wonder after all that nursing—as she is on him, I was born in the Flegg Hundred, that's all. But go is just what Joan ain't got, not when she can make anything for herself out of it anyway; she'd do what you like for love, but she wouldn't turn her finger round a teacup to crown herself a queen. Well, there is no helping them as won't help themselves, so I am all for Samuel Rock and a hundred pounds in my pocket, especially as I dare say that I can screw another hundred out of *him* if I square Joan, to say nothing of a trifle from the Captain over and above the board for holding my tongue. I suppose he will marry old Levinger's girl, the Captain will; a pale, puling-faced thing she is, and full of soft words as a boiled potato with flour, but she's got plenty of that as will make her look rosy to any landlord in these times. Still, hang me, if I was a man, if I wouldn't rather take Joan and those brown eyes of hers, and snap my fingers at the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Who or what Mrs. Gillingwater meant by "the world, the flesh, and the devil" is not quite evident, but certainly they symbolised persons or conveyed some image to her mind in this connection, for, suiting the action to the word, *she* snapped *her* fingers thrice at the empty air, and then sought her bonnet prior to some private expedition in pursuance of pleasure, or more probably of profit.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOWING THE WIND.

JOAN went to her room and took off her wet things, for she was soaked to the skin, clothing herself anew in her Sunday dress—a soft grey garment, with little frills about the neck and wrists. Then she brushed her waving brown hair, twisting it into a loose knot at the back of her head; and, though she did not think of it, no style could have been more becoming to her. Her toilet completed, a few minutes after her aunt had left the house, she went to the parlour to get herself some tea, of which she drank two or three cups, for she felt unusually thirsty, but she could scarcely swallow a mouthful. The food seemed to choke her, and when she attempted to eat the effort brought on a feeling of dizziness and a tingling sensation in her limbs. "I wonder what is the matter with me?" she said to herself. "I feel as though my veins were on fire. I suppose that these scenes have upset me; or perhaps that tea was too strong. Well, I must go and look after Captain Graves. Aunt won't be back till twelve o'clock or so, and it's my last night, so I had better make the most of it. I suppose that they will turn me out of the house to-morrow." And, with a bitter little laugh, she took up the candle preparatory to going to Henry's room.

"Her appearance fascinated her."

Near the door Joan paused, and, whether by chance or by design, turned to look at herself in an oak-framed mirror that hung upon the wall, whither doubtless it had been brought from some old house in the neighbourhood, for it was costly and massive in make. Her first glance was cursory, then she held up the candle and began to examine herself more attentively, since, perhaps for the first time in her life, her appearance fascinated her, and she became fully aware of her own loveliness. Indeed, in that moment she was lovely—as lovely as we may imagine the ancient Helen to have been, or any of those women who have set the world aflame. Her brown eyes were filled with a strange light beneath their curving lashes and the clear-cut, heavy lids; her sweet mouth drooped a little, like that of a sleeping child, showing the ivory of her teeth between her parted lips; her cheeks glowed like the bloom on a peach; and above, the masses of her gold-brown hair shone faintly in the candlelight. Perhaps it was that the grey

dress set it off more perfectly than usual—at least it seemed to Joan, considering herself critically, that her form was worthy of the face above it; and, in truth, it would have been hard to find a woman cast in a more perfect mould. Tall, and somewhat slender for her height, her every movement was full of grace, and revealed some delicacy of limb or neck or carriage.

Seeing herself thus, a new light broke upon Joan's mind, and she understood how it came about that Samuel Rock worshipped her so madly. Well, if mere beauty could move one man thus, why should not beauty and tenderness and love—ah! love that could not be measured—suffice to move another? She smiled at the thought—a slow, sweet smile; and with the smile a sense of her own power entered into her, a power that she had never learned until this moment.

Except for the occasional visits of Mrs. Gillingwater, bringing him his tea or dinner, Henry had been alone that day since one o'clock. Nearly nine weeks had passed from the date of his accident, and although he did not dare as yet to set his injured limb to the ground, in all other respects he was perfectly well, but thinner in the face, which was blanched by confinement and adorned with a short chestnut-coloured beard. So well was he, indeed, that he had been allowed to leave his bed and take exercise on crutches in the room, though the doctor considered that it would not be wise for him to risk the shaking of a journey home, or even to venture out at present. In this view Henry had acquiesced, although his sister Ellen pooh-poohed it, saying that she was certain that he could be brought back safely. The truth was that at the time he had no yearning for the society of his family, or indeed for any other society than that in which he found himself. He was glad to be away from Rosham and the carking care that brooded on the place; he was glad to escape from Ellen and the obnoxious Edward. Nor did he wish to visit Mr. Levinger at present, for he knew that then he would be expected to propose to his daughter, which for many reasons he did not desire to do. Although she had exaggerated its effects—for, in fact, the matter had almost slipped from his memory—Emma, poor girl, had been right to some extent in her forebodings as to the results of her passionate outburst upon Henry's mind, should he ever hear the story of it. Not that he thought the worse of her: no man thinks the worse of a woman because she either is, or pretends to be, in love with him; but the incident irritated him in that it gave a new twist to a tangled skein. How could he remain on terms of ordinary friendship with a girl who had made such an avowal? It seemed to him difficult, if not impossible. Surely he must either place himself in regard to her upon the footing which she appeared to desire, or he must adopt the easier alternative and keep away from her altogether.

No, he wanted none of their company, and he was glad that it was still unsafe for him to travel, though he longed for the fresh air. But that he did wish for some company became evident to him this afternoon, although he had received with a certain amount of resignation a note in which Ellen informed him that their father seemed so fidgety and unwell that she could not drive over to Bradmouth that day. He could no longer disguise the truth from himself,—it was the society of Joan that he desired; and of Joan he had seen less and less during the last fortnight. Neither she nor anybody else had said anything to that effect, but he was convinced that she was being kept out of his way. Why should she be kept out of his way? A guilty conscience gave him the answer readily enough: because it was not desirable that they should remain upon terms of such intimacy. Alas! it was so. He had fought against the fact, ridiculing and denying it up to this very hour, but now that fact had become too strong for him, and as he sat a

prey to loneliness and uncomfortable thoughts, he was fain to acknowledge before the tribunal of his own heart that, if he was not in love with Joan, he did not know what was the matter with him. At the least it had come to this: her presence seemed necessary to him, and the prospective pain of parting from her absolutely intolerable.

It is not too much to say that this revelation of his sad plight dismayed Henry. For a moment, indeed, his faculties and judgment were paralysed. To begin with, for him it was a new experience, and therefore the more dangerous and crushing. If this were not a mere momentary madness, and if the girl cared for him as it would appear that he cared for her, what could be the issue? He had no great regard for the prejudice and conventions of caste, but, circumstanced as he was, it seemed absolutely impossible that he should marry her. Had he been independent, provided always that she *did* care for him, he would have done it gladly enough. But he was not independent, and such an act would mean the utter ruin of his family. More, indeed: if he could bring himself to sacrifice *them*, he had now no profession and no income. And how would a man hampered and dragged down by a glaring *mésalliance* be able to find fresh employment by means of which he could support a wife?

No, there was an end of it. The thing could not possibly be done. What, then, was the alternative? Clearly one only. To go, and at once. Some men so placed might have found a third solution, but Henry did not belong to this class. His character and sense of right rebelled against any such notion, and the habits of self-restraint in which he had trained himself for years afforded what he believed to be an impregnable rampart, however frail might be the citadel within.

So thought Henry, who as yet had never matched himself in earnest in such a war. There he sat, strong in his rectitude and consciousness of virtue, however much his heart might ache, making mental preparations for his departure on the morrow, till at last he grew tired of them, and found himself wishing that Joan would come to help him to get ready.

He was lying with his back to the door on a sofa placed between the bed and the wide hearth, upon which a small fire had been lighted, for the night was damp and chilly; and just as this last vagrant wish flitted through his mind, a sound attracted his attention, and he turned to discover that it had been realised as swiftly as though he were the owner of Aladdin's lamp. For there, the candle still in her hand, stood Joan, looking at him from the farther side of the hearth.

It has been said that she was struck by her own appearance as she passed towards his room; and that the change she saw in herself cannot have been altogether fancy is evident from the exclamation that burst from Henry as his eyes fell upon her, an exclamation so involuntary that he scarcely knew what he was saying until the words had passed his lips:

"Great Heaven! Joan, how lovely you are to-night! What have you been doing to yourself?"

Next second he could have bitten out his tongue: he had hardly ever paid her a compliment before, and this was the moment that he had chosen to begin! His only excuse was that he could not help himself; the sudden effect of her beauty, which was so strangely transfigured, had drawn the words from him as the sun draws mist.

"Am I?" she asked dreamily; "I am glad, if it pleases you."

Here was a nice beginning to his pending announcement of departure, thought Henry. Clearly, he must recover the situation before he made it.

"Where have you been all this afternoon?" he asked in an indifferent voice.

"I have been out walking."

"What, alone, and in the rain?"

"I did not say that I was alone."

"Whom were you with, then? It can't have been your aunt."

"I was with Mr. Samuel Rock: I mean that he met me."

"What, that farmer who Mrs. Gillingwater told me admires you so much?"

"Yes. And what else did she tell you?"

"Well, I think she said she hoped that he would propose to you; but I didn't pay much attention, it seemed too odd."

"Well, however odd it may be, that is just what he has been doing," answered Joan deliberately.

Now Henry understood it all: Joan had accepted this man, and it was love for him that made her breast heave and her eyes shine like stars. He ought to have been delighted—the difficulty was done with, and no trouble could possibly ensue—and behold, instead he was furious. He ought to have congratulated her, to have said the right thing in the right way; but instead of congratulation the only words that passed his lips were such as might have been uttered by a madly jealous and would-be sarcastic boy.

"He proposed to you, did he, and in the rain? How charming! I suppose he kissed you too?"

"Yes," replied Joan—"twice." And slowly she raised her eyes and fixed them upon his face.

What Henry said immediately after that announcement he was never quite able to remember, but it was something strong and almost incoherent. Set on fire by his smouldering jealousy, his passion flamed up in the magnetised atmosphere of her presence, for on that night her every word and look seemed to be magnetic and to pierce him through and through. For a minute or more he denounced her, and all the while Joan stood silent, watching him with her wide eyes, the light shining on her face. At last he ceased and she spoke.

"I do not understand you," she said. "Why are you angry with me? What do you mean?"

"I don't know," he gasped. "I have no right to be angry. I think I must be mad, for I can't even recollect what I have been saying. I suppose that I was astonished to hear that you were engaged to Mr. Rock, that's all. Please forgive me and forget my words. And, if you don't mind, perhaps you had better go away."

"I don't wish to forget them, although I dare say that they mean nothing; and I am not engaged to Mr. Rock—I hate him," answered Joan in the same slow voice; adding, "If you have patience, will you listen to a story? I should like to tell it you before we part, for I think that we have been good friends, and friends should know each other, so that they may remember one another truly when their affection has become nothing but a memory."

Henry nodded; and still very deliberately, as though she wished to avoid all appearance of haste or of excitement, Joan sat herself down upon a footstool in front of the smouldering fire and began to speak, always keeping her sad eyes fixed upon his face.

"It is not such a very long story," she said, "and the only part of it that has any interest began on that day when we met. I suppose they have told you that I am nobody, and worse than nobody. I do not know who my father was, though I think"—and she smiled as though some coincidence had struck her—"that he was a gentleman whom my mother fell in love with. Mr. Levinger has to do with me in some way; I believe that he paid for my education when I went to school, but I am

not sure even about this, and why he should have done so I can't tell. Mr. Samuel Rock is a dissenter and a farmer; they say that he is the richest man in Bradmouth. I don't know why—it was no fault of mine, for I always disliked him very much—but he took a fancy to me years ago, although he said nothing about it at the time. After I came back from school my aunt urged me continually to accept his attentions, but I kept out of his way until that afternoon when I met you. Then he found me sitting under the tower at Ramborough Abbey, where I had gone to be alone because I was cross and worried; and he proposed to me, and was so strange and violent in his manner that he frightened me. What I was most afraid of, however, was that he would tell my aunt that I had refused him—for I did refuse him—and that she would make my life more of a misery to me than it is already, for you see I have no friends here, where everybody looks down upon me, and nothing to do. So in the end I struck a bargain with him, that he should leave me alone for six months, and that then I would give him a final answer, provided that he promised to say nothing of what had happened to my aunt. He has not kept his promise, for to-day he waylaid me and was very insolent and brutal, so much so that at last he caught hold of me and kissed me against my will, tearing my dress half off me, and I pushed him away and told him what I thought of him. The end of it was that he swore that he would marry me yet, and left me. Then I came back home, and an hour ago I told my aunt what had happened, and there was a scene. She said that either I should marry Samuel Rock or be turned out of the house in a day or two, so I suppose that I must go. And that is all my story."

"The brute!" muttered Henry. "I wish I had him on board a man-of-war: I'd teach him manners. And what are you going to do, Joan?"

"I don't know. Work if I can, and starve if I can't. It doesn't matter; nobody will miss me, or care what happens to me."

"Don't say that, Joan," he answered huskily; "I—I care, for one."

"It is very good of you to say so, but you see you have others to care for besides me. There is Miss Levinger, for instance."

"I have told you once already that I am not engaged to Miss Levinger."

"Yes, but a time will come when you will tell me, or others, that you are; and I think that you will be right—she is a sweet girl. And now, sir," she added, with a total change of manner, "I think that I had better tidy up and bid you good-night, and good-bye, for I dare say that I shall come back here no more. I can't wait to be driven out like a strange dog." And she began to perform her various sick-room duties with a mechanical precision.

Henry watched her for a while, until at length all was done and she made ready to go. Then the heart which he had striven to repress burst its bonds, and he sat up and said to her, in a voice that was almost a cry,—

"Oh! Joan, I don't know what has come to me, but I can't bear to part with you, though it is best that you should go, for I cannot offer to marry you. I wish to heaven that I could."

She came and stood beside him.

"I will remember those words as long as I live," she said, "because I know that they are true. I know also why you could not marry me; for we hear all the gossip, and putting that aside it would be your ruin, though for me it might be heaven."

"Do you really care about me, then, Joan?" he asked anxiously, "and so much as that? You must forgive me, but I am ignorant in these things. I didn't quite understand. I feel that I have become a bit foolish, but I didn't know that you had caught the disease."

"Care about you! Anyway, I care enough not to let you marry me even if

you would. I think that to bring ruin and disgrace upon a man and all his family would be a poor way to show one's love for him. You see, you have everything to lose. You are not like me who have nothing, not even a name. Care about you!" she went on, with a strange, almost unnatural energy—and her low, caressing voice seemed to thrill every fibre of his heart and leave them trembling, as harp-strings thrill and tremble beneath the hand of the player—"I wonder if there are any words in the world that could make you understand how much I care. Listen. When first I saw you yonder by the Abbey, a change crept over me; and when you lay there senseless in my arms, I became a new woman, as though I were born again—a woman whose mind I could not read, for it was different from my own. Afterwards I read it; it was when they thought that you were dying,

"Kiss away my tears this once."

and suddenly I learned that you would live. When I heard Miss Levinger cry out and saw her fall, then I read it, and knew that I also loved you. I should have gone; but I didn't go, for I could not tear myself away from you. Oh! pity me, and do not think too hardly of me; for remember who and what I am—a woman who has never had any one to love, father or mother or sister or friend, and yet who desires love above everything. And now it had come to me at last; and that one love of mine made up for all that I had missed, and was greater and stronger in itself than the hundred different loves of happier girls can be. I loved you, and I loved you, and I love you. Yes, I wish you to know it before we part, and I hope that you will never quite forget it, for none will ever love you so much again as I have, and do, and shall do till I die. And now it is all done with, and of it there will remain nothing except some pain for

you, and for me my memories and a broken heart. What is that you say again about marrying me? Have I not told you that you shall not do it?—though I shall never forget that you have even thought of such a thing."

"I say that I *will* marry you, Joan," broke in Henry, in a hoarse voice. "Why should I spoil your life and mine for the sake of others?"

"No, no, you will not. Why should you spoil Emma Levinger's life, and your sister's, and your mother's, and bring yourself to disgrace and ruin for the sake of a girl like me? No, you will not. You will bid me farewell, now and for ever." And she held out her hand to him, while two great tears ran slowly down her face.

He saw the tears, and his heart melted, for they moved him more than all her words.

"My darling!" he whispered, drawing her towards him.

"Yes," she answered: "kiss away my tears this once, that, remembering it, whatever befalls me, I may weep no more for ever."

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIRSTFRUITS.

Some days had passed since this night of avowal when, very early one morning, Henry was awakened from sleep by the sound of wheels and of knocking at the inn door. A strange apprehension took hold of him, and he rose from his bed and limped to the window. Then he saw that the carriage which had arrived was the old Rosham shooting brake, a long plain vehicle with deal seats running down its length on either side, constructed to carry eight or nine sportsmen to and from the more distant beats. Knocking at the door was none other than Edward Milward, and Henry guessed at once that he must have come to fetch him.

"Well, perhaps it is as well," he thought to himself grimly; then again his heart was filled with fear. What had happened? Why did Milward come thus, and at such a hour?

In another minute Edward had entered the room, followed by Mrs. Gillingwater.

"Your father is dying, Graves," he blurted out. "I don't know what it is; he collapsed suddenly in the middle of the night. If you want to see him alive—and you had better if you can, while he has got his senses—you must make shift to come along with me at once. I have brought the brake, so that you can lie in it at full length. That was Ellen's idea: I should never have thought of it."

"Great Heaven!" said Henry. Then, assisted by Mrs. Gillingwater, he began to get into his clothes.

In ten minutes they were off, Henry lying flat upon a mattress at the bottom of the brake. Once he lifted his head and looked through the open rails of the vehicle towards the door of the house. Mrs. Gillingwater, who was a shrewd woman, interpreted the glance.

"If you are looking for Joan, sir, to say good-bye to her, it is no use, for she's in her room there sleeping like the dead, and I couldn't wake her. I don't think she is quite herself, somehow; but she'll be sorry to miss you, and so shall I, for the matter of that; but I'll tell her."

"Thank you, thank you—for everything," he answered hastily, and they started.

The drive was long and the road rough, having been much washed by recent rains; but after a fashion Henry enjoyed it, so far as his pressing troubles of mind would allow him to enjoy anything, for it was a lovely morning, and the breath of

the open air, the first that he had tasted for many weeks, was like wine to him. On the way he learned from his companion all that there was to be told about his father. It appeared, as he had heard already, that he had been unwell for the last two months—not in a way to give alarm, though sufficiently to prevent him from leaving the house except on the finest days, or at times his room. On the previous day, however, he seemed much better, and dined downstairs. About ten o'clock he went to bed, and slept soundly till a little past midnight, when the household was aroused by the violent ringing of Lady Graves's bell, and they rushed upstairs to find that Sir Reginald had been seized with a fit. Dr. Childs was sent for at once, and gave an opinion that death might occur at any moment. His treatment, however, restored the patient's consciousness; and Sir Reginald's first words expressed the belief that he was dying, and an earnest wish to see his son, whereupon Edward, who chanced to be spending the night at Rosham, was despatched with the brake to Bradmouth.

At length they reached the Hall, and Henry was helped from the vehicle; but in ascending the stone steps, which he insisted upon doing by himself, one of his crutches slipped, causing the foot of his injured limb to come down with some force upon the edge of the step. The accident gave him considerable pain, but he saved himself from falling, and thought little more of it at the time.

In the dining-room he found Ellen, who looked pale, and seemed relieved to see him.

"How is my father?" he asked.

"Insensible again just now. But I am so glad that you have come, Henry, for he has been asking for you continually. All this business about the property seems to weigh more upon his mind now than it has done for years, and he wants to speak to you on the subject."

Then his mother came down, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"You have returned to a sad home, Henry," she said, kissing him. "We are an unlucky family: death and misfortune are always at our doors. You look very white, my dear boy, and no wonder. You had better try to eat something, since it is useless for you to attempt to see your poor father at present."

So Henry ate, or made a pretence of doing so, and afterwards was helped upstairs to a room opposite to that in which his father lay dying, where he settled himself in an invalid chair that Sir Reginald had used on the few occasions when he had been outside the house during the past weeks, and waited. All that day and all the next night he waited, and still his father did not recover consciousness—indeed, Dr. Childs now appeared to be of opinion that he would pass from coma to death. Much as he wished to bid a last farewell to his father, Henry could not repress a certain sense of relief when he heard that this was likely to be the case, for an instinct, coupled with some words which Ellen had let fall, warned him that Sir Reginald wished to speak to him upon the subject of Miss Levinger.

But the doctor was mistaken; for about six o'clock in the morning, nearly twenty-four hours after he had reached the house, Henry was awakened by Ellen, who came to tell him that their father was fully conscious and wished to see him at once. Seating himself in the invalid chair, he was wheeled across the passage to the red bedroom, in which he had himself been born. The top halves of some of the window-shutters were partly open, and by the light that streamed through them into the dim death-chamber, he saw his father's gaunt but still stately form propped up with pillows in the great four-post bed, of which the red curtains had been drawn back to admit the air.

"Here comes Henry," whispered Lady Graves.

The old man turned his head, and, shaking back his snowy hair, he peered round the room.

"Is that you, my son?" he said in a low voice, stretching out a trembling hand, which Henry took and kissed. "You find me in a bad way: on the verge of death, where you have so lately been."

"Yes, it is I, father."

"God bless you, my boy! and God be thanked that you have been able to come to listen to my last words, and that I have recovered my senses so that I can speak to you! Do not go away, my dear, or you, Ellen, for I want you all to hear what I have to say. You know, Henry, the state of this property. Mismanagement and bad times have ruined it. I have been to blame, and your dear brother, whom I hope soon to see, was to blame also. It has come to this, that I am leaving you beggars, and worse than beggars, since for the first time in the history of our family we cannot pay our debts."

Here he stopped and groaned, and Lady Graves whispered to him to rest awhile.

"No, no," he answered. "Give me some brandy; I will go on; it does not matter if I use myself up, and my brain may fail me at any moment. Henry, I am dying here, on this spot of earth where so many of our forefathers have lived and died before me; and more than the thought of leaving you all, more than the memory of my sins, or than the fear of the judgment of the Almighty, whose mercy is my refuge, the thought crushes me that I have failed in my trust, that my children must be beggared, my name dishonoured, and my home—yes, and my very grave—sold to strangers. Henry, I have but one hope now, and it is in you. I think that I have sometimes been unjust to you in the past; but I know you for an upright and self-denying man, who, unlike some of us, has always set your duty before your pleasure. It is to you, then, that I appeal with my last breath, feeling sure that it will not be in vain, since, even should you have other wishes, you will sacrifice them to my prayer, to your mother's welfare, and to the honour of our name. You know that there is only one way to escape from all our liabilities—for I believe you have been spoken to on the subject; indeed, I myself alluded to it—by marrying Emma Levinger, who holds the mortgages on this property, and has other means. Her father desires the marriage, and I have been told that the girl herself, who is a good and a sweet woman, has declared her affection for you; therefore it all rests with you. Do you understand me?"

"Say yes, and that you will marry her on the first opportunity," whispered Ellen into Henry's ear. "He will kill himself with talking so much." Then she saw her brother's face, and drew back her head in horror. Heavens! could it be that he was going to refuse?

"I will try to make myself plain," went on Sir Reginald after a pause, and swallowing another sip of brandy. "I want you to promise, Henry, before us all, that nothing, except the death of one of you, shall prevent you from marrying Emma Levinger so soon as may be possible after my funeral. When I have heard you say that, I shall be able to die in peace. Promise, then, my son, quickly; for I wish to turn my mind to other matters."

Now all eyes were bent upon Henry's face, and it was rigid and ashen. Twice he tried to speak and failed; the third time the words came, and they sounded like a groan.

"Father, I *cannot*."

Ellen gasped, and Lady Graves murmured, "Oh! cruel, cruel!" As for the dying man, his head sank back upon the pillow, and he lay there bewildered. Presently he lifted it and spoke again.

"I do not think—my hearing—I must have misunderstood. Did you say you

could not promise, Henry? Why not? With everything at stake, and my dying prayer—mine, your father's. Oh! why not? Are you married, then?"

The sweat broke from Henry's brow and rolled down his face in large drops, as he answered, always in the voice that sounded like a groan,—

"I am not married, father; and, before God, sooner than be forced to refuse you I would lie as you lie now. Have pity, I beseech you, on my cruel strait, between my honour and the denial of your prayer. I cannot promise that I will marry Emma Levinger, because I am bound to another woman by ties that may not be broken, and I cannot be so base as to desert her."

"Another woman? I am too late, then?" murmured his father more and more feebly. "But stay: there is still hope. Who is she? At least you will not refuse to tell me her name."

"Her name is Joan Haste."

"Joan Haste? What! the girl at the inn? The bastard! My son, my only remaining son, denies his father's dying prayer, and brings his mother and his name to disgrace and ruin, because he is bound in honour to a village bastard!" he screamed. "Oh, my God! that I should have lived to hear this! Oh, my God! my God!"

And suddenly the old man flung his arms wide and fell back. Lady Graves and Ellen ran to him. Presently the former came away from the bed.

"Your father is dead, Henry," she said. "Perhaps, after what has passed, you will feel that this is no fit place for you. I will ring for some one to take you to your room."

But the last bitterness of these words, so awful from a mother's lips, was spared to Henry, for he had swooned. As he sank into unconsciousness a solemn voice seemed to speak within his tortured brain, and it said, "Behold the firstfruits of iniquity."

"He heard the workmen nailing the hatchment of the departed baronet beneath his window."

Henry did not attend his father's funeral, for the good reason that he was ill in bed. In the first place, though he made light of it at the time, that slip of his on the stone steps had so severely affected his broken limb as to necessitate his lying by for at least another month; and in the second he had received a shock to his nerves, healthy as they were, from which he could not hope to recover for many a month. He was kept informed of all that went on by Thomson, the old butler, for neither his mother nor Ellen came near him during those dark days. He heard the footsteps of the carpenter who measured his father's body, he heard the coffin being brought upstairs; and the day afterwards he heard the shuffling tramp of the tenants, who, according to ancient custom, bore down the corpse of the last owner of Rosham to lie in state in the great hall. He heard the workmen nailing the hatchment of the departed baronet beneath his window; and then at last a day came when he heard a noise of the rolling wheels of carriages, and the sound of a church bell tolling, as his father was laid to rest among the bones of his ancestors.

So bitter was the resentment against him, that none had asked Henry to look

his last upon his father's face. For a while he thought it better that he should not do so, but on the second night after the death nature grew too strong for him, and he determined to do that alone which, under happier circumstances, it should have been his duty to do with his widowed mother and his sister at his side. Painfully he dragged himself from the bed, and, placing a candle and a box of matches in the pocket of his dressing-gown, he limped upon his crutches across the silent corridor and into the death-chamber, where the atmosphere was so heavy with the scent of flowers that for a moment it brought back his faintness. Recovering himself, he closed the door and made shift to light his candle. Then by its solitary light he approached the bed on which his father's corpse was lying, half hidden by wreaths and covered with a sheet. With a trembling hand he drew down the wrapping and exposed the dead man's face. It was calm enough now: there was no trace there of the tormenting grief that had been upon it in the moment of dissolution; it bore the seal of perfect peace, and, notwithstanding the snowy hair, a more youthful aspect than Henry could remember it to have worn, even in the days of his childhood.

In sad and solemn silence Henry gazed upon the clay that had given him life, and great bitterness and sorrow took hold of him. He covered his eyes with his hand, and prayed that God might forgive him for the pain which he had caused his father in his last hour, and that his father might forgive him too in that land where all things are understood, for there he would learn that he could not have spoken otherwise. Well, he was reaping as he had sown, and there remained nothing to him except to make amendment as best he could. Then with a great effort he dragged himself up upon the bed, and kissed his father's forehead.

Having replaced the sheet, he extinguished the candle and turned to leave the room. As he opened the door he saw a figure draped in black, who stood in the passage listening. It was his mother. She advanced towards him with a cold, sad mien, and opened her lips as though to speak. Then the light fell upon his face, and she saw that it was torn by grief and stained with tears, and her look softened, for now she understood something of what her son's sufferings must be. Still she did not speak, and in silence, except for the tapping of his crutches on the polished floor, Henry passed her with bowed head, and reached his room again.

In due course the family returned from the funeral, and, outwardly at any rate, a break occurred in the conspiracy of silence and neglect of which Henry was the object, for it was necessary that he should be present at the reading of the will. This ceremony took place in the bedroom of the new baronet, and gathered there were a representative from the London firm of lawyers that had managed, or mismanaged, the Graves's affairs for several generations, the widow, Ellen, and Edward Milward. Bowing gravely to Sir Henry, the lawyer broke the seals of the document and began the farce—for a farce it was, seeing that the will had been signed nearly five-and-twenty years before, when the position of the family was very different. After reciting the provisions of the entail—that, by the way, had long been cut—under which his deceased brother Reginald should have entered into the enjoyment of all the land and hereditaments and the real property generally, with remainder to his children, or, in the event of his death without issue, to Henry, the testator went on to deal with the jointure of the widow, which was fixed at eight hundred a year in addition to the income arising from her own fortune, that, alas! had long since been lost or muddled away. Then it made provision for the younger children,—ten thousand to Henry and eight thousand to Ellen,—to be paid out of the personalty, or, should this prove insufficient, to be raised by way of rent-charge on the estate, as provided for under the marriage settlement of Sir Reginald and his wife; and, after

various legacies and directions as to the disposal of heirlooms, ended by constituting Reginald, or, in the event of his death without issue, Henry, residuary legatee.

When he had finished reading this lengthy document, which he well knew not to be worth the paper on which it was written, the lawyer solemnly exhibited the signatures of the testator and of the attesting witnesses, and laid it down with a sigh. Three of the listeners were aware that the will might as well have affected to dispose of the crown of England as to devise to them these various moneys, lands and chattels; but the fourth, Edward Milward, who had never been admitted to full confidence as to the family position, was vastly pleased to learn that his future wife inherited so considerable a sum, to say nothing of her chance of succeeding to the entire estate should Henry die without issue. That there had been embarrassments and mortgage charges he knew, but these, he concluded, were provided for by life insurances, and had rolled off the back of the property on the death of the late owner.

"'Of course,' went on the lawyer."

Indeed, he showed his pleasure so plainly in his face that the lawyer, guessing he was labouring under some such delusion, hesitated and looked at him pointedly before he proceeded to make remarks upon the document. Ellen, always on the watch, took the hint, and, laying her hand affectionately on Milward's shoulder, said in a low voice:

"Perhaps you will not mind leaving us for a few moments, Edward: I fancy there are one or two matters that my mother would not like to be discussed outside her own family at present."

"Certainly," answered Edward, who, having learned all he wished to know, rejoiced at the chance of escape, seeing that funerals and will-reading exercised a depressing effect upon his spirits.

Lady Graves was at the other end of the room and looking out of an open window, so that she did not overhear these remarks. Henry, however, did hear them, and spoke for the first time.

"I think that you had better stay, Milward," he said: "there is nothing to conceal," and he smiled grimly at his own *double-entendre.*

"No, thanks," answered Edward airily: "I have heard all I want to know, so I will go into the garden and smoke a cigarette." And before Henry could speak again he was gone.

"You are probably aware, Sir Henry," began the lawyer, "that all the main provisions of this document"—and he tapped the will with his knuckle—"fall to the ground, for the reason that the capital sums with which they dealt were exhausted some years since; though I am bound to tell you that, in my opinion, the legality of the methods by which some of those sums were brought into possession might even now be contested."

"Yes," answered Henry, "and good money thrown after bad."

"Of course," went on the lawyer, "you succeed to the estates, which have been little, if at all, diminished in acreage; but they are, I believe, mortgaged to more than their present value in favour of a Mr. Levinger, who holds the securities in trust for his daughter, and to whom there is a large sum due by way of back interest."

"Yes, I am aware of it."

"Hem," said the lawyer. "Then I am afraid that there is not much more to say, is there? I trust that you may be able—to find means to meet—these various liabilities, in which case we shall be most happy to act for you in the matter. By the way, we still have a small sum in our hands that was sent to us by our late esteemed client to pay a debt of your late brother's, which on inquiry was found not to be owing. This we propose to remit to you, after deducting the amount of our account current."

"By all means deduct the account current," said Henry; "for, you see, you may not get another chance of paying yourselves. Well, the carriage is waiting for you. Good afternoon."

The lawyer gathered up his papers, shook hands all round, bowed and went.

"Well," he thought to himself as he drove towards the station, "I am glad to be clear of this business: somehow it was more depressing than most funerals. I suppose that there's an end of a connection that has lasted more than a hundred years, though there will be some pickings when the estate is foreclosed on. I am glad it didn't happen in Sir Reginald's time, for I had a liking for the old man and his grand last-century manners. The new baronet seems a roughish fellow, with a sharp edge to his tongue; but I dare say he has a deal to worry him, and he looks very ill. What fools they were to cut the entail! They can't blame us about it, anyway, for we remonstrated with them strongly enough. Sir Reginald was under the thumb of that dead son of his—that's the fact, and he was a scamp, or something like it. Now they are beggared, absolutely beggared: they won't even be able to pay their debts. It's not one man's funeral that I have been assisting at—it is that of a whole ancient family, without benefit of clergy or hope of resurrection. The girl is going to marry a rich man: she knows which side her bread is buttered, and has a good head on her shoulders—that's one comfort. Well, they are bankrupt and done with, and it is no good distressing myself over what can't be helped. Here's the station. I wonder if I need tip the coachman. I remember he drove me when I came down to the elder boy's christening; we were both young then. Not necessary, I think: I shan't be likely to see him again."

H. Rider Haggard.

(To be continued)

GUESSES AT FUTURITY.—No. 3.
STREET LIGHTING, ANNO DOMINI 2000.

CONCERNING EXHIBITIONS—AN EXCURSION TO VAUXHALL—THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION—IN OLD ANTWERP—MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE—HENRY ARTHUR JONES ON "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN"—THE CASE OF THE REBELLIOUS CRITIC—HOW TO CONSTRUCT COMEDIES.

THIS is the era of Exhibitions. An epidemic of Exhibitions traverses the world, breaking out now at Paris, now at Chicago, now at Antwerp. To visit them is our modern Pilgrimage; they force us to make the Grand Tour, as our little wars teach us geography. They are supposed to give a fillip to the prosperity of their town, and to nourish the pride and pocket of the citizens. What other function they fulfil is dubious. Time was when "the long laborious miles" of the Crystal Palace were acclaimed as the dawn of the Golden Age, when swords should be turned into the most improved substitute for pruning-hooks, and each man

> "find his own in all men's good,
> And all men work in noble brotherhood."

That millennial vision is still far away,—

> "Far, how far, no tongue can say,"

as the canny Tennyson did not forget, even in his rapt prophetic strain. And we have grown chiller. We no longer raise the song of praise because manufacturers of all nations send specimens of their work to a common centre in quest of medals. The world is already federated by the chains of commerce; international barter is an inseparable part of the movement of life, and infinite intertangled threads of union stretch across the seas from shipping office to shipping office. Wherefore the millennium is as likely to arrive *viâ* Bayreuth or Lourdes, or any other centre of Pilgrimage, as by way of an International Exhibition. No, we must take our Exhibitions more humbly: they are amusing and instructive; they earn dividends or lose capital; they stimulate orders for the goods on view, and they end in a shower of medals. In France, according to Mark Twain, few men escape the Legion of Honour. Is there any artificial product that has escaped a medal at some Exhibition or the other? I cannot recall eating or drinking anything undecorated. They grow on every bush, those medals, copious as the Queen's Arms over the shop-windows of the High Street.

No store, however lowly, but the Queen deals there; no article, however poor, but

has earned golden opinions, or at least silver and bronze. For the industrial or Gradgrind mind an Exhibition is doubtless a riot, an orgy; for the exhibitors it is a sensational battle-field; for the average spectator it is as exciting as a walk through Whiteley's, or a stroll down Oxford Street. From the Antwerp Exhibition proper I bear away nothing but an impression of a wonderful paper-making machine, at one end of which the paper enters as liquid pulp, to issue at the other as a solid sheet. A pity the process was not carried one step farther, to the printed newspaper stage—so that what went in as rags should come out as mendacity. Such success as the Antwerp Exhibition has won is a success of side-shows; a panorama of camels and dancing-girls defiles before my eyes, my ears are yet ringing with the barbarous music and incantations of the Orient. Old Antwerp rises picturesque, with its burghers and warriors; the glorious picture galleries stretch away, overladen with artistic treasure; the mimic elephant mounts, mammoth-like, to the skies; the grounds and the façades of the buildings gleam fairy-like in the soft night air, with a million illuminations; and lo! there in the German restaurant the beautiful daughters of the Fatherland smile, in coifs and tuckers and short skirts, Katti and Luisa and Nina, dulciferous names that trip off the tongue as the gentle creatures trip from table to table with flasks of Rhenish wine; the mellifluous voice of Sarah cries

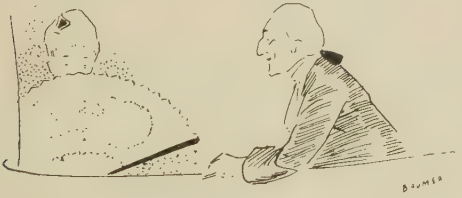
cigarettes at her booth in the Rue du Caire—Sarah, the Egyptian Jewess, whose ancestors went back to the land of Pharaoh in defiance of Rabbinic decree—Sarah, with the charm of her eighteen summers and her graceful virginal figure and her sweet unconscious coquetry, as different from the barmaid's as Rosalind's from Audrey's; and Sarah's brother, briskest of business boys, resurges, with his polyglot solicitations to buy nougat: a mannish swash-buckler without, a cherubic infant within: I see the Congo negroes, mere frauds from the States, in your opinion, daintiest of American friends, who came all the way from Paris to meet me. But soft! what has all this to do with the Industrial Exhibition?

Rien, absolument rien. Give us these things anywhere, give us lights and gardens

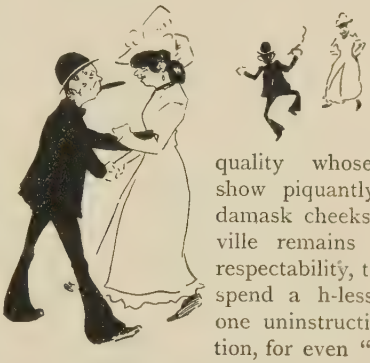
and music, give us dances and damsels, give us Congo encampments and "ballons dirigeables," and thither will we troop to make us merry. Ah! but the incurable conscientiousness of the human race insists on pills with its jam. Or is it that it has never yet dawned upon humanity that jam may be taken without pills? There was a time—it lasted seventy thousand ages according to the Chinese manuscript which Elia saw—when mankind ate their meat raw. Then, one day, as every schoolboy knows, Bo-bo carelessly set his father's cottage on fire, and, burning the litter of new-farrowed pigs it held, accidentally invented *crackling*. So delicious was burnt pig discovered to be that everybody fell to setting his house on fire to obtain it. "Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress

it. . . . By such slow degrees do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind." For seventy thousand ages mankind did without

al fresco entertainments. Then some one invented Exhibitions, and mankind found it delicious to promenade the grounds amid twinkling lights and joyous music. But no Locke has yet discovered that musical promenades may be had without elevating a whole Exhibition in the background. At Earl's Court they still keep up a pretence of Industrial Exhibition, though we have long since lost interest in the pretext, and no longer inquire whether the painted scenery that walls in the grounds is called the Alps or the Apennines or the Champs Elysées. And yet methinks mankind did discover the open-air entertainment, as perchance roast pig was known and forgotten again, long centuries before Bo-bo. For what was Ranelagh, what Vauxhall? Were not the gardens of Vauxhall "made illustrious by a thousand lights finely disposed," or, as Thackeray puts it, by a "hundred thousand



extra lamps, which were always lighted"? were not "concerts of musick" given nightly by fiddlers in cocked hats, ensconced in a "gilded cockleshell," and was not the price of admission a shilling? "Vauxhall must ever be an estate to its proprietor," wrote Boswell, "as it is peculiarly adapted to the taste of the English nation; there being a mixture of curious show—gay exhibition—music, vocal and instrumental, not too refined for the general ear; and, though last not least, good eating and drinking for those who chose to purchase that regale." But Boswell prophesied ill. Public gardens were always distasteful to English Puritanism, because they lent themselves to rendezvous; and though Boswell, in protesting against the rise of price to two shillings, certifies to the elegance and innocence of the entertainment, and though Mr. Osborne and Miss Amelia walked unharmed in its groves and glades, and it was not Rebecca Sharp's fault that Jos. Sedley got drunk on the bowl of rack punch, still Vauxhall, like Ranelagh and Cremorne, has come down to us with tainted reputation. It died in the odour of brimstone, and only in the magical ink-pool of literature can we still behold the beruffled



gallants in the boxes junketing with low-bodiced ladies of quality whose patches show piquantly on their damask cheeks. Rosherville remains in ignoble respectability, the place to spend a h-less day, our one uninstructive institution, for even "Constantinople" and "Venice" have a specious background of geographical and even of industrial information: Rosherville, which only once flowered into poetry, and then under another name,—when Mr. Anstey's barber wedded the Tinted Venus with a ring.

And in the magic ink-pool I see you and me still sitting, O Transatlantic Parisienne, as we sat that sunny afternoon—three hundred years ago—in ancient Antwerp, in *oud Antwerpen*, niched in the window-seat of that quaint hostelry which gives on the great market-place, and watching the festive procession. Do you remember the gorgeous costumes of our fellow-burghers, and the trappings of their prancing chargers in those days when life was not plain, but coloured, and existence was one vast fancy-dress ball? How glad we were to welcome the Archduke Matthias of Austria, our sovereign elect, or was it François Sonnius, our first Bishop, coming to be installed in our glorious Cathedral, amid the joyous carillons of its

bells! Can you not still see the Angels hovering over the Virgin, and the Golden Calf, flower-wreathed, and the Flight into Egypt, on that naïve donkey, and "the Flying Dutchman," tugged by a horse, and the gilded galley rowed in make-believe by little children in their Sunday clothes, catching crabs in air, and the incongruous camels bestridden by Arab sheikhs with African pages, and the Persians on ponies, and the Crusaders in their fine foolish coats-of-mail, and the gay courtiers, with clanking swords, and the halberdiers, and the parti-coloured arquebusiers, and the archers in green and red, and the spearsmen in sugarloaf hats, and the cherubs riding on dolphins? Can you not hear the beating of the drum, and the Ave Maria of the white-robed chorus-boys, and the irrelevant strains of the Danish national anthem, and the japes of the jester with his cap and bells? What happy times for butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers when, instead of working, they could go in processions, bearing aloft the insignia of their guilds, and when middle-class girls, ignorant of the New Womanhood, could loll on triumphal cars with roses in their hair! Do you remember how the topmost divinity smiled to me from her perilous perch, too high to rouse your jealousy, and how the little cherub that sat up aloft besprinkled us mischievously with eau de cologne? Ah, shall we ever again be as happy as we were three hundred years ago? will the wine be ever as red, the potato salad as appetising, or the cheese (did they really enjoy Gorgonzola and Camembert in the sixteenth century?) as delicious as in that ancient Flemish hostelry with its Lutheran motto:

"Wie nikt mint Wijn, Wijf en Sangh,
Blijft een Geck sijn Leven langh"?

Was it from its inscribed beams that Shelley borrowed his famous lyric "Love's Philosophy"? for did we not read:

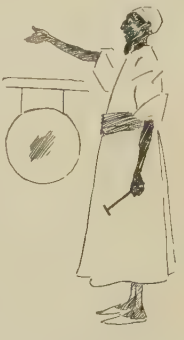
"Den Hemel drinckt, en d'Aerde drinckt:
Waerom souden wij niët drinckt?"

("Heaven drinks, and earth drinks: why shouldn't we drink?") At any rate it pleased us to recall the delectable lines:

"And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all those kissings worth
If thou kiss not me"?

But what does it matter what one did three hundred years ago?

OR, what does it matter what one did that dim Arabian night when we set out with the cavalcade of camels in the marriage procession, and the bride cowered veiled in her corner of the coach, and the plump mother smiled archly at us, and the brother and the bridegroom, mounted on Arab steeds, smacked each other's faces in ceremonial solemnity, exactly like "the two Macs" in the music-hall? Was it then, or in the nineteenth century, that we rode the camel together, I on the hindmost peak? "Oh, the oont, oh, the oont, oh, the gawd-forsaken oont!" as the poet of the barrack-room sings. He seems to double up like a garden-chair to receive one; then his knees unfold and the rider shoots up; then the camel rises to his full height, and one ducks instinctively for fear of striking the stars. *Salaam Aleikhoom*, I cried to the drivers, airing my Arabic, which I make by mispronouncing Hebrew; and they answered effusively, "Yankee Doodle! Chicago!" Alas for the glamour of the Orient! They had all come from the greater fair, perhaps spent their lives in travelling from fair to fair, mercenaries of some latter-day Barnum. There was a fine stalwart Egyptian, who stood beating a gong to summon the faithful to improper dances. I gave him a cup of coffee, and he held it on high, and with gratitude effusing from every pore of his dusky face, cried, "Columbus!" Then he mounted a flight of stairs and shouted beamingly, "1492!" He took a sip, and then his wife called him chidingly, and he fled to her. But he returned to drain the cup in my presence, crying between each sip "Columbus" or "1492." Never before have I bought so much gratitude for ten centimes. Hence-



forward I found "Columbus" a watchword, and "1492" a magic talisman, causing dusky eyes to kindle and turbaned heads to nod beamingly.

THE town-barber of *Alt Antwerpen* who was wont to shave me in the sixteenth century, had a beautiful motto:—

"I am Hair-dresser, Barber, and Surgeon,
I shave with soap and much delight,
Although there are barbers who do it
As though they were in a fright."

But it is surpassed by a hundred delightful things in "The Visitor's Handybook," which the touts in New Antwerp, ignorant of its treasures, press upon the traveller gratis. It opens auspiciously: "The opening pages of our little guide we have devoted to a short review of the city of Antwerp, the streets of which still contain elegant specimens of those quaint and handsome edifices of the Netherlands are truly famous, and which in Antwerp, perhaps more than in any other city, seem to abound." Here are some more gems: "Visitors will be naturally anxious to secure a comfortable apartment, in selecting which the following list will be found of service:—see advertisements, all of which can be strongly recommended." "Facing you is the King's Palace; not a very attractive one; however, as a rule, not open to the public, but admission may sometimes be obtained although at great trouble during the absence of the King." "It was formally inaugurated by the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and a numerous compagny representing the European Benches and Pairs." "A wonderfully painted ceiling, in which the attendant can

point out some marvellous effects." "The Visitor's Handybook" is in its thirteenth free edition, and is worth double the price. Antwerp is very strong linguistically. The *quatre langues*—Flemish, French, English, and German—make a universal confusion of tongues, and the whole town is nothing but a huge open Flemish-French dictionary, every shop-sign or street-name being translated. A few sturdy burghers stick to the old tongue, and sometimes English rules the roast. "The Welsh Harp" (which is Antwerp way) is a sailor's cabaret near the quay. There is even a trace of Irish influence in the etymology of Antwerp as given in the official handbook; for Antigon, the giant who used to cut off the hand of any shipman that refused him tribute, and whose throwing it (*Handwerpen*) into the river gave the name to the city, is stated beforehand to have lived in the castle of Antwerp. They are not destitute of wit, the Belgians, if I may judge by some specimens I heard. It is a local joke to refer to the famous "dirigeable" balloon, which burst in the latter days of the Exhibition, as the *déchirable* balloon. "They pooh-pooh the past nowadays," said a tram-conductor to me, "but when I look at the Cathedral I think our forefathers were *assez malins*." A seedy vendor of lottery-tickets declared that every one of them would draw a prize. "Wherefore, then, my friend," quoth I, "do you not keep them?" "*Je ne suis pas égoïste*," he said, with a shrug. To defend myself against his masterful solicitousness, I stated solemnly that lotteries were illegal in England, and that if I returned thither with a lottery-ticket the British Government would throw me into prison. But he was not daunted: "*Appuyez-vous sur moi*," he replied reassuringly. I bought the ticket. And it did not win.

IT was in Cairo that Lucien Edensor met *Rebellious Susan* and "the sermon was very long." But in the Rue du Caire we could find no church, alas! though, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones having kindly presented me with an advance copy of his latest play, we discussed his sermon instead, and wondered what Mrs. Grundy, to whom it is dedicated in a witty preface, would say of it when it should come to be preached from the pulpit of the Criterion. And forthwith, like a d—d good-natured friend, I wrote Mr. Jones my opinion of it. Of my letter I have kept no copy, but what I said of *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (and, as Mr. Jones is aware, the actual representation left me rebellious still) may be gathered from the letter of defence which Mr. Jones addressed to me before the performance, and which, as it raises public problems of

drama and literature, I have his permission to print.

"*October 2nd*, 1894.

"MY DEAR ZANGWILL,—

"Thanks for your kind letter about 'Rebellious Susan.'

"I wish you practised writing plays more than you do. I think it would be of so much advantage to me when you criticised them. I think that any apparent confusion in the handling of the theme results from the fact that I have tried to play round the marriage question rather than to dogmatise upon it. If you adopt this idea and read the play again with it in your mind, you will see that the apparent confusion results from the fact that there are several different cases dealt with, and that none of them points to any definite conclusion. But take any four or five couples of your own acquaintance: resolve to give a true picture of their married life, and you would find the result would be that you would appear to have no definite ideas on your theme at all. Remember that a playwright cannot stand beside his characters and explain them, like a novelist. I assure you that I had no confusion in my mind as to what I wanted to do.

"You say, 'Viewed as literature, the play seemed to me to sin in your usual manner of combining comedy which is almost drama with farce.' My dear Zangwill, there isn't a line of farce in the whole play, believe me. The quarrel between Pybus and Elaine in the second act is an actual transcript from life, and absolutely occurred precisely as it is written, allowing only for the exigencies and swiftness of stage portraiture. You say it seemed especially trivial; but it is of the essence of my satire that the quarrel should be trivial, because I wished to show that Fergusson, who is building up a mighty scheme of philosophy, and Elaine, who is entirely reorganising society, do yet quarrel about the pettiest and most trivial details of household arrangement. Believe me, the triviality of it is quite intentional, and in my opinion of the very essence of the scene.

"To go on, you say 'the comic relief is extrinsic to the play proper.' Here again the practice of playwriting would, I think, have kept you from making that remark. What you call 'comic relief' is really only one of the three or four contrasted states of married life that I am dealing with. It is, of course, a separate case of its own, and its *raison d'être* is that it is in definite relation to and in contrast to the other part of the story. The story of Susan, Harabin, and Edensor, by its very nature, is chiefly confined to them, and does not of course include Pybus and Elaine. But their case is illustrative of and relevant to my scheme.

"With regard to the construction, I wish you would see a lecture that I delivered upon stage construction, which will appear in the volume of essays and lectures that I am now preparing. And I should like you also to look at the preface to 'Judah,' where Joe Knight has some really acute remarks about the necessary accentuation of comic characters. Such characters as Pybus and Elaine have to be drawn with a few very swift strokes. If every stroke is not very strong and highly coloured, the portrait is not drawn and the character remains indefinite. If every stroke is highly coloured it gives the impression of farce and exaggeration. But this is not really so, as you will find out if you try to draw a character of this kind yourself.

"I am sure you won't think that I am writing in any ill-temper, or that I don't fully recognise the kindness and appreciation that your letter shows. But you seem to have got the idea that my work is not sincere, and that I am not carrying out the rules that I have laid down. When my book of essays and lectures is published you will be able to see more what I have really said upon these matters. But in the meantime I must ask you to take my word that what appears to be farce and insincerity and exaggeration is really only a necessary compliance with the conventions and limitations of stage work. And if you constantly wrote for the stage you would understand what I am afraid I have very badly conveyed in my letter. The test of sincerity in a character is not its absolute likeness to fact in every detail. No character on the stage will in its details be anything like the same character in real life, any more than a picture by a landscape painter is like a mountain.

"Try and come round after the play to-morrow night.

"Kindest regards.

"Very faithfully yours,

"HENRY ARTHUR JONES."

This epistle to the rebellious critic exactly corresponds with my conception of Mr. Jones as creator, as critic, and as good-fellow. He bears criticism charmingly, but he does not learn from it. He wishes I practised writing plays more than I do. There, of course, he has me on the hip, and I know quite well what rods in pickle I am laying up for myself when my views shall be brought to so practical a Criterion as Mr. Jones's. But it is just because I am not a professional craftsman that my vision remains unblurred by the so-called necessities of the stage. The exigencies of the pit and gallery are no concern of mine, and in the box-office returns I have, alas! no interest. Mr. Jones—to his eternal credit—was the first of our dramatists to develop literary aspirations, and the business of the critic is to try him by the standard he has himself selected. I accuse *Rebellious Susan* of a lack of central grip, and of confused handling. Mr. Jones replies that the object of his play is to leave you with no definite ideas at all on the subject it deals with. Is this really a right dramatic method? Even from the practical point of view (which I eschew), the stage does not seem the fit medium for criticism of life *à la* Henry James. Mr. Jones has every right to use

parallel cases and adventitious or complementary couples, but why did he call his play *The Case of Rebellious Susan*? Why not at least a sub-title—*e.g.*, "Or, Marriage à la Mode?" Waiving this minor point, I come to Mr. Jones's astonishing assertion that there isn't a line of farce in the play, because the farce really happened. Apart from the implicit bull, surely Mr. Jones knows that the mere reality of an episode does not warrant its use in art, nor guarantee its appropriateness in any particular play, not to mention its veracious transcription. In any art-school you may see students drawing from the life—but how many actually reproduce it? Many a novelist imagines his characters are real because he himself knows them in the flesh. And suppose a man should thrust the figure of a zebra into a picture of the death of Lord Tennyson, would it be any justification that the zebra was "drawn from the life"? Art is selection from the bewildering medley of the real, and arrangement of it in æsthetic shapes. Pybus Fergusson, and Elaine, I admit, came out less farcically in action than they read in print. But still they remain caricatures. If Fergusson were really "building up a mighty scheme of philosophy," and Elaine "entirely reorganising society," then their quarrel about trivialities would be fine comedy. But being merely "highly-coloured" caricatures of philosophic persons, they move throughout on the plane of farce, and the comic contrast is lost. The unity of atmosphere is what Mr. Jones always fails to achieve; and, as I have before pointed out, his "comedy" is invariably a survival from those days of melodrama when the comic lovers had to fill up the time while a big scene was being hammered up behind. It is carpenter-comedy. Real comedy should be fused throughout, not consist of alternate streaks of drama and farce. Since the lamented death of Mr. Sheridan we have not been blessed with such comedy. Even Mr. Wilde writes on the sandwich system, and gives us drama and epigrams. After every serious episode the play stops for epigrams. So in the vegetarian restaurants if you call for apple-pie the girl brings you apples in one plate and pie-crust in another; our modern comedy is in vegetarian apple-pie order. Mr. Jones defends the broad strokes of his draughtsmanship on the ground that stage characters must be "definite." That the characters must be "definite," while the whole play may be "indefinite," seems somewhat contradictory. But why cannot a character be at once "definite" and true to life? Several of Mr. Jones's other characters in this same play are perfectly definite and perfectly natural. Lady Susan is a serious character-study of some subtlety, by no means the silly, flippant creature that some critics have supposed. Sir Richard Cato and Inez are creations in the true vein of high comedy. But Pybus and the Admiral belong to low comedy. Terence and Molière, Sheridan and Dumas *fils*, do not seem to have suffered from those stagey necessities on which Mr. Jones so pathetically dwells, and which, even if they exist, should be the mothers of better invention. Mr. Jones suspects that I think his work insincere. By no means: I merely think it is sometimes mistaken. He holds that certain conventions are necessary limitations of stage-work: that you have to get your effects over the footlights and reach the man at the back of the gallery. But it all depends on who is the man at the back of the gallery. I have been there myself,—and very shocked at the things that have reached me. If the man who pays the piper is to set the tune, the chances of art hinge on the man's degree of artistic culture. In an era when art was understood, the public demand would be as a pillar of fire to keep the artist in the ways of truth. In an era like our own, when art is not understood, the public demand is but a cloud of confusion. In an inartistic age art *cannot* be produced except by people to whom art is its own reward. And if a playwright works with his eye upon the man at the back of the gallery, let him honestly admit that he is a manufacturer.

DESPITE his own admissions, Mr. Jones is not a manufacturer. His plays are the sincere expression of his thoughts about life and the problems of the age. He

is no sucker of foreign brains; though he may not be a creator of the first order, he is always original and always inventive. He has humour and strength, wit and wisdom and imagination, and there is even style in his later work. But he is unable to shake off the old conventions of the dark ages of the theatre from which we are just emerging; he lacks unity of key, and his construction is stagey. At the back of all this is probably a certain deficiency of insight. These are not very heavy deductions to make from the tale of his merits, though they have to be made. And in his ignorance of construction he has many rivals. I should not like to assert that any contemporary English playwright knows how to construct plays. But then you are to bear in mind, if you please, that I think Shakespeare made a shocking mull of the last act of *Hamlet*.

MR. Richard Moulton, who, in his thoughtful work "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," has endeavoured to found a science of criticism, but who has only produced an elaborate glorification of Shakespeare's methods, has yet some useful analysis. "Constructive economy" is a good phrase for that frugal management of one's theme which is essential to a perfect piece of work. *Causæ non sunt multiplicandæ præter necessitatem*, we used to learn in our logics. Characters are not to be multiplied beyond necessity is surely as good a canon for the drama. Yet we find Mr. Jones introducing an entirely new character in the last act, and this merely to explain that Lucien Edensor has forgotten his love in three weeks, and to bring Lady Susan her ring in a piece of wedding-cake. What a caddish device, by the way! Probability is another category we have the right to demand respect for. Yet this same Lucien Edensor whom Lady Susan loves in Cairo turns up at her uncle's in England. The odds are a thousand to one against it. If Lady Susan sinned at Cairo (and she did sin, though this, the whole crux of *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, was not perceived by the bulk of the critics), her fellow-sinner would not just turn out afterwards to be the son of an old friend of her uncle's. It is high time "the long arm of coincidence" were amputated. To find Lucien the lover of Lady Susan quite shocks me. She should have sinned with a stranger. How much more natural it would be, since Lucien had relations with her uncle, for him to have met her in England and to have followed her to Cairo! This simple turn would have introduced both constructive economy and probability. Moreover, in a perfect piece of dramatic construction I should not expect to find the leading character the one that had the least to do with the theme of the play. Yet Sir Richard Cato is really as much the chorus of old Attic Comedy as he is a personage of the plot, and, at any rate, he moralises as copiously as the characters in Roman Comedy, whose conventional dicta represent the transformed survival of the Greek Chorus. "Cato, thou reasonest well," but thou hast little business on the scene. On the other hand the first act of *Rebellious Susan* is splendidly constructed; it is only in the working-out of the dramatic problem so admirably posited that Mr. Jones falters. The works Mr. Jones recommends me to read I hope to make speedy acquaintance with, and should they convert me I shall make public recantation. At any rate, he agrees that there are principles, and a bar of abstract judgment to which works of art should be brought. Of course if my particular principles are wrong, my criticism falls to the ground. Meantime I have only to add that there is excellent literary comedy in *Rebellious Susan*; that it has lines quite as good as Congreve's or Wycherley's; that its cynical, worldly-wise *Weltanschauung* is in the legitimate key of comedy; that it provides Mr. Wyndham with an admirable part, which he plays with rare naturalness and infinite variety; that it gives Mary Moore the chance of showing how sweetly serious she can be, and Miss Gertrude Kingston of demonstrating how fine and versatile a *comédienne* she is; that it confirms the reputation of Fred Kerr and makes that of Nina Boucicault; and that on the whole better acting has not been seen in London for many a long day.

I. ZANGWILL.